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GENERAL BOULANGER.

BY W. H. GLEADELL.

Less than two years ago the name of General Boulanger was comparatively unknown, even to the vast majority of his own countrymen. To-day, one cannot take up a journal emanating from any part of Europe without alighting on various surmises as to the opinions and prospects of the French ex - Minister of War.

From end to end of the political world his every movement excites attention, his simplest actions give rise to the wildest speculation, and the obscure and comparatively unknown soldier of a few months ago has to-day developed into "The Firebrand of Europe."

And yet how few amongst us have the slightest conception of the personality of him whose lightest word is even now flashed with telegraphic rapidity from capital to capital of Europe, whose most insignificant

action flutters the diplomatic, military and financial worlds of the Continent with anxiety. Who is he? What is he? Whence comes he?

A man of middle height, broad-shouldered and firmly knit, this famous or notorious general is not a man of imposing presence, but in his handsome uniform of a general of division, with the sash of the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor across his shoulder, his breast glittering with Orders and medals, and mounted on his now famous black charger, he looks every inch a soldier. His length of body and comparative shortness of limb, whilst adding considerably to his appearance in the saddle, in an equal degree detracts from it on foot. In plain clothes he has the appearance of an ordinary respectable citizen. Still in the prime of life, his carefully



GENERAL BOULANGER AT THE HEAD OF HIS STAFF.



PORTRAIT OF GENERAL BOULANGER.

brushed and well-pomaded hair, parted down the centre with precision, his short, pointed beard (a late addition to his physiognomy), and luxuriant mustaches, show yet no sign of change, though his broad, but irregular, forehead is marked with deep lines of thought and care. The nose, of Grecian type, is Napoleonic in length, and even the cold gray eye recalls to mind the recluse of Chislehurst. Indeed, the features of the late Emperor and of the ex-Minister are in many points remarkably similar. Of a nervous and consequently restless temperament, but gifted with an extraordinary power of self-control, it is seldom that the general loses his presence of mind and his calm, careless exterior. Essentially an egotist, and an adept in the art of dissimulation, he delights in notoriety and applause, whilst his experience of mankind, added to quick intuitive instinct, enables him constantly to gain his own ends by flattering and working upon the small susceptibilities of others. A man of great acuteness and untiring energy, yet it remains to be

proved if he really be a man of originality and genius. Thus far, at any rate, despite the temporary check he has lately sustained, he has amply proved the truth of the maxim, "Nothing succeeds like success."

The son of a notary of the town of Rennes, it is not the accident of birth that has advanced General Boulanger to the highest attainable grade of the French army. He has but to thank his Breton perseverance, his indomitable strength of will, his extraordinary audacity, in a word, his own power and ability to recognize, seize, and make the most of the various opportunities that have come in his way. Though by birth a Frenchman, and the son of a Frenchman, he can still claim some kinship with England, his mother being an Englishwoman, of whose comely features her son is said to inherit no small share.

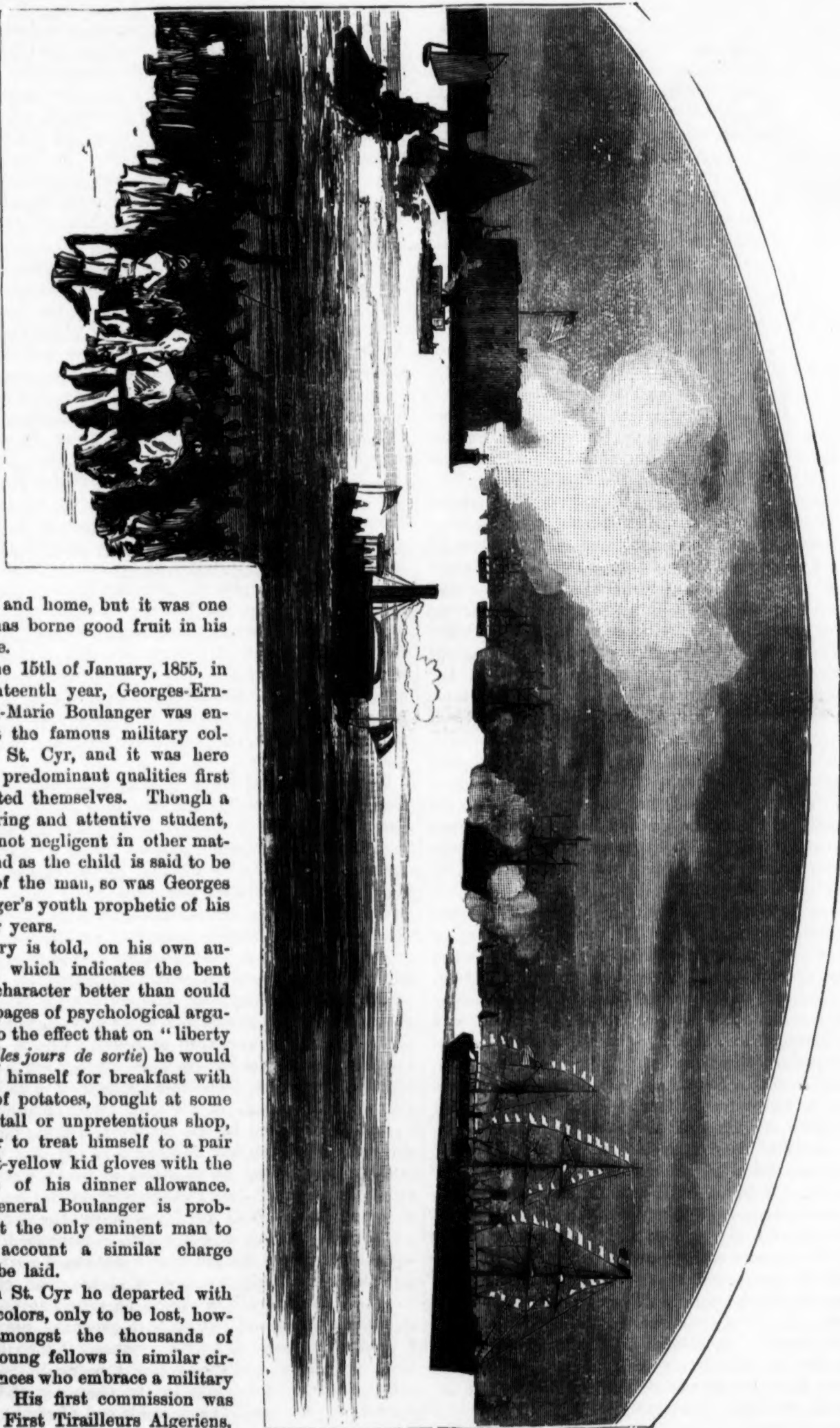
Things did not prosper with the Rennes solicitor, and shortly after the birth of his son, which took place on the 29th of April, 1837, he sold his practice and removed to Nantes, where he obtained employment as an inspector of the insurance company "La Bretagne."

It will be understood, then, that the subject of this sketch was not brought up in enervating luxury. Indeed, as the Breton phrase goes, "There was more bread than butter in that family."

The early schooldays of the young Boulanger were passed on British soil, at Brighton, where he was placed under the care of his maternal uncles. It is open to doubt whether his reminiscences of the few years spent in England are of the brightest description, for the young Frenchman was treated in no tender manner by his British schoolfellows, to whom his nationality appeared to offer every excuse for various descriptions of bullying. His appeals and complaints to his relatives passed unheeded, for they had apparently resolved that even at that early date he should learn to fight his own battles. It was, doubtless, a hard lesson for the young French boy, in a foreign land, away from



FRENCH COLUMN ENTERING TUNIS.

RECEPTION OF GENERAL BOULANGER AND OTHER FRENCH GUESTS
AT NEW YORK.

parents and home, but it was one which has borne good fruit in his after life.

On the 15th of January, 1855, in his eighteenth year, Georges-Ernest-Jean-Marie Boulanger was entered at the famous military college of St. Cyr, and it was here that his predominant qualities first manifested themselves. Though a persevering and attentive student, he was not negligent in other matters; and as the child is said to be father of the man, so was Georges Boulanger's youth prophetic of his maturer years.

A story is told, on his own authority, which indicates the bent of his character better than could whole pages of psychological argument, to the effect that on "liberty days" (*les jours de sortie*) he would content himself for breakfast with a dish of potatoes, bought at some street stall or unpretentious shop, in order to treat himself to a pair of light-yellow kid gloves with the balance of his dinner allowance. But General Boulanger is probably not the only eminent man to whose account a similar charge might be laid.

From St. Cyr he departed with flying colors, only to be lost, however, amongst the thousands of other young fellows in similar circumstances who embrace a military career. His first commission was in the First Tirailleurs Algeriens.

His soldier's life was not signalized by any particularly resounding achievement, and but few had ever even heard of the name of Boulanger, unless in a more homely signification, until one of those sudden and inexplicable changes of Ministry peculiar to France raised the erstwhile St. Cyrien, and whilom *protégé* of the Duc d'Aumale and Dr. Cornelius Herz, from a position of comparative obscurity to the supreme headship of the army.

But to return: his active service began shortly after his departure from St. Cyr, when, with his company of Turcos, he appeared as sub-lieutenant on the battlefields of Italy. Here he gained the first of his stripes, as well as an Austrian bullet, and the conclusion of the war soon saw him gazetted lieutenant, March 28th, 1860. But Lieutenant Boulanger was not the man to wait for Dame Fortune to come to him; he set off in search of her, and he was soon found bravely fighting in Cochin China. Here, in one of the numerous skirmishes in which he took part, he was badly wounded by a lance-thrust in the left side. The wound took a long time to heal, but it gained for him the coveted red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. On February 28th, 1862, at the early age of twenty-four, another *gilet* was added to his uniform, and Captain Boulanger saw himself one step nearer to the coveted goal.

He was soon afterward appointed military instructor at his old college of St. Cyr. Here he remained for some time, a model instructor, uncompromisingly strict in all matters of discipline, allowing no defect to pass unnoticed, and no semblance of laxness; at the same time feared and respected by all his pupils. Off duty he was another man, and none knew better how to win the affection of the students than the martinet who, during the hours of instruction, caused them to tremble at the sound of his voice. His pupils were as his family, none were unfamiliar to him. "Almost every Sunday," says one of them, "he received some of his pupils in his little house close to the station. His graceful young wife handed round tea and refreshments, whilst two small children (to-day handsome young ladies) ran about the room, holding up their cheeks to be kissed by the future marshals of France." His old pupils, at any rate, have always entertained the greatest affection for their instructor of other days.

At the outbreak of the disastrous war of 1870 he had reached the rank of colonel. He was attached to the Thirteenth Corps d'Armée, the self-same corps as that of which he is to-day the commanding officer, and in July, 1870, was in garrison in his old home of Nantes. By a fortunate coincidence he was placed in command of a regiment ordered to Paris, arriving there only a short time before the closing of the gates. In the many and bloody battles fought round the beleaguered city, Colonel Boulanger was ever to the fore; and although his abilities as a leader and his qualities as an organizer may be open to question, his courage has never been doubted. Twice he was severely wounded at Champigny, November 30th, 1870; but, although scarcely able to hold his sword, and losing blood at every step, he still continued, with the support of two sappers, to lead his soldiers on to battle. "Every one of my grades," he says, proudly, "has been won at the point of my sword." At the close of the war, after first fighting the Germans and then the Communists, he was nominated Commander of the Legion of Honor. As colonel he displayed the same energy in the organization of his regiment as he afterward showed in dealing with the entire French army.

In 1881 he was sent, as brigadier-general, to represent France at the Yorktown celebration of the Centenary of American Independence. In the discharge of this mission

Boulanger won golden opinions from the citizens of the sister republic, who certainly did not appear to concur in the sentiments of a modern writer, who describes him as "an austere man, given to counting his talents." On his return from America he was called to the Direction of Infantry at the Ministry of War. Here again he displayed his wonted activity, and his reward, "for services rendered," was the stars of a general of division. The command of the army of occupation in Tunis was his next step, and here we have the somewhat unusual spectacle of an infantry officer commanding a brigade of cavalry. In his new sphere, as elsewhere, M. de Blowitz's "insufferable bore" soon became the great centre of attraction, and by the aid of his love of display—to be observed in the glittering staff which ever surrounded him—and plausible words, was ere long the hero of the hour, as he has since become the idol of the Gallic mob; whilst to-day on more than one plaster wall in France's African colony may yet be seen more than one evidence of an attempt to do honor to the successful general in various primitive Boulevards and Rues Boulanger. Now he is in Tunis! now, like the great Napoleon, in Egypt! but, unlike the founder of the short-lived Napoleonic dynasty, minus the halo of the glory of the battle of the Pyramids! And finally, we see the son of the modest insurance inspector of Nantes, at the early age of forty-nine, calmly and confidently accepting the portfolio and the onerous duties of his country's Minister of War. To-day, despite the assertion made at the time of his exclusion from the Rouvier Cabinet, that in nine days even France would have forgotten her "Apostle of Revenge," the eyes of Europe are still turned toward him in expectancy and doubt. At present an unknown quantity, what will he eventually prove to be? A second Bonaparte, another Nicholas, or a mere scarecrow? To time, the great revealer, we must leave the solution of the problem.

Whilst he was Minister of War, disdainful of all criticism, disregarding all abuse, dauntless in the face of all obstacles, General Boulanger accomplished many pressing reforms in the army, reforms hailed with delight by the soldier, viewed with distrust by the enemy; and his vigorous administration promised many more, awaited with impatience by some, with anxiety by others, when circumstances forced his temporary withdrawal from the scenes of his labors. No obstacle stayed him in pursuing what he believed would improve the military power of his country, and prepare her for that fearful struggle which all Frenchmen agree must inevitably take place. Jena was revenged at Sedan; who knows but that history may yet have in store revenge for Sedan in a second Auerstadt? Doubtless the general is no less sanguine than the bulk of his countrymen, and with this end in view onward he has marched, looking neither to the right nor to the left, regardless of the powerful enemies he was raising up on all sides as he went along, mindful only of his duty and the work he had set himself to accomplish. Well do I remember the day when, called to the tribune of the Senate in response to the incessant attacks on his policy and motives, he concluded a dignified and able justification of his conduct in the past, and enunciated the course he meant to pursue in the future, with the telling and pregnant phrase, delivered with a burst of true eloquence, "Qu'on le sache bien, mon devoir je l'accomplirai toujours!"

But there are two sides to the character of General Boulanger; for, beside many noble and admirable qualities, nature has placed others both mean and discreditable. The Duc d'Aumale incident is too recent a

disclosure to need recapitulation here. The series of actions which culminated in the duel with Baron de Lareinty (in which the general, after coolly receiving his adversary's fire, calmly, and, it may be, somewhat contemptuously, fired in the air) nearly proved the ruin of the ambitious Minister's projects, for that he was, and is, terribly ambitious none can deny. Ambition is his hope, his life, his mistress, his present and his future; his very being is bound up in his insatiable craving for some intangible "beyond." It is shown in his every action, every word, every movement. It is insatiable! In any other country the result of his epistolary encounter with the partisans of the exiled princes would have proved his downfall, utter and irremediable, as a matter of course, but in France there was at that moment no other man to take his place. Since that time he has managed with consummate tact to let the inglorious incident, in the excitement of other and more absorbing matters, fall into comparative, if not complete, oblivion; and now General Boulanger has apparently, to judge from recent events, become wellnigh indispensable to the great mass of the French people. Combination after combination has plotted for his overthrow, but each was condemned to miserable failure, until, by a parliamentary combination of *soi-disant* friends and foes, he lost his portfolio with the fall of the Goblet Ministry.

For some time previously his predominance had not been viewed with unmixed satisfaction by the various parliamentary leaders, and even in the very highest quarters he had come to be regarded with ill-concealed distrust, though it was not a distrust prompted by patriotism, but by inexcusable selfishness. In the minds of the mass of his countrymen he has secured the invaluable honor of seeing his individual and personal cause confounded with the cause of the nation at large, whilst the persistent rumors that Germany was about to demand the Minister of War's dismissal made his position wellnigh impregnable, and caused his retention in office to become almost a matter of national honor. The hysterical Henri Rochefort, at the beginning of the present year, even went so far as to threaten that "should the dismissal of the general take place, twenty thousand men would march to the Elysée and demand his restoration, ay, and compel it too, even to the extent of revolution."

At times the *Intransigeant's* verbose and unseasonable anxiety for the man whose cause it was championing became truly ridiculous. He even went the length of declaring that M. de Blowitz, the harmless Paris correspondent of the London *Times*, was working, plotting and inciting the Minister's overthrow. Many a time, doubtless, was the general constrained to cry, "Save me from my friends!" Rochefort's threatenings, however, like much that he says, proved but meaningless vaporings. The shifty ex-Communist's influence with the masses is not what it once was, or what he still imagines it to be. Henri Rochefort has outlived his fame, his power has long been on the wane, his day is past, and he has deteriorated into a mere curiosity, to be wondered at by patriotic Germans and romance-loving Englishmen.

General Boulanger, strong-willed, dispassionate, unenthusiastic, egotistical, ungenerous, so different in disposition from the majority of his excitable, fanciful and easily impressed countrymen, has, in short, become the popular idol of the day. Who that witnessed the imposing demonstration before the Opéra on the occasion of the military *fête*, the evening after his resignation was accepted, the demonstration of the Gare de Lyon, that of Clermont-Ferrand, or the general tone throughout the country, can doubt it?

The word "Boulanger" is to France as that of "Jubilee" has been of late to England. His reforms made him the favorite of the army, and his energy secured him the good-will of the people. Whilst in office he gave up his whole attention to his work. Often at one and two o'clock in the morning he might have been seen hard at work in his *bureau*, in the Rue St. Dominique, and many a time, after some reception or official dinner party, has he been known to depart thither to complete some unfinished task, after that returning to his *appartement* at the Hotel du Louvre, where his family resided, for he never took up his abode in the palatial building allotted to the Minister of War.

His anxiety to get the Orleans Princes out of the country became, it is true, almost indecent in its haste; but it was one of his trump cards, and the time had come for playing it. With the Comte de Paris, whose influence was daily growing, as King, he could never be more than a secondary personage; with the Orleans Princes out of his way, before they had become too dangerous, he stood a good chance of drawing first prize in the great political lottery; and with this end in view, as ever, he made his gratitude subservient to his ambition.

What his political principles are it is difficult to say. His promises and attentions have been confined to no particular party. Each in turn, from Radical Left to Royalist Right (according to M. Jules Delafosse's assertion), has received, from time to time, some particular, though by no means binding, mark of favor from the astute general. Each in turn has thought itself specially favored, and each in turn has found itself deceived, and in his day of need each has made its resentment felt. M. Jules Ferry's now historical "Café-concert St. Arnaud," and M. Jules Simon's ironical "César de Pacotille," are but the premeditated outbursts of ill-concealed and disappointed political wrath. But Georges Boulanger has never been convincingly sincere in his various political adhesions and combinations. He is, in reality, neither Conservative nor Radical, Opportunist nor Socialist, Monarchist nor Republican; he is simply *Boulangerist*.

He came on the scene at the very moment when France was seeking a leader. He knew thoroughly the people with whom he had to do, and throwing on one side the trammels of official restraint as far as possible, he set himself, devoted his life and labors, to win the applause of the army and the populace. He delighted in their music and banners and torchlight processions, their heaving excitement and anticipations, flattered their military susceptibility and puffed up their national pride, and it is their condemnation more than anything else he now fears. Let Presidents, Ministers and Cabinets do their worst, he fears them not while he has two powerful factors to support him.

So long as the German stalking-horse is abroad the general still feels himself a power in the land. Since Gambetta, no single man has to such an extent monopolized public attention. The "People's Tribune" also had his days of trial and disappointment, but despite the hisses of a rabid populace at Belleville, the day yet came when his mortal remains were borne to their last resting-place along a road watered by a nation's tears.

"This General Boulanger," said one prominent personage, "is not a sabre, he is a razor!" He has artfully managed to keep his name ever before the public by some new word or deed, ever to keep the popular interest alive in himself, for no one knows better than he the fickleness of the populace, and to-day he stands before the world as "the best advertised man in Europe." Of



FRENCH ARMY ON THE MARCH IN TUNIS.

late the incessant rumors and growing convictions of ultimate and apparently inevitable war have furnished the principal topic of conversation from end to end of Europe. News of the gloomiest and most foreboding character comes continually to hand. Each day brings fresh news of nations arming, and confidence in financial circles failing; of anxiety in the Cabinet and panics on the Bourse. Now that the tension has in these latter days, from one cause and another, perceptibly slackened, it is to be hoped that these uncertainties will shortly disappear, that the confidence which is gradually being restored may be maintained, and that the threatening storm-clouds lately massed on the Eastern horizon may, at least for the present, be dispersed. Yet we must not lose sight of the possibilities of an outbreak, which still requires but a single spark to ignite the most awful conflagration of modern times.

Prince Bismarck and his aged imperial master do not wish for war; the professions of the Russian Czar are all for peace. That France, even under the Ministry of General Boulanger, is, and was, on the same side cannot be doubted. For all the progress made by the French army of late years, and so palpably exemplified at the

last review at Longchamps, it is not yet ready for the struggle, and the advances made to General Boulanger by the ninety-four general officers, on the occasion of the last war scare, but declined, is sufficiently conclusive proof of this fact. Confidence he had in his army, confidence he had in his fellow-countrymen, in their organization, in their arms, but he was not fully prepared for war. That it must eventually come few can doubt; and as Prussia patiently waited for the space of wellnigh sixty years for her revenge for all the humiliations that had been heaped upon her by the first Napoleon and his generals, so, if it be necessary, can France. Sweet as that revenge might be, intensely as it may be longed for, it is too great a stake to be lightly played, and whatever schemes the ex-Minister may cherish, he is no blind enthusiast to rush into battle unprepared. Even in his present position his ability to provoke the conflict cannot be doubted. But it is with him as it was with Napoleon III.—war will be his last trump card, to be played when all else has failed; and when it leaves his hands it will be, as with the late Emperor, to win or lose everything. Before plunging into the fearful struggle

he will do his utmost to have at least the moral, if not the material, support of Europe on his side when the fatal game begins. But before that day dawns he will of a surety have returned to his old post at the head of the army of France.

We well remember standing, one day, but a very short time ago, admiring a print of the general exposed outside one of the newspaper kiosques on the Boulevard des Italiens, when a cabman, who had for some time been fixedly gazing at the same object, suddenly turned to us, and in a tone of undisguised admiration, remarked: "Qu'il est beau, le général! Mais il reviendra! il reviendra!" And the expression was but a faithful echo of the sentiment of a public which has long since learnt to make its feelings and wishes known, felt and respected! For many a long year the general's motto has been, *Si vis pacem para bellum*. And when the hour does arrive, when the fateful signal resounds from end to end of devoted Gaul, there can be little doubt of the course he will choose. Even were it possible, he is too wary and too ambitious a man then to think of or care for the Ministry of War. As it was in the American Civil War, he knows well that the triumph and the reward are not

for the organizer but for the victorious general. What cares he who holds the coveted portfolio? He will unhesitatingly depart to finish in the field the work already begun by him in the cabinet. He will mount his horse, his famous black charger, and at the head of that army which he has ungrudgingly taken so much pains to prepare, he will march to victory and a glorious reward, or to defeat and a soldier's death.

It is with the leader of men as with the poet, he is born, not made. Opportunity alone is lacking to bring into evidence the extraordinary gifts with which he may be endowed. How is one to recognize at a glance, and untried, a gifted singer, or a general "of the race divine of great generals"? General Boulanger has a certain fatalistic belief in his own star almost bordering on superstition—a faith in a great future lying before him; but so, too, have had other prominent and popular men before him—the two Napoleons, Gambetta, Skobeloff—beliefs and hopes eventually to be, alas! but too fatally belied and hearts to be undeceived only when it had become too late! Thus far, of a truth, the general's confidence has proved well-founded. Ministers have come and gone, political stars have risen and set, but that of Georges Boulanger ever seems to retain its ascendancy, despite many unpardonable, and what would have proved to most men ruinous, mistakes.

The general's fatal passion—one of the very worst in a political man—for letter-writing is well-known; and an incident which happened whilst he was a member of the Goblet Cabinet, the story of the letter written to the Russian Minister of War, which never, however, reached its destination, serves but to throw more prominently into relief (to put it mildly) the self-sufficient and self-reliant nature of the man. The military *attaché* to the French Embassy at St. Petersburg was returning from Paris to his post when the general conceived the extraordinary idea of confiding to him a "private and confidential" missive for the Russian Minister. It was not till he had delivered the letter to the *attaché* that the general thought fit to inform his colleagues of the unusual and irregular course he had taken upon himself to adopt.

It is easy to guess how the news was received. The council was thunderstruck. M. Goblet, the important little Premier, became indignant. The Brother-Jonathan-like Foreign Secretary, M. Flourens, waxed violently wroth, and in no measured tones declared that there was no other course left open to him but to resign his portfolio at once to the Minister

of War. Finally, the general was prevailed upon to demand back his letter from the *attaché*. The incident was thus got over, and would have been hushed up altogether had it not been complicated by an entirely unforeseen occurrence. At the close of the council, M. Flourens returned to his official residence, Quai d'Orsay, in a state of great, and not altogether unnatural, excitement, and still laboring under the force of his resentment, recounted to his wife the scene in which he had just taken part. Madame Flourens, sharing her husband's feelings, happened the same day to pay a visit to the German Embassy, and in the course of conversation, incredible as it may appear, unthinkingly repeated the story to Mlle. Münster, who, as a matter of course, at once imparted it to her father. Count Münster thereupon lost no time in hastening first to the Elysée and then to the Quai d'Orsay to obtain some verification of the story.

He was unhesitatingly informed that no such letter had been sent, which was literally, if not morally, true; and thus General Boulanger's irregular proceeding was passed over, once again justifying his belief in his lucky star; but the rash deed resulted in M. Flourens's peremptory refusal ever again to form one of a Cabinet which included the reckless general.

But Jules Ferry, the pugnacious Opportunist leader, save for a slight resuscitation by reason of his famous



BOULANGER'S DUEL WITH BARON LARRENTY.

Epinal *mot*, has almost disappeared; Henri Brisson, the once dangerous rival of the President, is wellnigh forgotten; De Freycinet, the popular leader, the "silver-tongued serpent," is fast drifting into oblivion; and it is quite on the cards that General Boulanger, too, if he be not more circumspect, may ere long have become but an echo and a memory of the past. It must not, however, be forgotten that he has a power at his back that his predecessors lacked; for whilst the people idolized Gambetta, and Chanzy was worshiped by the army, he has obtained the goodwill of both people and army. "General Boulanger," says a German authority, "is at present completely master of the situation, more so than formerly Thiers and Gambetta ever were. But his preponderance cannot last—and it is in this that the gravity of the situation consists—unless the impulse which he has given it, and which has made of him the lord and master, continues. This impulse results from the preparations for war. The general has become the master of the situation because he has given the greatest impetus to warlike preparations, and because the popular belief is, that in a war with Germany he would have the strength, the training and the experience necessary to be the fortunate chief of the army and the State."

Far be it from us to criticise adversely the military actions and preparations of General Boulanger. If he fears that his country is in danger of attack from Germany—which is scarcely likely, for Sedan proved a full and ample revenge for Jena—it is clearly his duty to endeavor to place her in the most complete state of defense possible. But if he contemplate an act of aggression to gratify his own inexhaustible ambition, no censure can be too severe for him. His successor in the Rue St. Dominique has done his best to counteract much of the influence and work of the ex-Minister, but even General Ferron has lately announced his intention of adding still another eighteen regiments of infantry to the already large number (144) at his disposal. The present devotion to military ideas cannot last much longer. Day by day, week by week, and month by month, an increasing number of men are being sent, in one country as in another—in France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy—into barracks, increasing the mortality of Europe removing strong hands and arms from the arts of peace, from manufactures, and from agriculture. Men are daily taken from the manufacture of plows to be employed in the shaping of cannon; the nations' debts are being daily increased to fatten the budget of the Minister of War. Human ingenuity is being exhausted in the discovery of new engines of destruction. In a time of undisturbed peace it is not so much an enormous standing army that is wanted, but rather flourishing finances, substantial alliances, and an efficient system of organization. But in the case of France, an army well officered and well equipped, ready to be called up at a moment's notice; the least possible amount of red-tapeism, and the largest amount of practical experience, are needed as well.

The scandal of the sale of decorations of the Legion of Honor, implicating many high in office, from the President down, led to the arrest of General Boulanger, resulting from his unguarded language; but it has not greatly affected his hold on the army and people. On the contrary, it may remove obstacles from his path.

I have had the honor of meeting General Boulanger in many different circumstances, from the *salons* of the Foreign Minister and of the War Office to a charity *fête*, and have ever found him the same. It is absurd to join in the reproaches and strictures which too many are heaping upon the whilom French Minister. He is now, and

has been, only doing his duty. He is young and energetic, therefore he is called intriguing and adventurous. It is wrong to brand his qualities as defects. He may be ambitious (and in that he is no worse than his accusers), but his ambition is bound up in his country's success. If his country falls, he falls with it. His instincts may be democratic, they may be aristocratic, perhaps even autocratic; before all, however, he is a soldier, and above all, a Frenchman. As such, too, he cannot but remember the words of Jules Simon: "What our country wishes, what Europe wishes, what humanity wishes—forget it not, kings, emperors, presidents; forget it not, ministers, deputies; and diplomats, journalists of every country, writers of every degree, forget it not!—it is peace!"

Let him heed not the words of soothsayers, fortune-tellers and mediums, and, disregarding the fair promises of thoughtless and reckless friends, let him withdraw for a time from the stormy world of politics and partisans, ever keeping before him the well-known proverb, *Reculer pour mieux sauter*, and General Boulanger will yet pass the *potéau* first.

CHANGED ENGLISH VOWELS.

BY RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

IN reading old English books, and especially the oldest of all known English writings, the records of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, the question often suggests itself, How were these quaintly spelled old words pronounced? Unfortunately, no satisfactory answer can be obtained. Some scholars maintain that the words look stranger than, as uttered, they really were. I remember well how my old friend, Pearson, Professor of History at King's College, London, in reading Chaucer to his class, would try to persuade us that Chaucer's English sounded very much like the English of to-day, which may easily be managed if the modern sounds are given to the corresponding words, despite their antique spelling. Others hold, however, and, I think, justly, that not only did different spelling in those days indicate quite different pronunciation, but that even where the same letters appear in the old words as in the new, the pronunciation was wholly different. It is on this last point, more manageable than the general question, that I propose now to make a few remarks.

On the general question, however, I would note that we are too apt, as it seems to me, to imagine a uniformity of speech in past times, such as does not exist now, even under conditions much more favorable for uniformity. Compare the singularly uniform English of the United States (I am by no means overlooking diversities which undoubtedly exist) with the varieties of dialect in the Old Country, or compare these as they are now with those which existed before a network of railways brought all parts of Great Britain into close communication, and we perceive the probability, or, rather, the certainty, that in the days of Shakespeare there was a much greater diversity of dialect even than now, in the days of Chaucer a diversity much greater yet, and in the old Saxon times a diversity probably so extreme that to the inhabitants of one part of the Heptarchy the dialect of another would be almost as a foreign language. We have evidence that this was the case in the singular varieties of form which—for example—the Lord's Prayer assumed as presented in different Saxon books of prayer. Thus in one it began, "Uren fader thio arth in heofnas," in another, "Thue ur fader the eart on heofenum," and so forth. A writer, in the year 1385, remarks (rather ungrammatically) on the diversities of speech in the England of his

d. y: "Hit seemeth a greet wonder how Englischemen and her own longage and tonge is so dyverse of sown in this oon iland," and presently he adds, "All the longage of the Northumbers, and spechialliche at York, is so scharp, flittinge, and frotynge, and unschape, that we southerne men may that longage ninnethe understonde."

If the southern men, late in the fourteenth century, could scarcely understand the northerners of their own time, we may be certain that the modern English-speaking races, whose language is in the main a development of the southern English of old times, would have no chance of understanding "English as she was spoke" in the days of King Alfred.

The vowel sounds have undergone, apparently, a series of changes, mostly tending to minimize the amount of breath used in uttering them. The full, broad "ah" sound (as in "father") of the long "a" has given place nearly everywhere to the more easily uttered sound of "a" as in "fate," inasmuch that the very name of the letter has been altered, and what our forefathers called the letter "ah" is now called the letter "ay." The "ay" sound formerly given to the long "e" has given place to the thinner sound of the "e" in "mete." The sound of "i," which was formerly like that of the modern long "e," has been altered until the letter "i" has come to represent, when long, very nearly the diphthongal sound formerly represented by "ai." (This is a change to a sound requiring more effort than the original sound of the vowel; but changes in that direction are exceptional.) The old sound of long "o" was that of the double "o" in "room," while long "u" was probably almost guttural in its depth.

The sounds represented by the various diphthongal combinations were naturally different in those days. It seems so natural to us to regard the letters "ea" as representing the sound of a long "e," as in "reason" and "season," that we overlook the significance of those traces of the older usage which still remain, as in the word "great." We are amused when the genial Irishman wishes us the compliments of the "saison," or when Bridget announces that "Tay's ready, m'm;" but there is not a shadow of a doubt that our own usage in regard to this diphthong is the corruption, the Irish representing the older usage. In fact, this older usage, though not going back to the Saxon times, prevailed from England's Norman days till the time when, on introducing "tea" to English-speaking races, orthographers selected t-e-a as the proper way of spelling a word which French orthographers spelt t-h-é, or in such a way as to represent the sound "tay." Many passages, even in such recent English as Shakespeare's plays, are rendered obscure through our corrupt way of pronouncing this particular diphthong. Who, for instance, would guess that the words "eager droppings," "Hamlet," Act I, Scene 5, which sound singularly like nonsense, represent simply the French word "aigre," sour, acid or biting. [In the folio edition the word is spelled "aygre."] The context in that place may indeed suggest that drops of vinegar or other acid are signified, because milk is spoken of as curdling when the "eager droppings" fall into it. But when *Horatio* says, in the preceding scene, "It is a nipping and an eager air," most readers imagine simply a fanciful use of the word "eager" in its modern English sense, instead of the natural use of the word in its French sense, to describe biting cold. Falstaff's play on the words "reason" and "raisin," when he speaks of "reasons" being "as plenty as blackberries," is in like manner lost through the change of sound from the old "rayson" to the modern

"reason." There are reasons, however, for believing that in Saxon times the diphthong "ea" has a sound corresponding to the combination of the long "a" of "fate" and the sound of "a" in "father," as "ayah" pronounced almost monosyllabically.

Another diphthong which has undergone a time-change is "ei." This was of old the diphthong produced by combining the long "a" of "fate," represented formerly by "e," and the sound of "i" as in "pin." Here again the Irishman retains the true sound, where the Englishman in the most cultured circles of London, and the American in the most cultured parts of—but all parts of America are cultured—have corrupted the sound. We have all heard how the Irishman, when asked the question, "Should you say 'neyether,' as in England, or 'neether,' as in America?" answered, "I should say 'nayther'"; but it is not so well-known as it should be that the Irishman is quite right, apart from the rule of custom, "*Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi*," even when the custom is corrupt.

Another curious example of diversely corrupt usage in regard to vowel sounds in America and in England, while the correct sound has been preserved in a dialect, is found in the pronunciation of the "e" in the word "clerk." In England we say "clark," in America the word is usually pronounced "clurk," in Scotland they say "clairk"; and this (as the French word *clerc* shows) is the true, that is, the old, pronunciation.

LOUISIANA.

No STATE in the Union has a more interesting history than Louisiana. Beginning with the year 1683, when La Salle made his earliest explorations toward the Gulf of Mexico, in company with Father Membre and the Chevalier Tonti, it reads like romance. While a province, the princely possession of French and Spanish kings, there occurred within her borders events which seem as fiction, and have long since merged into Gallic and Castilian legendary lore.

Louisiana has been the refuge of exiled princes, who met with hospitality as regal as that of a European court. Under the moss-garlanded oaks of St. Tammany is Fontainebleau, where Pierre de Marigny de Mandeville, at a cost of over one thousand dollars a day, entertained the three Bourbons—the Duke of Orleans, the Duke de Montpensier and the Count de Beaujolais. When the first-mentioned prince became King of France, he reciprocated this munificent courtesy and entertained M. and Mme. de Mandeville in Paris as royal guests.

The very waters which wash the shores of Louisiana have witnessed scenes far stranger than any fiction, for did not the Lafittes, those pirate monarchs of the sea, hold high revel among them? Even now, their forgotten treasures lie buried in the dark cypress forests bordering sluggish bayous, which creep back from the salt marsh slowly, like lazy serpents, until they conceal themselves amid the tangled undergrowth of the sunless swamp. These Lafittes were remarkable personages. They were not sanguinary buccaneers; they plied their unlawful vocation under self-made laws of humanity and restriction, and although on the walls of the largest city in the State was posted a reward for their heads, they, with cutlass and ship, defended Louisiana in her hour of peril.

Poetry, as well as romance, finds inspiration in the pages of Louisiana's biography. Longfellow's touching verse tells of fair-haired Evangeline, sorrowful and patient, seeking unwearyingly for Gabriel along the banks



GENERAL BOULANGER IN HIS STUDY.—SEE PAGE 643.

of the Tèche, where the mocker, the witch-bird of the South, swings on the swaying willow, flooding wood, water and field with flute-like notes. Who that has enjoyed the story would not wish to visit the green Opelousas and Attakapas region, where the Acadians found

safe harbor after their Nova Scotian homes were given to the flames, and they themselves were pitilessly driven thence by force of British arms as Popish recusants? The Acadian refugees have retained not only the personal characteristics of fair skin and blonde hair which marked



GENERAL BOULANGER INAUGURATING THE HALL OF HONOR.—SEE PAGE 643.

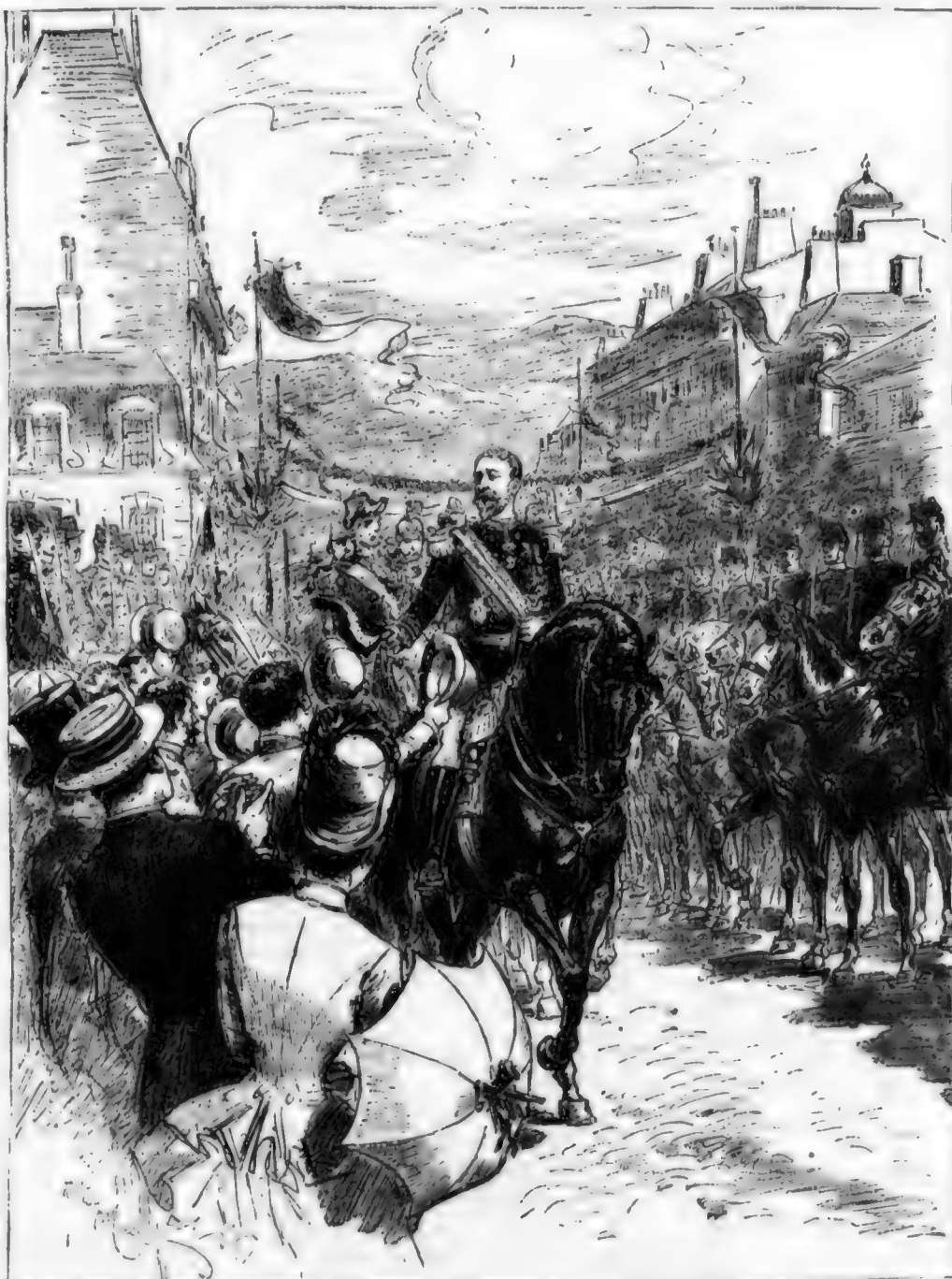
their Norman descent, but their peculiar and primitive customs and the provincial *patois* which belongs to Latin districts. They follow the patriarchal calling of stock-raising, and every evening, as the flickering sunlight dies out of the heavens, "the blast of the herdsman's horn" echoes over the prairies, as, on his fleet-footed "tackey," he follows the lowing kine, about whose knees the long-bladed grass undulates like green sea-billows.

But the Acadians are not the only people whom the hand of Providence has kindly led to Louisiana, who are happy in being its citizens, and yet retain strongly the individuality of the nation from which they are offshoots. East of the Southern metropolis, lies the Parish of St. Bernard, largely settled by the swarthy-browed peasants of Castile and the Canaries, who love this sea-skirted country, where the sun "careers through the azure heaven in unapproachable divinity," and groves of full-fruited orange-trees scent the atmosphere, as they loved their native land, of which it reminds them. A trip to St. Bernard is interesting to one unacquainted with the district, especially to a Northerner; who would find there fellow-citizens of this republic as foreign to him as any he would meet in the kingdom of Ferdinand and Isabella. Great, lumbering stages, drawn by jaded mules, carry passengers from the coast, near the United States Barracks, into St. Bernard, where the picturesque homes are hidden by figs and myrtles, where the musical language of Spain is the current coin of speech, and many primitive customs are preserved by the inhabitants. To a farmer accustomed to the improved agricultural system of the North, it would be a novelty to see plowing done by oxen, harnessed to the plow by ropes tied to their horns.

Still another strange race exists within reach of New Orleans and helps to swell the cosmopolitan population of Louisiana. St. Malo forms part of the lowest of the lowlands of the State. There is no beauty in it, but a weird desolation of jungle, lagoon and marsh, where alligators find a happy home, and the gallinipper pierces the flesh with a poisoned lance that makes one wince. Waterfowl and fish abound, and furnish a living to the peculiar people who choose to abide in this cheerless spot, leaving it only for an occasional trip to the City of New Orleans markets with the spoil of their guns and lines. They are

governed by their own laws, and the outside world knows them but little, for there is not much attraction, except for the curious, in their rough, dingy little cabins, perched high on piles to raise them above the dank soil; houses where the fisher's net and hunter's rifle form the only ornaments, and at whose firesides women never preside.

The settlement of Choctaw Indians on Bayou Lacombe, near Mandeville, is another point of interest. About four miles from the town are the famous Chinchuba Springs,



OFFICIAL ENTRY OF GENERAL BOULANGER INTO CLERMONT-FERRAND.—SEE PAGE 643.

noted for the purity and medicinal properties of their waters. A story is told, that one of the most beautiful Indian princesses of the Mississippi Valley resided near these Springs. She was so charmed by the magnificent scenery and the delightful effects of the water, that she refused to leave when her tribe moved Westward. Here she bade farewell to her people, remained, and lived to a ripe old age. In this vicinity is gathered the remnant of the once-powerful Choctaw tribe. Less than a mile from the springs is the home of the "poet-priest," Rouquette, so well known throughout the South. The "Indian

Priest," as he was called by the creoles of this section, lived in a simple manner in the virgin forest. He celebrated Mass in a small chapel erected under one of the largest live oaks the writer ever beheld. Here the good father ministered to the Indians, and "broke the bread of life" to his dusky little band that gathered beneath the spreading oak. But not all the Indians are Christians. Many of them are comparatively in a wild state. They have their chief and queen, and adhere to their old customs. At fixed dates in their calendar they hold their mysterious religious rites, and in the Autumn, when the leaves are richest in the brilliant hues of the dying year, these children of the forest hold their war-dance, within a mile of Maudeville. Here, in the dense woods, they congregate at eve, illuminate the forest with flaming torches, and dance from sunset until sunrise. A strange, weird saturnalia, enriched by the Autumn glories of the wildwood, and made resplendent with all the barbaric pomp of savage grandeur.

The Island of *Petit Anse*, or Avery's Island, while inhabited by plain everyday Americans, is another point which a sojourner in the "Land of the Sun" should not leave unvisited. This little territory of 2,500 acres is a puzzle to geologists. It rises from the sea-marsh, a veritable surprise of beauty, its hillsides radiant in robes of green outwardly, and inwardly teeming with riches. Twenty-five feet below the surface lie the salt deposits whose purity and extent the world can nowhere equal, and but for which the Southerners' fare would have been very insipid, when the fates of war cut off their supply of the "salt of the earth." One hundred and twenty-five tons of rock-salt are daily taken from these mines, and the supply seems inexhaustible.

• NAPOLEON.

WHEN Napoleon married Princess Marie Louise, then eighteen and one-half years old, he was forty-one years of age. The following is an account of his personal habits as given in a recently published memoir: In camp, and during his early campaigns, Napoleon feared no fatigue, braved the worst weather, slept under a wretched tent, and seemed to forget all care for his person. In his palace he bathed almost every day, rubbed his whole body over with eau-de-Cologne, and sometimes changed his linen several times in the day.

His favorite costume was that of the mounted Chasseurs de la Garde. When traveling, he did not care what sort of lodging he had, provided that no ray of light could get into his bedroom; he could not bear even a night-lamp. His table was supplied with the daintiest dishes, but he never touched them. His favorite fare was grilled breast of mutton, or a roast fowl with lentils or haricot beans. He was very particular about the quality of bread, and he drank none but the best wine, and very little of it. It has been stated that he drank eight or ten cups of coffee daily, but this is a fable, to be discarded with so many others. He took a small cup of coffee after his breakfast, and the same after his dinner. He ate very fast, and rose the moment he had done, without troubling himself as to whether those who were admitted to his table had had time to dine. It has also been asserted that he took the greatest precaution against poison; this, too, is a pure falsehood. He spoke in a loud voice, and when he was in a merry mood, his peals of laughter could be heard from afar. He was fond of singing, although he had a bad voice, and never could sing an air in tune.

A CURIOUS NEWSPAPER.

A most curious journal is the Chinese official paper, called *King-Pan*, which claims to have been started as early as 911, and to have appeared at irregular intervals till 1851, when it came out regularly every week. At the commencement of the present century, it became a "daily," at the price of two *kehs*—about a halfpenny. By a decree of the Emperor, a short time back, it was ordered that three editions were to be printed every day. The first, or morning edition, on yellow paper, is devoted to commercial intelligence; the second, or afternoon edition, contains official and general news; and the third, on red paper, is a summary of the two earlier editions, with the addition of political and social articles. The editorial duties are performed by six members of the Scientific Academy, who are appointed by Government. The circulation is about fourteen thousand daily.

THE ORIGIN OF COAL.

SCIENTISTS tell us that there was a time in the history of the earth when there was a hot climate all over its surface, even in the Arctic regions. The theory is that at this time the same kind of plants grew all over the globe. There were then no animals on the land, and only molluscs in the sea. The plants were principally fungi and lichens of enormous size, gigantic ferns and cone-bearing trees, and there were no flowers and no fruits fit for eating.

For thousands of years these great forests of plants grew up and died, and other plants grew in their place, until all the low lands became filled with beds of vegetable matter. The crust of the earth not being very strong at this time, parts of it would sometimes sink so as to be under water. Then the vegetable matter would partially rot and become packed so closely that it would turn into peat. In the lapse of years heat and pressure caused a second change, and the peat turned into a brown coal called lignite. Yet another change turned this lignite into real coal. Thus coal is supposed to be made up of the remains of trees and plants, which have become converted by pressure and heat into carbon, the pure fuel-substance, and bitumen, a tar-like stuff evolved by vegetable decay.

The kind of coal depends upon the amount of bitumen in it. It is commonly divided into three classes—anthracite coal, the hardest kind, which has been so long in formation that the bitumen has generally dried up and evaporated from it; bituminous coal, which has much more bitumen in it; and cannel coal, which has most of all. The anthracite is harder and closer-grained than other coal because more heat and pressure have gone toward its formation than were needed to make the other kinds of coal. A still greater degree of heat and more pressure would have brought about another change of the coal and made it into black-lead.

A SEA-FLOWER.

ONE of the most exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet. It is about the size of the German aster, and looks, indeed, very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with a great many long petals, of a light green color, glossy as satin, and each tipped with the color of a blush rose. These lovely petals do not lie in their places quietly, however, but wave about in the water, while the opelet clings to a rock. You have no

idea how pretty and innocent it looks on its immovable bed. Would you suspect that it would feast upon anything grosser than dew and sunbeams? Let us watch this satanic plant—for it is a devil of a flower—and see what it will do with those pretty, graceful arms. You will see in a moment—for here comes a foolish little fish—do you see that little fish wriggling and sinking?—ah, it has disappeared! Yes, it was struck dead by the poison in those pretty arms, which was as fatal as the rattlesnake's bite. In an instant a tremendous mouth opened, and the victim was swallowed whole by the innocent-looking opelet—a nasty thing for a flower to do, surely.

OVER THE WAY.

SHE sits at the window
Every night,
Just over the way
In a dress of white;
And I sit by myself,
And I sigh and I grieve
For a look or a word
That I never receive.

The street is not wide,
And the pathway is free;
But it might just as well
Be as broad as the sea,
For I sit all alone
And she sits that way, too;
And I'd give a good deal
If I knew what to do.

She beams on my gaze
Like an angel in white,
And I've made up my mind
That on this very night
I will conquer the shyness
That keeps us apart,
And, though she repulse me,
Lay siege to her heart.

RACING A THUNDERSTORM.
AN ADVENTURE IN THE CAUCASUS.

BY DAVID KER.

"BARIN (master), there is a storm coming." So speaks the driver of my *telayga* (post-cart), a queer little tray on wheels, poorly sheltered from the burning sun by a ragged tilt, under which I lie at full length on a bed of hay, this primitive conveyance having no seats whatever. But it goes briskly along nevertheless, for the two wiry little mountain horses that draw it, though scarcely bigger than ponies, are as swift and untiring as the wolves of their native wilds.

The driver himself is quite as picturesque as his vehicle. He is a young Grusian (Georgian) mountaineer, sinewy and graceful as a panther, his smart velvet jacket and glossy black curls harmonizing well with a dark, handsome, brigand-like face, which Murillo himself would have loved to paint.

All day I have been scurrying over the vast dusty plain lying between Tiflis (the capital of the Russian Caucasus) and the mighty mountains which, far to the north of it, form the boundary-wall between Europe and Asia. Changing my horses and driver every twelve or fifteen miles, I have already accomplished six stages; and now the first "foot-hills" of the great central range begin to rise around me, just as the splendor of a real Asiatic sunset steeps the gray unending level in a flood of golden glory, and lights up the distant snow-peaks.

The fresh horses go gallantly along, and I have already got through several miles of my seventh stage, when the *yemshchik* (driver) utters his ominous warning.

"Well, what if there is a storm?" ask I; "we can go on all the same. I suppose you're not afraid of any storm that ever blew?—nor am I either, for that matter."

"Ah, master," says the Grusian, shaking his head, gravely, "I see you don't know what the storms of the Caucasus are like. Why, such a whirlwind as we're going to have presently would knock over this cart like an apple-basket, and even if it didn't, the horses would be sure to take fright at the thunder, and chuck us down a precipice before we had time to make the sign of the cross. We must get to the post-house before the storm bursts, or it will be a bad job for us both."

While he is speaking, I notice that the horses are beginning to snuff the air uneasily, and to quicken their pace, as if they knew well what was in store for them. But, look as I may, I can see no threatening sign amid the glorious brightness of the evening sky, against which the great mountains stand out like a gorgeous fairyland, half purple and half gold.

But all at once I observe that the fine outline of the distant hills—which, when I last looked, was sharp and clear, as in a photograph—is growing blurred and indistinct, as if seen through wet glass, while at the same moment I become aware of a strange, ghostly chillness in the warm, soft, evening air. The predicted storm is coming, sure enough; and so, evidently, thinks my Grusian, who, with a fierce shake of the reins, and a yell as shrill and ear-piercing as a steam-whistle, sets his horses going in earnest.

Away, away we fly, over sudden ups and downs that bump and jolt us till I feel thankful for the protecting hay in which I am embedded; but I begin to be somewhat anxious as shock after shock makes the light vehicle tremble in every joint, for I know, to my cost, that the wheels of a Russian post-cart are always ready to come off on the slightest excuse, and if anything gives way now, it is all over with us.

Unluckily for us, this stage happens to be an unusually long one, and very much uphill to boot, and although the horses seem to be flying like the wind, we are haunted by a strange nightmare feeling of making no progress, struggle how we will. The keen, black eye of the semi-savage beside me glances restlessly from the darkening sky to the long stretch of road that still lies before us, as if measuring our chances of escape; and I can see by his clinched teeth and knitted brows what he thinks of them.

Meanwhile the signs of coming evil multiply fast on every side. The rattle of hoof and wheel sounds unnaturally loud amid the dead, grim silence that broods over earth and sky. The great snow-peaks have long since vanished as if they had never been, and now the lower slopes in their turn are fast disappearing into a mass of gray, sullen clouds, rapidly changing to bluish-black. The dying sun shoots one red and angry glare at these invaders of his domain, and then he sinks behind the mountains, and all is night.

But light and darkness seem alike to my restless driver and his horses, and on we go as madly as ever. In truth, it is now a question of minutes whether we escape or not. Already a gleam of lightning is seen playing through the deepening gloom, and the distant thunder can be heard growling and reverberating among the vast hollows of the unseen mountains.

All at once a shout of joy breaks from the Grusian's compressed lips, for as we come dashing around a sharp



RACING A THUNDERSTORM. — "WITH SMOKING FLANKS AND QUIVERING NOSTRILS, THE OVERTASKED HORSES DASH UP TO THE SHELTERING DOOR."

curve of the road a solitary spot of light shows itself through the gloom not very far ahead. It is the lighted window of the post-house!

As we fly over the intervening space we see lanterns gleaming hither and thither, while hoarse shouts of encouragement come rolling to our ears from the group of men who are watching our progress, as Irish fishermen watch the last boat coming in when a heavy gale is sweeping up from the Atlantic. And now, with smoking flanks and quivering nostrils, the overtaken horses dash up to the sheltering door, and we are safe!

"Is that you, Daveed Stepanovitch?" (David, son of Stephen) cries the well-known voice of a Russian officer of my acquaintance from the window. "I thought nobody but *you* could be mad enough to be on the road such a night as this. Come in and have some tea; you are not a moment too soon!"

I am not, indeed. Scarcely have I entered the stuffy little room in which Captain A—— is seated, when the surrounding blackness suddenly becomes as bright as noonday. In the glare of a terrific blaze of lightning the white, scared faces of the postmaster's children, the gilt-edged pictures of Russian saints on the wall, the tea-things scattered about the table, the wild waste of dark mountains outside, are all terribly distinct for one moment, and then blotted out again.

Then follows a clap of thunder that seems to split the very sky, and instantly the whole fury of the storm breaks loose. The wind howls and shrieks, and shakes the strong timbers till they crack; and the heavy bullets of rain come hammering upon the roof; and the thunder roars and bangs overhead, crash on crash, like the can-

nonade of a great battle, while flash after flash lights up the pouring sky and tossing forest, only to plunge them into deeper gloom once more. A huge bough, torn off by the wind, is dashed against the side of the hut with a shock like a battering-ram, and the door, in spite of its heavy wooden bars, shakes and rattles as if just about to be hurled bodily into the midst of us.

And so the tempest rages for more than an hour, while we sit watching it in silence, for no human voice, even if strained to its utmost pitch, could make itself heard amid that sky-rending uproar. But gradually the thunder grows fainter, the rain ceases to pour, the wind dies away in hollow gasps and moanings. Amid the tomb-like stillness which succeeds to that maddening uproar, not a sound is heard save the ghostly "tick" of the great drops that fall from the eaves, and the hoarse booming of the swollen torrents amid the surrounding hills. The peril is past, and I order out fresh horses, and set forth upon my journey once more.

CLOTH MADE OF BARK.—The method of converting bark into cloth in the interior of Africa is really an interesting process. Captain Storms possesses a strip of common bark, fibrous and woody, of which all the lower part has been moistened and beaten until it has spread itself out into about two square yards of tough, leathery, flexible substance, something like a blacksmith's apron. The natives do understand a kind of coarse, primitive weaving of the cotton fibres into a rough, canvas-like texture; but the bark cloth is the most easily made, and therefore the most in vogue.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS.

BY RACHEL CAREW.

A RADIANT August moon poured its silvery flood over the ruins of Heidelberg Castle, but discreetly left in half-shadow one of the alcoves at the ends of the broad *Allan*, which have been the rendezvous of so many pairs of lovers.

The moon had caught a glimpse of a white arm half-covered with a gauzy fluff of lace, and a pretty hand shackled with slender gold bangles, beating an unconscious tattoo on the cyclopean wall with a half-blown tea-rose. Another arm, in rough, gray tweed, rested in an easy, contented attitude, very near the gleaming white one.

The knowing old planet had witnessed thousands of such scenes in that place before, hence her judicious distribution of light and shade.

"Did you ever see such a glorious moon?" said the girl, leaving off maltreating the rose, and letting the bangles slip with a tinkling rush up to her silky elbow. "See, there comes a soft, white rag of a cloud over her face, as if somebody was trying to give its bright silver a farewell rub. Surely that gleaming disk doesn't need any more polishing, does it, do you think?"

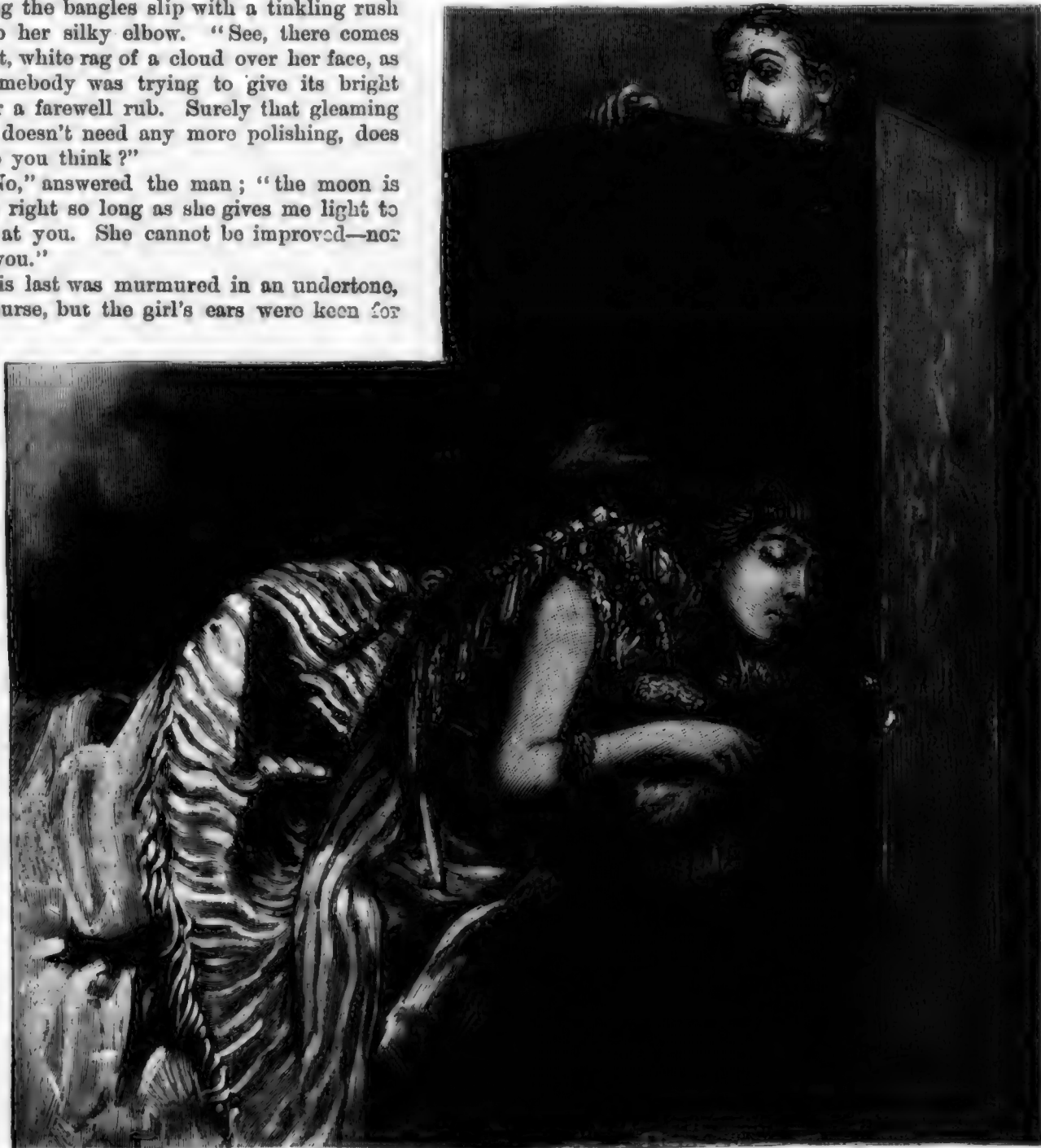
"No," answered the man; "the moon is quite right so long as she gives me light to look at you. She cannot be improved—nor can you."

This last was murmured in an undertone, of course, but the girl's ears were keen for

the praise she loved to listen to from these particular lips. Nor was the praise ill-placed. Dora Warne was a sweet, lovable maiden, with the softest brown eyes, and most bewitching smile that ever made or marred the happiness of man. At her companion's sentimental speech, Dora, of course, drew back, provokingly, into the shadow.

"Look at the ivy hanging over the wall down there," she said, to change the subject. "When the wind lifts it, it looks like a mass of tangled curls tossed up from the stone forehead of the rock. There are deep lines in the forehead, as if the rock was racking his brains over some very vexatious subject. What do you suppose can be troubling him?"

"There, is perhaps, a De Pleinjour in his case, and he is wondering if the beggar has got the inside track,"



"HE LOOKED BEHIND THE SCREEN, AND STOOD STARING WITH SPEECHLESS SURPRISE. A GIRL IN CREAMY LACE DRAPERY, WITH A BLUE SILK CLOAK HALF COVERING HER SHOULDERS, LAY IN A NEST OF PLUSH CUSHIONS."

Dora's companion was prompted to reply, but refrained. He, Philip Cassilis, poet and painter of considerable promise, loved Dora, to the exclusion of all other thought and aim, and had striven his happiness on the answer he meant to ask her for by-and-by. He was rent with anxiety about this answer. Dora seemed very sweet and kind to him, but then there was De Pleinjour—a lanky, washed-out, prosaic sort of fellow, full of schemes for the bettering of his digestion and avoidance of rheumatism. Not at all the man for Dora, far too old and fidgety, but then he was a count, and so disgracefully rich.

Miss Pennell, Dora's aunt and guardian, was quite bewitched by him, and, worst of all, Dora seemed not to dislike him.

"Why torture myself with doubt any longer?" Cassilis asked of his inner consciousness. "Time and scene can never be more propitious than now for learning my fate."

The rest of the party had gone to look for the ghost in the octagon tower, and many precious moments would be likely to elapse before their undesired return.

"A thousand pities that one must bid farewell to such scenes," Cassilis began, rather unsteadily.

"You're not going away yet, are you?" Dora exclaimed, with a half-hidden tone of distress in her voice, which Cassilis detected with unspeakable delight.

"Yes; I'm off in a day or two to make that sketching tour in the Tyrol with Wakeham, unless——"

"Dora, Dora, where are you? We are going to have some beer in the restaurant-garden, and Miss Pennell says you are to come, too," rang with hateful distinctness from the archway at the other end of the *Allan*.

Cassilis ground his teeth with rage.

"The savages! Why can't they go and gratify their coarse, vulgar appetites, and leave other civilized beings in peace?" he muttered, behind his mustache.

The old story which the man was longing to utter, and the woman very ready to hear, was stifled into silence—wellnigh drowned beyond hope of resuscitation by the indirect, baleful influence of Miss Pennell's desire for beer.

* * * * *

Miss Craddock, a *pensionnaire* in the *Hôtel Blumenberg*, caused usually a mild shock of surprise to those strangers who caught brief glimpses of her about the premises. She was very tall, very gaunt and thin, and of a general flatness, as if the process which produces the compressed heads of a certain tribe of Indians had been applied fore and aft to her whole person and toilet with gratifying success. Her white hair was drawn into a little knot, which lost itself in the nape of her neck; her features were severe and massive, and her dress was of rigid simplicity and sombre hue. As she slipped quietly out of the *salon*, where she sometimes came to read the papers, whispers of "Oh, I thought she was a man!" "That venerable-looking old fellow at the table turns out to be a woman," and "I took her for somebody's ideal grandfather," buzzed about the room. When one saw her in the twilight with a stiff-brimmed, round hat, a long, straight coat with no suggestion of superfluous drapery beneath, the illusion was even more complete, though with her white hair concealed she lost her venerable aspect.

But people saw her rarely. She was very deaf, poor woman, and her intercourse with the world was limited and unsatisfactory.

The *Hôtel Blumenberg* also included among its inmates the party which had lately gone to the castle in quest of moonlight, ghosts and beer. Dora Warne had struck up an acquaintance with Miss Craddock. She

could hear imperfectly if the person speaking approached his or her lips close to her ear, and she responded readily if the same attitude were allowed her. Dora did a real charity in occasionally playing a game of *bélique* with the forlorn woman, and sometimes coaxing her out for a short walk. These little acts of mercy were very quietly done, and few of the gay, pleasure-loving party knew of the clouded existence in their midst. Even Philip Cassilis, who felt a keen interest in all that concerned Dora, had never seen this object of her solicitude. He only knew vaguely that there was a Miss Craddock in the house who was deaf, and to whom Dora was very kind and attentive, and he rather envied the afflicted lady.

It would seem that a contempt for *tournure* or any redundancy of petticoat could scarcely make a woman a dangerous member of society; but Miss Craddock, through this very aversion to dress-improvers and excess of drapery, wellnigh wrecked the happiness of two innocent young people, one of them a friend whom she dearly loved.

Philip Cassilis had eagerly watched for an occasion to continue the *tête-à-tête* so rudely interrupted on the *Allan*, but the fates seemed ungracious. Dora was beset with feminine friends, and that rascally Frenchman was everlastingly hovering in the background or advancing to discuss the health-preserving properties of silk undershirts.

Cassilis was idling about alone at the castle; next best to the actual presence of his goddess, was tarrying in the scenes sanctified by her frequent visits. He strayed in through the quaint gateway which separates the Elizabeth Garden from the rest of the castle grounds, and stood looking over the town with its odd jumble of red-tiled roofs, the winding Neckar and the vine-grown hills.

He was not alone in the garden. A lady sat on a bench half hidden in the foliage and shadow. In the on-creeping twilight Cassilis had hardly noticed her, but at a second glance he recognized Dora, to his great delight. She sat with her back half turned to him, and had evidently not seen his approach. Eagerly he started forward to take the coveted vacant place at her side, when, to his surprise, he saw himself forestalled. A tall, slender figure, hitherto unseen in the shadow, advanced and stood before Dora, who drew away her dress and made room for him on the seat with a bright smile of welcome.

"That good-for-nothing De Pleinjour!" muttered Cassilis. "I would know his skinny proportions among a horde of starving cannibals. What does Dora mean by giving him a rendezvous alone in this very secluded spot?"

With jealous fascination, Cassilis, unseen, fell back into the shadow, keeping his eyes fixed on the two other occupants of the garden. He felt that circumstances justified his playing the ignoble *role* of eavesdropper, for the moment. The dark-robed figure did not accept the proffered place on the bench, but, horror of horrors! stole one arm round Dora's shoulder, and, bending down, kissed her pink cheek with loving tenderness.

Cassilis, white with rage and dismay, was ready to rend his rival limb from limb, but with a great effort he managed to master himself and keep silent. "The scoundrel hasn't even the decency to take off his hat when he kisses a girl. I shall really be obliged to kick him into the Neckar."

But the cruelest of all was yet to come. Dora, not in the least disconcerted by this affectionate salute, arose, and, putting a hand on each shoulder of her adorer,

returned it with equal warmth. Cassilis heard not a word, but what he had seen was enough. Oh, the perfidy of woman! This fawn-eyed girl, who, with her angelic smiles, had started and fanned the flame which raged within him, and had received with sweet, shy favor his looks and half-expressed utterances of love, was faithless as the worst of her sex.

Unconsciously Cassilis regained his room at the hotel; with feverish haste he tumbled his things into his trunk, paid his bill with reckless indifference to change, feed the same servants repeatedly in his abstraction, and had himself whirled off to the railway station at breakneck speed, three-quarters of an hour before the departure of the train.

* * * * *

Returning from an hour's rather wearisome *tête-à-tête* with Miss Craddock, in the Elizabeth Garden, Dora was blissfully unconscious of the storm which this innocent bit of self-sacrifice had aroused in the breast of her hot-headed lover. The announcement that Mr. Cassilis had gone, leaving directions to have his letters forwarded to the Tyrol, chilled her with heart-breaking surprise. What did it all mean? he who had let her believe that he loved her, gone without a word of farewell or explanation, without a thought for the heart which would miss him so sorely. His half-uttered vows were merely idle fancies written in sand.

Rid of a formidable rival, Monsieur le Comte de Pleinjour, who was much *épris* with Dora, came forward and asked permission of her aunt, Miss Pennell, to pay his court to the young lady. Dora, wounded to the quick by Philip's desertion, and dreading lest any one should see her suffering, received the count's attentions with a fair show of contentment, and their engagement was shortly announced.

* * * * *

As Winter approached, Miss Pennell and her niece betook themselves to the Pension Barili, at Florence, with poor Miss Craddock as a grateful, inoffensive member of their party. De Pleinjour followed, as a matter of course, but Dora was not as much touched by this proof of devotion as a rightminded *fiancée* ought to be.

"If he dreads the cold winds he might have staid away. There is no need of boring each other to death now—we shall have quite enough of that sort of thing later," was her sole comment on hearing that he had braved the elements and come.

"Dora Warne doesn't seem half the jolly girl she was a year ago," her friends said of her. The poor child was very unhappy; she was possessed by a feverish spirit of unrest, and strained after any excitement that would make her forget herself and the bitter-sweet dreams of the past Summer. One person, at least, at the Pension Barili seemed to appreciate the attractions of Monsieur de Pleinjour—this was Mrs. Chilton, a pretty widow, who, having outlived her grief, was now noted for her tasteful toilets and pretty feet, rather freely displayed. Her maid, Toinette, also found Monsieur le Comte *fort gentil*, and had been heard to say in her mistress's presence that Monsieur le Comte made a great mistake in preferring that pale-faced, sentimental miss to Madame Chilton, who had such charm, such *esprit*—ah, there was a real beauty!

As Mrs. Chilton never reproved her maid for these speeches, the supposition was that she shared Toinette's opinion.

Dora had been to a ball at the Pergola. De Pleinjour had seen her safely in at the street-door of the Barili, and had then returned to the carriage to escort home her

chaperon, a lady who lived in a remote quarter of Florence. Dora opened the second door at the top of the stairs, imperfectly lighted from the street, and to her dismay found the corridor perfectly dark; not a ray of light to be seen from any direction. It was long past midnight, and as she disliked making a disturbance in the quiet house, she crept along in the dense blackness, trusting to a fair gift of topography to find her room without the aid of her eyes. The Pension Barili was a rambling old palace. Its distances were vast, and its ways devious and puzzling even in daylight. Short flights of steps seemed scattered about at random, and unexpected alcoves and angles confronted one at every turn.

Arrived at what she supposed was the end of her journey, Dora put out her hand to feel for the handle of her door. It came in contact with a soft, slippery surface like plush instead of the elaborate metal latch she was familiar with. The wall, her only guide, seemed to have vanished, and she found herself pawing helplessly about in some unknown space. Her lace dress caught something, which it sent rattling to the floor with a brassy clatter. She fell precipitately into the soft arms of a *fauteuil*, and exclaimed: "I've strayed into somebody's room, and can't for the life of me find my way out! What shall I do?" She laughed to keep her courage up, but the laugh was not a very cheerful one. "But I really must find the door, and make another try for my own room." Recommencing her perilous journey, her timidly groping fingers swept over the keys of a piano. She upset a bouquet of roses with grave detriment to the vase containing them, sent a spindle-legged table with the articles upon it rolling on the floor, dipped her elbow into something cold and sticky like jam—tinkle, bang, bump followed all her movements till she stood still in sheer despair. "I shall probably put my hand on somebody's sleeping face next. Heaven! how horrible that would be!" Then in a scared voice, which sounded very unlike her own, the poor distracted child, said: "Will anybody in this room please tell me where the door is? I don't wish to intrude; I'm only too anxious to get out." No answer. "I suppose I'm very silly to imagine any one could be asleep here after all the row I have made." She bumped her head against what appeared to be the end of a tall screen, and then, ready to cry with fatigue and vexation, sank down upon a low sofa, which had asserted itself by a sharp rap against her knees. "I'm so tired and sleepy, and my feet ache so. If I could only find a bell or a match!" She sent one hand in search of a possible pillow on the sofa, and touched something sleek and warm and soft—something which stirred and stretched itself lazily, with a sleepy, caressing mian, which came direct from the feline heaven of dreams. "Oh, Lippo, you here? Now I know where I am. In Signora Barili's private *salon*. I have quite lost my bearings and don't yet see my way to getting out; but it is some comfort to know that I'm not invading the privacy of somebody's bedroom. I have smashed a lot of things already. I wonder if I had better try again for the door or lie here till the servants get up. I'm so frightfully sleepy. Lippo, do you mind my sharing the sofa with you?"

Lippo was the Barili cat, and an especial pet of Dora's. There were very soft pillows on the sofa. Lippo was particularly amiable, and the cat and the girl cuddled down together for a nap, Dora drawing her blue Oriental silk evening wrap over her white, lace-covered shoulders.

Miss Warne was quite right in her guess that she had wandered into Signora Barili's *salon*, but she was not

aware that that very evening the *salon* and a small bedroom adjoining had, owing to the overcrowded state of the house, been given to a young Englishman arriving

sleep of the just with Lippo behind the screen in his sitting-room. The newcomer entered quietly, lighting his way with wax matches, and gazed about with great



MARS AND VENUS: A RESTORATION OF THE VENUS OF MILO BY ZUR STRASSEN.

unexpectedly. This gentleman was also belated on this particular evening, and returned home an hour or more after Dora, who by that time was sleeping the sound

astonishment on the chaos which Dora had innocently created in his room.

"Is it a joke, or an earthquake, or, most likely, that

blessed cat I fired out of the room twice while I was dressing? Here's our supper looking as if a cyclone had swept over it; half the things are smashed, and there is scarcely a chair right-end-up in the place. By Jupiter! Here's my pet meerscham on the floor with a piece knocked out! It must have been that brute of a cat. If it wasn't so late, I'd ring up the house and have an explanation. Perhaps Wakeham knows the eccentricities of the establishment. He has had three days' advantage over me to learn them. I'll have a look for that cat."

Shading the candle with his hand and walking softly, Philip Cassilis—for it was he who had the honor of occupying Signora Barili's *salon*—shook out the curtains, and poked his cane under the larger pieces of furniture with no other result than proving that the Barili housemaids were poor sweepers. He looked behind the screen,

continued, flying at the displaced furniture and giving the room a fair show of order before somebody advancing down the corridor reached the door.

"I was delayed a little, but there's still time for a pipe, if you like," said a third midnight reveler, tossing his hat and coat on a chair.

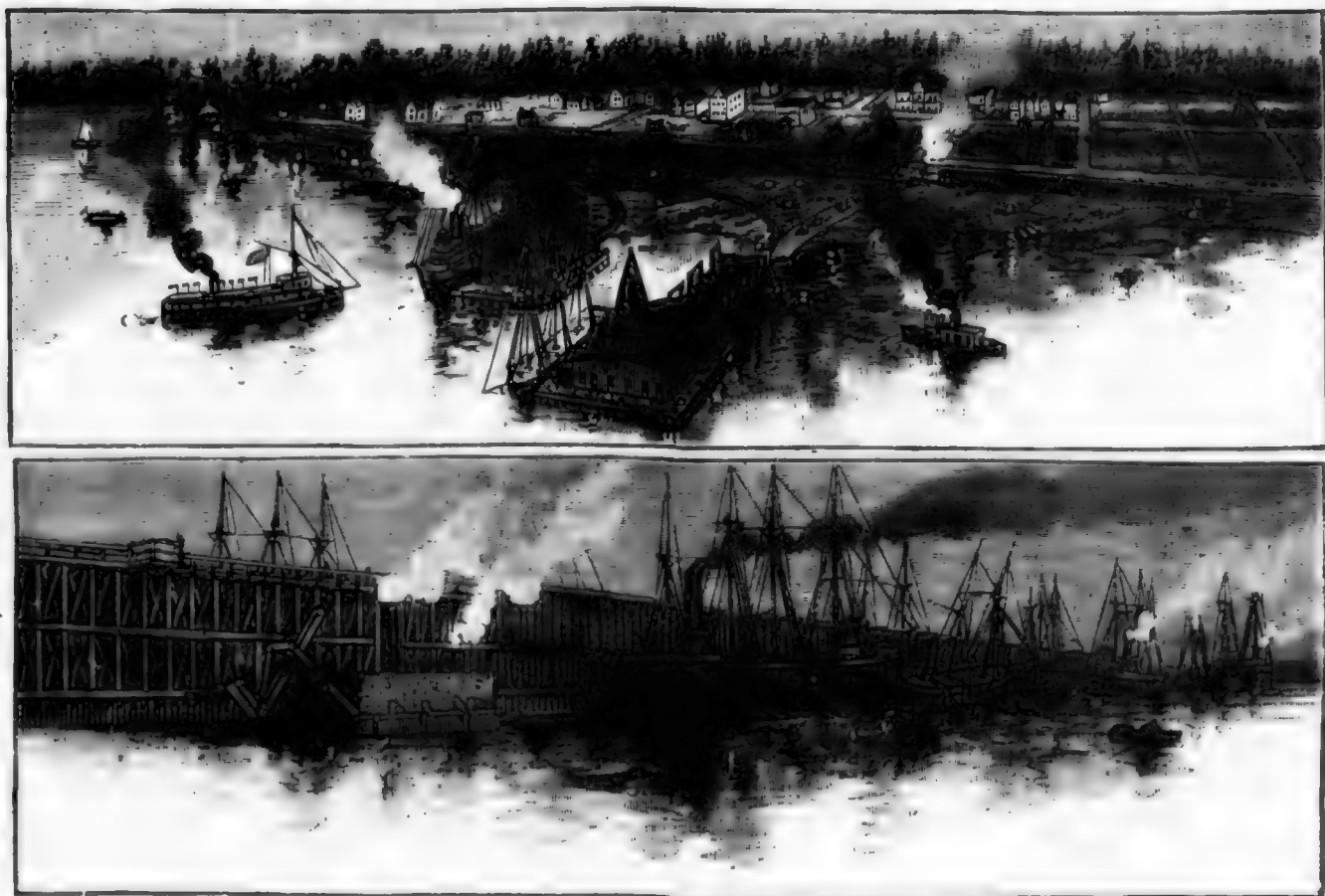
"It's very late, Wakeham—don't you think you had better go to bed?" Cassilis asked, a trifle nervously.

"Not if I know it. You asked me in to have some supper, and I'm not to be put off without it. I've a heap of gossip to tell, too."

"But we'll disturb the people. Far better to leave it till to-morrow."

"Rubbish! The walls are thick, and there is nobody about."

"Isn't there, indeed!" thought Cassilis, with a covert



CENTRAL LAKE SUPERIOR—WASHBURN, AND THE ASHLAND ORE-DOCK.—SEE PAGE 663.

and stood staring with speechless surprise at what his candle revealed.

It was, in truth, a very pretty tableau; a girl in creamy lace drapery, with a blue silk cloak half covering her shoulders, lay in a nest of plush cushions on the sofa; one foot, in a pretty bronze slipper and pink silk stocking, peeped out from beneath her dress, and a white arm embraced affectionately a huge blue-gray cat, which sprawled its lazy length on far more than its share of pillow with motionless content. The girl's face was buried in the cushions; only a tiny pink ear and a big, soft knot of fair brown hair, pierced by a massive antique gold dagger, were distinguishable beside the cat's placid visage. Neither sleeper awakened, and Cassilis instinctively stepped back and left the couch in shadow.

"A new rendering of Beauty and the Beast," he said to himself. "Really this is a deucedly queer house. I wonder who the girl is. She's very welcome to my sofa, but it seems rather odd her being here. Wakeham needn't know about this. He would make such a story of it," he

glance toward the screen. "You're not going to smoke here, for Heaven's sake! are you?"

"No, I'm not; but what in the name of common sense has come over you? You are nervous, and fidgety as an old spinster in the Custom-house. Have some ham? Why, it's all smeared over with plum-jam!"

"I wish the fellow's voice was a little less rough," thought Cassilis. "What can I do to shut him up, or get rid of him?"

"You remember the pretty girl you were sweet on at Heidelberg—Miss Warne—she is here. She's going to marry De Pleinjour, the Frenchman, soon. They say he is flirting with a gay widow here, but that is French fashion, to have a variety of strings to one's bow."

Wakeham, busy over the concoction of a sandwich, did not notice the pallor which overspread Philip's face. He had never sought to inform himself of Dora's abiding-place after that cruel scene at the Elizabeth Garden. He wished only to forget her. Now a strange fatality had brought him again under the same roof which sheltered

her. But they need not meet. He would leave the house with as little warning as he had come.

"You remember Miss Craddock," continued Wakeham; "a deaf *protégée* of Miss Warne's at the Blumenberg?"

"I remember the name, but I hadn't the pleasure of her acquaintance."

"She's here, too. The poor old creature doesn't mean any harm, of course, but she leads people into very queer mistakes. Bayley told me he had seen some fellow, not De Pleinjour, kissing Miss Warne in the garden at dusk."

Philip ground his teeth, and writhed in his chair with the desire to pitch Wakeham out of the window.

"I wouldn't believe him, so last night he called me in triumph to his window to witness the same scene. Don Juan in this case was no other than Miss Craddock. She's a queer, flat-looking woman, you know, without any flounces or things that other women wear, and for an instant I was taken in and thought she was a man. She wasn't kissing Miss Warne; only speaking to her in the confidential way her infirmity requires. She didn't look unlike De Pleinjour in that light."

"By Jove!" cried Cassilis, springing up and knocking over his chair with a bang. "What a consummate idiot I have been! Wakeham, do you suppose—I wonder if—it can it be possible—good-night, Wakeham, good-night; it's really very late. Ha! ha! that's a very good story. We'll have the rest of it to-morrow."

Wakeham looked at his friend as if he thought him demented, and took his departure with some very uncomplimentary salutations.

The fall of Cassilis's chair awoke Dora, who started up bewildered, from her sound sleep. She came forward into the light, and, to her profound surprise, encountered the equally astonished gaze of her faithless lover, Philip Cassilis! For a few moments she looked in his eyes with all the old tenderness; it was very sweet to meet that gaze again; then a tide of bitter memories sweeping over her, she murmured some unintelligible sentences to account for her presence there, and fled from the room.

"Miss Warne!--Dora!--darling! listen to me one moment!" cried Cassilis, seizing her hand in the doorway, but she was too agitated and frightened to heed him, and breaking away from him, disappeared without another word.

Neither saw a door a little further down the passage stealthily open at that moment, and a hand put out a vase of lilies, the fragrance of which had probably become overpowering to the occupant of the room.

Poor Cassilis! too late his eyes were opened to Dora's innocence. Even if she ever forgave his miserable lack of trust and paltry suspicions, she was betrothed now to another man—a betrothal almost as indissoluble as the marriage-tie, and she was lost to him for ever.

* * * * *

The following morning, as Monsieur de Pleinjour was passing the open door of Signora Barili's *salon*, he saw Toinette, Mrs. Chilton's maid, standing on the threshold looking the picture of troubled perplexity.

"What is the matter, *ma belle*?" he asked, with his usual gallantry.

"Oh, monsieur, I don't know—perhaps mademoiselle would not like me to tell; but then she surely doesn't wish to lose the beautiful gold dagger which monsieur gave her. But see, there it is, lying on the floor by the couch. Mademoiselle must have lost it out of her hair last night."

"This is not Miss Warne's room—what do you mean?"

"No, it is the room of Monsieur Cassilis, an *Anglais*. I saw him go out early this morning, a very handsome young gentleman, but not of the *distingué* air of Monsieur le Comte. A dear friend of Mademoiselle Warne, I suppose, for she made him a long visit last night—late, late, after the opera. As the daylight began Madame Chilton asked me to set out the lilies in the corridor. Monsieur Cassilis must be a cousin, or some near relation of mademoiselle, for their parting was very affectionate. See, there is her fan, too, on the floor."

De Pleinjour thrust fan and dagger in the breast of his coat and stalked away in a rage hot enough to satisfy Toinette's highest hopes.

* * * * *

An hour later Miss Pennell's sitting-room was the scene of a violent quarrel. De Pleinjour coarsely accused Dora of faithlessness. She, furious at his lack of trust, vouchsafed no explanation, and the result was a formal canceling of their engagement.

That same afternoon Miss Pennell and her niece bade adieu to the Pension Barili, and took the train for Sienna. They had been contemplating a trip thither for some time, so their preparations were quickly made, and their departure created no particular comment. Dora was sitting in the cathedral, looking dreamily at the brilliant, changing pageantry which fascinates one in that gorgeously ornate place. A nun, praying earnestly near one of the huge striped columns, fixed her attention.

"I would like to be a nun," the forlorn child thought; "nobody cares for me. The man I love has no need of me, and the man I was to marry cast me off for a whim. I'm sure that nun is far happier than I am."

Somebody in gray tweed clothes approached and stood near Dora, looking at her with sad, tender earnestness. Something in her look seemed to give him courage, for he came nearer, and spoke to her.

"Mr. Cassilis!" she exclaimed, under her breath, and could not, in spite of herself, prevent the glad look of welcome which rose in her eyes.

"I have a confession to make, Miss Warne," Cassilis began, after an exchange of the usual commonplaces at the beginning of a conversation; "something which has weighed heavily on my mind, and allowed me no rest till I found you. May I ease my conscience here? The place is certainly appropriate for confession."

"They don't listen to confessions during service, and the Mass is just beginning," Dora answered. "I will hear you at the Lizza this afternoon."

Among the roses and magnolias in the pretty little Siennese park, Cassilis told the serio-comic story of his mistake in the Elizabeth Garden, which had cost him such misery. "I came to tell you all this," he said in conclusion, "so that in future, if you ever do think of me, I may not seem such an uncouth brute as I must have seemed until now. My confession made, I have no excuse for staying longer." Dora was silent. "De Pleinjour, doubtless, grudges me even this *tête-à-tête*."

"You haven't heard the latest news from the Pension Barili?" Dora replied, and her voice trembled.

"No; what is it? I can't say I feel much interest in what goes on there now."

"Monsieur de Pleinjour is going to marry Mrs. Chilton soon!"

"And your engagement?" Philip's eyes looked as if Paradise had opened before them.

"Was ended the morning we left Florence."

* * * * *

Cassilis did not go away, and Dora discovered that the man she loved had life-long need of her, after all.

AN ORCHARD AT AVIGNON.

BY A. MARY F. ROBINSON.

THE hills are white, but not with snow:
They are as pale in Summer-time,
For herb or grass may never grow
Upon their slopes of lime.

Within the circle of the hills
A ring, all flowering in a round,
An orchard-ring of almond hills
The plot of stony ground.

More fair than happier trees, I think,
Grown in well-watered pasture land,
These parched and stunted branches, pink
Above the stones and sand.

O white, austere, ideal place,
Where very few will care to come,
Where Spring hath lost the waving grace
She wears for us at home!

Fain would I sit and watch for hours
The holy whiteness of thy hills,
The wreath of pale auroral flowers,
Their peace the silence fills.

A place of secret peace thou art,
Such peace as in an hour of pain
One moment fills the amazed heart,
And never comes again.

CENTRAL LAKE SUPERIOR.

ITS MARVELOUS NEW CITIES—THE APOSTLE ISLANDS—INDIAN CIVILIZATION—THE GREAT FISHERIES—LEGENDS.

BY WILLIAM HOSEA BALLOU.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND people, during two years, have settled around Ashland, Wis., within a radius of fifty miles. This increase of population is the outcome of the almost abnormal growth of the mining interests. Little fishing-hamlets have become cities, and awkwardly wear their unexpected honors. In addition to Summer visitors, come the brain and brawn of every clime, at the rate of 1,000 per month. An enormous shipping and railway interest has suddenly developed, not sufficient by half for the new interests involved. A chain of young giants—Bayfield, Washburn, Ashland, Hurley, Bessemer and Wakefield—swell the roar of industry where two years ago all was silent save the knock of the woodpecker on the closed doors of the forest tree.

The pioneer machines of civilization are the canalboat and the ship of the prairie—the canvas-covered cart. The steamboat follows with reckless consequences, with its load of gamblers and criminals seeking a haven in the new country. But when the railway pushes through forest and mountain, over lake and river, the barriers of barbarism go down in a mass, the Indian disappears, the forts turn into public schools and the nomadic English sparrow dwells in the cylinder of the cannon.

Too long the wonderful Lake Superior region, rich in minerals, forests and germs of industry, lay hidden beyond the vast area of pines. Of a sudden it bursts forth with a flash as of lightning and carries the world of capital and energy by storm.

It is 227 years since Père Marquette established his Mission on Madeline Island. Soon after, the Canadian *voyageurs* penetrated Western Superior, and began trading with innumerable Indians then existing there whose remnant to-day can be counted with four figures. The succeeding two centuries were only by marked the disappearance of the red man. A few years ago General Lewis Cass, by order from Washington, bore away the last of the Sioux to prevent their extermination by the Ojibways. Even the latter seem to have evaporated, leaving only a few Chippewas to tell of the survival of the alleged fittest.

The twenty-two Apostle Islands in the vicinity are about as uninhabited as they were over two hundred years ago, when Père Marquette preached to the Indians. If he could look at Madeline Island to-day, he would find most of the structures in a state of decay, and the

settlement a fossil which an occasional traveler looks upon in momentary haste and gets away from as speedily as possible. The Franciscan friar, in cowl and gown, has possession, and conducts worship in the Chippewa dialect. Antiquities are scarce enough in this country, so let the monk and island continue to petrify as rapidly as convenient. Yet the Madeline Island has been the scene of many notable events. Its cemetery stones suggest many tales. One stone says that Basil beneath was struck by thunder. This is doubtless the only instance known of a man killed by sound, although there is a suspicion that henpecked husbands sometimes succumb to the wife's voice. Another stone says the man beneath was shot as a token of affection by his brother. Herewith I offer an epitaph as a key to these hieroglyphics. Let it read thus:

"This stone is offered as a token of affection by his brother to one who was shot."

It was on Madeline Island that John Jacob Astor established one of his trading-posts. Here he built a fort, warehouses and dwellings. One of his warehouses, decayed and wrecked, still remains. La Pointe, in time, became a village of 3,000 inhabitants, who long since deserted it, but not until after it was moved to a good harbor site. Here were held the Indian councils, and here were the treaties made. In 1851, the Chippewas here ceded to the United States all of their lands excepting a few small tracts, still held by the survivors.

The present La Pointe church was built over a half-century ago by Bishop Baraga, mainly of the timbers of its predecessor, on which account it is regarded as sacred and with reverence. A painting, "The Descent from the Cross," by some old master, is said to have been brought by Father Marquette, and still hangs in the church. It is old and scarred, but, of course, a work of art. Painted on hand-made canvas, attached to the wall by rude, hand-made nails, carefully secreted in past times of danger and war, it is indeed a curiosity. In the same church is an aged vestment of heavy, corded materials, interwrought with gold thread, and now cream-colored by time. An old Presbyterian church is also an object of curiosity. Many birds visit this island in Summer, and the Indians named it "Moring-wun-a-kaun-ing," the place where the yellow-hammer is found. Once a long sandy point



LA POINTE, MADELINE ISLE, AND GOVERNOR FIFIELD'S RESIDENCE, ANGLAND.

extended almost to Long Island. I judge that Père Marquette found an Indian settlement here, called Chegoi-me-gon, either of Ottawas or Hurons; but before the North American Indians, which are really a modern people, was a superior race, probably the mound-builders, whose implements and inscriptions are everywhere found along the sunset sea. The site of one of their ancient cities exists on the eastern side of the island, now overgrown with a forest. Mr. George Francis observes: "Tradition says that, about 600 years ago, the ancestors of the Ojibways and Chippewa Indians, and, in fact, the whole Algonic race, had their capital city in the West, a city that numbered its people by thousands. May not this ancient ruin have been their capital? These were the halcyon days of the Algonquin; they had not yet migrated to the St. Lawrence and the ocean. Their empire lay to the west and northwest of Lakes Huron and Superior. Another century, and a mighty horde of savage warriors came from the south or west (probably northwest), and the Algonquins were driven eastward, even to the Atlantic, where they were first met by the Europeans."

The first whites are said to have visited Madeleine Island in 1641. Father Claudius Allouez, who established the Mission of the Holy Spirit here in 1665, remained until 1669, when Père Marquette took his place until 1671. The Indian war drove him away. The traders, under Michael Cadotte, took possession in 1780.

An enterprising speculator proposes, at last, to put Madeline Island to some utility. He seems to have acquired possession, and laid out the island (on paper) in parks, lots and drives, and is trying to sell cottage grounds and build up a Summer resort. He should first secure a decent Summer hotel, and good water connections, as an incentive to purchasers. He will not probably succeed. Ashland and Bayfield have preference, a start and good rail connections. I fished a whole day in

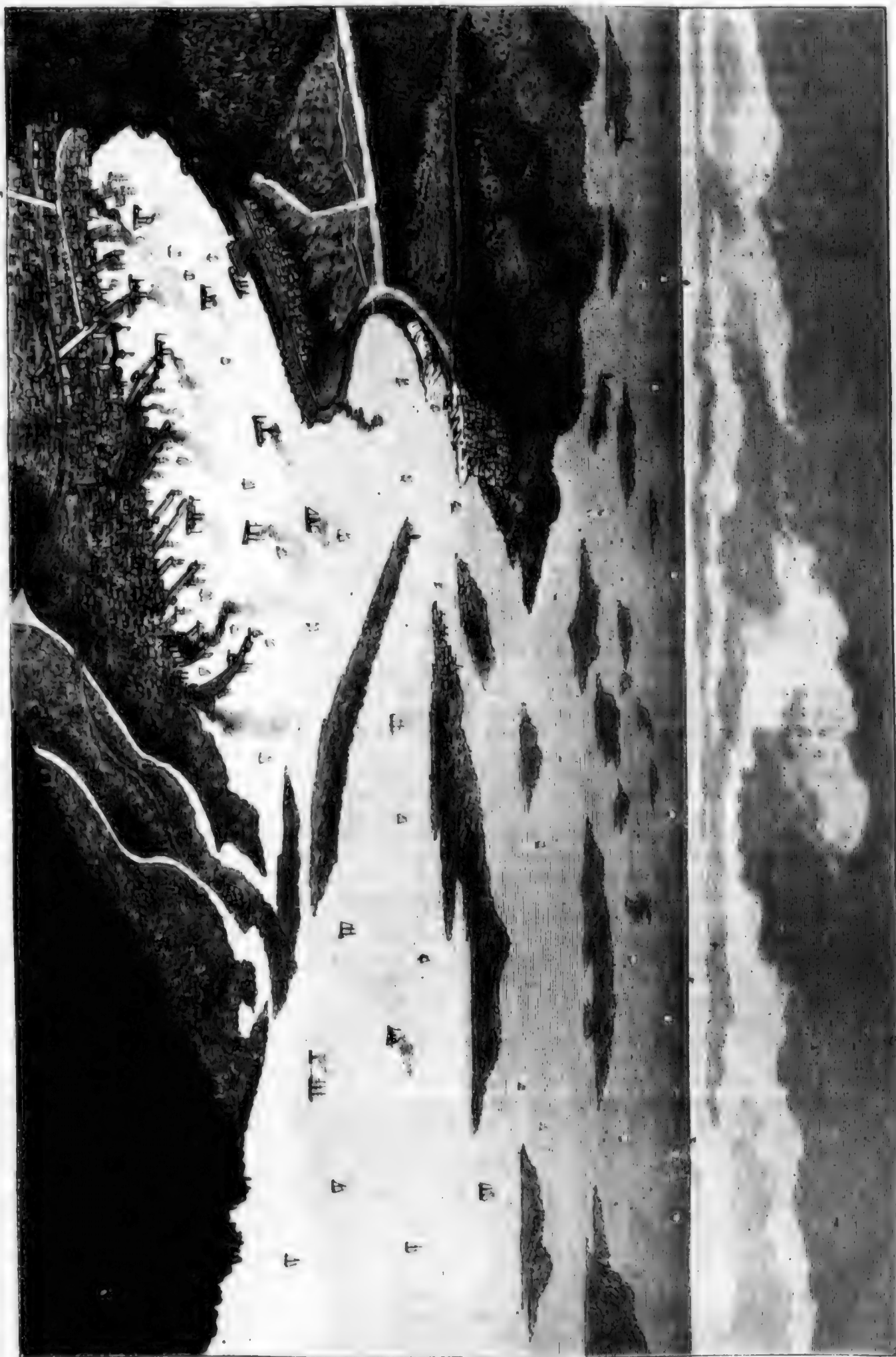
the vicinity without so much as a bite. I was unable to get as good views—sunrises and sunsets—here as at Bayfield, with higher ground. The utility scheme, therefore, does not loom up in my estimation.

The remaining Apostles are not so large as the Madeline, although Presque Isle approaches it in size; but as a group they form a natural and needed barrier for Chagamegon Bay. Beautiful in brownstone shore-lines and covered forests and good soil, it seems strange that they have been so long unutilized. Occasionally an island has a fishing-camp or lighthouse, but otherwise the thunder of the surf against their frowning walls is silent for want of ears.

Buswood Island is beautiful in brownstone rocks and quarries. In Oak, Hermit, Sand and Otter Islands, are caves and curious formations made by the surf along the shores. Cascades tumble down over the rocks into the lake; fantastic cliffs arise, and at one place may be seen a huge formation resembling a pulpit. Then there is "the Cathedral," forming an arch with the shore, through which one may row during smooth water. Bayfield, opposite to Madeline Island, is the most northern village of Wisconsin. Its growth has been continuous, in the face of sharp competition. It has some mining, more in possibility than otherwise, but its chief industry is the fisheries, celebrated in all markets. Its brownstone quarries are also famous for having assisted Chicago to rise phoenix-like out of its 1871 ashes. This brownstone will stand a pressure of 3,650 pounds to the square inch. In Bayfield County there are still two and a half billion feet of pine timber standing, but falling rapidly. Of seventy-five miles of coast round this county, fifty are good protected harbor line. W. F. Dalrymple, the Dakota wheat king, had sufficient faith in this at one time to invest in several miles of lake frontage for docks, elevator and transfer railway. He may have to wait some time, as Bayfield is evidently content to be a Summer resort, lumber and fish dock. The county mines, although originally sunk for copper, yielded silver and gold, which reversed the operation of asking for bread and getting a stone. Bayfield has large lumber interests, a waterworks supplied by mountain springs, a medium-sized well-kept Summer hotel (the Island City), numerous docks, a weekly newspaper with a Shakespearean editor, and the usual objects common to ambitious



BAYFIELD, LAKE SUPERIOR.



CENTRAL LAKE SUPERIOR.—AERIAL AND THE APOSTLE ISLANDS.

young cities. A lofty hill rises in the rear, and on its very apex is a high tower from which an enormous area of bays, islands, channels and habitations is visible. Bayfield was once a quaint old town, built thirty years ago. It has a picturesque position, although its inhabitants prefer living at the water's edge rather than on the hilltop amid the sunlight, air and magnificent views to be obtained at an altitude of 700 feet. An ancient Franciscan church stands on the brow of the bluffs. It is celebrated for an old painting of "The Nativity of Our Saviour."

Doubtless Bayfield is destined to become famous for its copper mines some day. One can pick up fine specimens anywhere in the vicinity. It is related that in the bed of the Sioux River, Antoine Cadotte discovered a chunk of native copper weighing two tons. The Indians claim to have found solid silver nuggets here.

Washburn is a mistake, planted on the Chequamegon Bay, opposite Ashland. It was started some time ago by a well-meaning railway, and boomed for a metropolis. The Gogebic Iron Range came to the rescue of Ashland and blighted Washburn. The Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway built a large elevator here, and a big dock. For a time the town grew rapidly, and doubtless 1,500 people live there at present. Still, much coal and salt are kept stored at Washburn, and its lumber shipments are important. The mail in Summer is conveyed in this district by the steamer *Barker*, but in the Winter the sledge drawn by dogs does the business more poetically.

Ashland is the metropolis of the new Wisconsin. It is located at the foot of Chequamegon Bay, a large area of water entirely inclosed by mainlands and the Apostle Islands. It is the natural outlet of the Great Gogebic Iron Range, situated fifty miles to the southwest. Several years ago, Ashland was a mere trading-post for the Indians of the Odanah Reservation, twelve miles distant, and a handful of whites. The opening of the Gogebic Range in 1885-6 at once brought it into prominence as the lake point of shipment for ore, and it now has a population of 6,000 people.

The great ore dock, which received 750,000 tons of Bessemer ore last season, and for its first season, is a remarkable piece of architecture. It cost \$500,000. It is 2,315 feet long—over a half mile—and 40 feet high above water-level. The approach to the dock, consisting of trestle-work, is 950 feet long. The outer end, or protection to the dock, is a crib 46 feet wide, 50 feet long and about 82 feet high. The width of the dock is 52 feet 10 inches, and it accommodates four railways on top. The foundation consists of 45 miles of pine-trees, driven top down, or 7,328 piles, which penetrate the bottom of the harbor from 16 to 22 feet. This solid foundation comprises 576,000 cords of wood and 10,500,000 pounds of rock. In the superstructure are 5,000,000 feet of timber and planking and 1,780,000 pounds of iron and steel. Of spikes alone there are 112,000 pounds.

The dock has 234 ore-pockets for 110 gross tons of ore, and a single storage capacity of 26,000 tons. In an urgent case 37,000 tons of ore can be accommodated at one time, and 1,000,000 tons during the lake season. The dock was built by the Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western Railway.

The water about the dock is 20 feet deep, and is being dredged to a much greater depth. The new dock of the Wisconsin Central Railway will be six feet higher.

The convenience of the dock for loading and unloading is all that could be desired. The ore is first loaded at the mines on box cars, which have false bottoms. The

train is run on the dock, and each car stands over a pocket, into which the ore is instantaneously dumped. The pockets have long sheet-iron troughs which can be set down to the vessel-holds. When the gates are opened the ore rolls into the hold so rapidly that a vessel can be filled in from three to eight hours, according to its size. Invention, by-the-way, has been so active at Chicago that these vessels are unloaded by steam in exactly the same time. About thirty-five men are employed on the dock by day and twenty by night.

Three more docks of the same size are about completed, the second dock being built by the Wisconsin Central Railway, and is six feet higher. The shipping traffic in Chequamegon Bay has increased beyond the power of vessel-owners to keep pace. The Lake Superior Transit Company alone has trebled its passenger and freight capacity.

The view along the bay at Ashland is conspicuous with many industries resulting from the newly developed resources in the Superior district. The principal residence in the city is the home of Lieutenant-governor Fifield, proprietor of the *Ashland Press*. In the environs of the city is the colossal bridge of the Wisconsin Central Railway. It spans the White River, and is 130 feet high and 1,760 feet long.

Ashland has started out well as a Summer resort. The new Chequamegon Hotel accommodates 500 guests. It is located on a bluff overhanging and overlooking the bay. It compares favorably with Summer hotels in general.

Already Ashland is developing as a railway centre. It has five connections in all directions. It is the eastern terminus of the Northern Pacific. The Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha connects it with the Chicago and Northwestern Railway at St. Paul. The Wisconsin Central connects it with Milwaukee, curving to the west through a beautiful and picturesque country. The Milwaukee, Lake Shore and Western curves in the opposite direction through the Gogebic Range to Milwaukee. A half-dozen railways are to pass through it, connecting it with the Michigan Central at Mackinaw City, thence with the New York Central at Buffalo, giving it a direct outlet into New York city. In fact, Ashland is a stirring city, with a country of vast mineral wealth constantly feeding it and increasing its importance. It has waterworks, railways in plenty, competing propeller lines, big saw mills, big ore docks and shipping, electric lights and gas, theatres, gambling halls, bawdy-houses, newspapers, churches and whatever goes to make up a flourishing young city.

Twelve miles from Ashland is Odanah, a reservation of the Chippewa Indians. It is one of the most picturesque places about the bay. The trip can be made by boat up the Bad River, or by rail. There are numerous rice swamps in the vicinity, which the Indians annually harvest. The natives take hold of the stalks and shake the rice into their canoes. The lodges are located along the banks of the Bad River, which in Summer is dotted with canoes. The Indians and half-breeds are all quite white-like, and work in the lumber camps or elsewhere as regular laborers. The Presbyterians have a mission ground and buildings at Odanah, with a nice lawn, where pretty missionaries play croquet. There are about 900 inhabitants, mostly reduced from warriors brave to squaws of industry. The home of the ex-noble lord of the forest is a semi-globe-shaped house, where his progeny at the door beat drums, variously ornamented with quaint coins, etc. The Chippewa still has lingering superstitions, one of which is seen in his cemetery. This is modernized by the

presence of board huts, wherein is deposited when he starts for the happy hunting-grounds. A square hole at one end is kept open, in which food is placed from time to time, perhaps to be eaten by the heathen Chinese, since, in San Francisco, the Indian steals the food similarly placed by said heathen Chinese.

One of the characters here is Gi-w-ga-ba-we-kwe, or the woman who had to go around to get home. Probably she had her beau along, and a short cut was no object.

Lake Superior, with its 32,500 square miles, its 900 feet depth, and its equable temperature, averaging 41° Fahrenheit, is the most vast fishery within any continent. It is here that the finest fresh-water fishes of the world are gathered and scattered over the country.

The autumnal equinoctial storm was sweeping across the great inland sea when I visited the fisheries. The night-watchman of the Island City Hotel at Bayfield roused me at 4 A.M., and a few minutes later I boarded the fishing-tug *Boutin*. The cook and the engineer were the busiest of a crew of a dozen on board, the one preparing the energies for the body of man, and the other, of the ship. A cold, fine, misty rain enveloped the powerful tug as she shot along the shore-line in the dim light of early dawn. The sun arose as we passed the north end of Bass Island, and for a half-hour mastered the storm, and lighted Red Cliff on the left and the long lines of brownstone shore-lines of the Apostle Islands. On we sped for several hours, at times through a hurricane of mist, and again into a momentary path of sunshine and calm. The captain was in a pleasant mood, in spite of the nastiness of the day; on account of the fact, no doubt, that he had in general an opportunity to talk to the world through his guest, but in particular because he had a good paying passenger aboard.

"That's Hermit Island," he remarked, as we approached the second Apostle. "Once a hermit lived there by the name of Wilson," he continued, "who died in 1872. He was a peculiar fellow, and pretended to live according to rules laid down in a book called 'The Whole Duty of Man.' This must have been a very simple and explicit work, since Wilson's sole life consisted in making barrels for the fishermen, hoarding his money and evading his taxes. There is only one entrance to the island, and this he guarded, and drove the officers away who came to arrest him for defying the law. In order to evade these gentry he went to La Pointe to transact business only on Sundays. One day he made a mistake, believing Monday to be Sunday, and as a result was arrested and thrown into jail. After a four days' incarceration he settled his taxes to escape. He was found dead in his hut in 1872, and some Indians who worked for him and spent Mexican dollars freely after his demise are supposed to have murdered him."

The *Boutin* sped on past big Bresque Isle on the right, and Oak, Devil's, Otter and Hemlock on the left. At the north end of Hemlock the great brownstone arch, 100 feet high and with 12 feet of water on its floor, loomed proudly in the storm; but the swell, under which the tug rose and fell majestically, struck its base and flung its liquid beads across its towering peak.

The most northern island, and to the right, is called Outer Island. On its outer end is a tall lighthouse. The channel between this and Hemlock Island is a little over three miles wide. The tug had passed along a natural channel between the islands the entire distance. In this field, between Hemlock and Outer Islands, was a space covering about fifteen square miles. It was the gateway for the fish to the shore feeding-grounds and shoals on which they spawn. It was also the favorite

resort of the fishermen, and here and there a buoy indicated the end of a gill-net. These buoys were all examined in turn by the tugmen, and some hauled over deck in the search for the great three-mile gill-net. The captain got the range of the net at last and secured the interior end, not far from the head of Hemlock Island. He then pointed out the range of the net, which extended across the channel three miles to a point just under the lighthouse on the outer end of Outer Island. The storm raged grandly when the men began operations. Two stalwart fellows stood by the rail and hauled in; just behind them a man was sitting on a block of wood to disengage the fish; back of him was a fisherman to disentangle the net; on the other side was a man to remove the entrails; near him a man with a gaff to catch escaping fish, and at the wheel the captain, to keep the tug headed in the proper direction.

The gill-net is simply a fence, a picket-fence, nothing more. It is a yard high, made of coarse threads. It is laid across the channel on the bottom, exactly as a fence would be built. In reality it is not a net, but simply a barrier. The fish, moving inland about the bottom, run into it, and in their struggles to get through, become hopelessly entangled in the threads, and held fast. How does it stand up like a fence? Heavy lead sinkers are attached to the bottom, and the current braces it up straight. Two buoys, one at each end, with heavy anchors, hold it in position. In the late Fall, when the fish are hunting for spawning-grounds in big schools, the three-mile net will entangle three tons of them. On the day of my trip only 1,000 pounds were taken, but this was considered a good catch for the time of year. Indeed, the captain assured me that this, the largest haul for several months, was a demonstration in my honor on the part of Lake Superior's inhabitants.

For an hour, at least, I was amused by the raising net, the remarks of the fishermen, and the fish. As I looked down in the clear water, I could see a string of fishes for one hundred feet, attached at intervals to the net, which had become rolled in form of a rope. I judge that the fish are entangled simultaneously, and that the fisherman's luck depends on the size of the first school which strikes the fence. This must be obvious, because the net rapidly gets twisted in form of a rope by the struggles of the victims.

The first to appear was a whitefish. He was fearfully bloated, and also dead. He must have died instantaneously with fright. The man sitting behind the net-raisers first "prodded" him with a sharp stick, and the air escaped from the body with an explosive sound. Rapidly he pulled the threads over the body and contemptuously tossed the fish to the man who acted as the butcher. With one slash of the knife down the abdomen and one sweep of the blade the entrails disappeared in the barrel, and the fish was again contemptuously tossed into the packing box.

All whitefish come up dead. Their struggle cannot last beyond one second; they are so timid that fright kills them. Their flesh is hard when grown in these deep waters, but I could not eat them when cooked on the boat—the flesh was too fresh. Even at the hotel, the fish taken fresh from the dock have a fishy taste when they arrive at the table, which argues either bad cooking or improper curing of the animal. It cannot be said that whitefish are so plentiful as is desirable, or as they were formerly. They are exterminated mercilessly by the pound-net fishermen, who, instead of releasing the young and one-third grown whitefish from the nets, as they are hauled in, throw the entire catch in the boat.



FRANCISCAN CHURCH AT LA POINTE.

The little fellows are then thrown overboard dead. At some of the great fisheries along the lakes I have seen 10,000 and 15,000 little whitefish, varying in size to six inches, literally covering the surface of the water along the shore. The trouble seems to be that the States assume control of the northern lake-fisheries, and not the Government. There ought to be a law punishing this wholesale destruction of young fishes—this violation of the natural laws as well. Not only are the fishes exterminated, but the water becomes polluted and the whitefish are driven away from their accustomed shoals. As a natural consequence, the bordering States are obliged to go to the expense of propagating young whitefish, and the National Government has several hatcheries for the same purpose as well. I presume that 50,000,000 of the young fry are annually planted in the great lakes to offset the diabolical destruction by pound-net fishermen. These youngsters are left to themselves without the guiding influence of a parent. They are not put in on the shoals which are the natural feeding-grounds for the infants, but are let loose in deep or shore water indifferently, to become the prey of voracious fishes. One of the most astounding acts of the United States Fish Commission, which smacks of the grossest ignorance of the nineteenth century, was the planting of millions of eels in the upper lakes. These fellows dote on young whitefish and all kinds of innocent fish. One of their most common tragedies is to impale the female whitefish with their sharp snouts, and suck out the eggs. Congress should pass one law to suppress the depredations of pound-net fishermen, and one to suppress a fish commission which puts eels among food fishes.

As might be expected, few know how to cook fish where they are caught. The cooking along the shores of Lake Superior is simply vile, and fish particularly taste worse on the table than in the raw state. The Indians can cook the fish very palatably. They roll them in newspapers with scales on and entrails in and bake them in ovens. The flesh then cleared from the rubbish, has the flavor of all the animal juices, and is delicious.

The captain gave me the Indian legend of the origin of the whitefish: A woman was taking a ride on the back of a swan across the Sault Ste. Marie in search of her children. She choked the swan while clinging to him, and the bird promptly dashed out her brains on the rocks. These were eaten by small fishes, which grew fat and became whitefish, and thereafter formed a plentiful food supply for the reds.

Pound-netting in this vicinity for whitefish is done principally by small fishermen among the islands. There are no great pound-fisheries here, such as exist in the sections of lakes without islands. Here the channels among the islands are admirably adapted for the gill-nets. The pound-nets are here used along the shores in cold weather only. Mr. A. Booth, in the *American Field*, has this to say of the pound-net: "The manner in which the fish enter the net is easily understood. Swimming alongshore, it sees before it the fence-like wall of the lead, which shows white and clear in the water. The meshes of the lead are from six to eight inches in width, and the whitefish could pass directly through them if it tried to do so; but being turned by the appearance of the netting, though not yet thoroughly frightened, it follows its natural and invariable instinct and continues toward deeper water. Following along the line of the lead, it finds itself in front of the tunnel. Into this it would go were it not for the hearts—(that part of the net on hoops in form of a tunnel). It is contrary to whitefish judgment to swim back along the lead the way it came down, as that would be to work toward shallower water. It therefore turns and swims to one side or the other, and presently encounters the wall of the heart, presenting a mesh only five inches in diameter. Beginning to be a little frightened now, and thinking that after all it may be better to go back the way it came in, it follows along the wall of the heart until it again sees in front of it the fateful white wall of the lead. Quite shaken by this discovery, the fish again turns toward deep water, and after a round or two like this it becomes utterly demoralized, shuts its eyes and makes a run for the tunnel. Here the meshes have tightened down to four inches. Despair fills the bosom of the doomed fish. A blind rush forward as a *dernier ressort*, and it shoots through into the pot. A sigh of relief, a deep dive, and it finds itself at the bottom in company with many others, who look out through the stubborn bars of the meshes,



ODANAH MISSION BUILDINGS.

WANTED, AN APPETITE.

BY A FAMILY DOCTOR.

We medical men of the present "enlightened age" are apt to look with a little disdain upon the respected practitioners of the last century, and despise in some measure their restricted knowledge of the laws of disease, their limited means of diagnosis—if diagnosis it could always be called—and their simple methods of treatment. Scores of scientific instruments and appliances, now in daily use, had not then been even dreamt of, while the deadly little lancet was in the heyday of its glory. The sign of a barber's shop was not then simply a painted pole, but a pole supporting an old cracked plate, and wrapped around with a blood-stained bandage, to tell the passers-by that the barber-chirurgian had just finished with one patient, and was ready and willing to operate on another. Nor did the passers-by fail to take the hint. "I was up rather late last night," they would say, "and I feel it would do me good to lose a little blood." "My head aches so dreadfully," another would remark, "and I haven't a morsel of an appetite. Bother that lobster salad——" and in he would go next. And thus it was, if a man felt drowsy of a morning, or tired and not himself, or if his bones ached with the cold, or if he had been injudicious in his eating, round the corner he would hurry to the shop of Mr. Suds, and presently emerge again a new man—so he thought, at least. Nowadays we know better, and instead of rushing to be bled when feeling rather out of sorts, we have recourse to a bottle of seltzer, or better still, toast-and-water.

Yet, although we have but little respect for those old-fashioned doctors, and their odd, old-fashioned ways, we cannot help admitting that they were wonderfully successful in the treatment of many very complicated diseases, and I am greatly inclined to think that the secret of this success may, in a great measure, be attributed to the fact that they invariably paid the most unremitting attention to the state of the stomach, and whole digestive system of their patients.

As long as a man can eat, there cannot be very much the matter with him, is a saying which is more common than truthful. I am not going to deny that there is a spice of fact in it, but the converse is much more near to the truth; if a man does not or cannot eat, or if he



CENTRAL LAKE SUPERIOR.—A CHIPPEWA GRAVEYARD.
SEE PAGE 663.

which are often only three, or even two and one-half inches. The whitefish here resigns itself to fate, and in the society of roughly shouldering sturgeons, groveling bullheads and inquisitive perch, it remains a tender captive until the arrival of the fishermen.

After the *Boutin* had received whitefish for some time, the big lake-trout began to come up. The most of these were alive, and the fishermen broke their spines to facilitate the disentangling process. All varieties of trout came up. There was the noble red-fleshed fellow known as the Mackinaw or North-shore trout, very much resembling the brook-trout. There was the yellow-fleshed fellow which is denominated the lake or salmon trout, and is most commonly found on American tables. It is the typical fish of our fresh-water fishes, and perhaps the best of all table-fishes. It enters more largely into our food supply, no doubt, than any other fish. Then there is the sisernet, a hybrid, I should say, between the two mentioned. His flesh is almost white, but of very delicate flavor. The fishermen call him a "half-breed," and angrily throw him across the boat, because, I believe, of their contempt for the half-breed Indians.

I got tired at last of nets, butchery, and rapidly demoralizing remarks of the fishermen, and, as the sky cleared at intervals, sat on the rail aft, smoked the last of my New York cigars and watched the changing scenery. After the fish were all in, the net was laid as fast as the *Boutin* could steam three miles. Then we began a tour of the islands to visit the fishing-camps and learn of the prospects. As soon as the island fisheries begin with pound-netting, the tug is required to collect their fish daily. At night, when we returned, the log showed over one hundred miles for the day, and we had been favored with a glorious ride on a bounding sea, past all of the Apostle Islands, with an exhilarating, though, at times, very rainy, breeze.

Bayfield collects about 800 tons of fish annually, and the annual catch of Lake Superior is, doubtless, not over 6,000 tons.

An Austrian physician says that nine times out of ten headache can be instantly cured by swallowing a spoonful of salt dissolved in a quantity of water sufficient to enable the sufferer to drink it. It is said to be both quick and effectual.



CENTRAL LAKE SUPERIOR.—A CHIPPEWA HOUSE.

plays but an indifferent knife and fork, there is certainly something radically wrong with him. It is just as true of a man as it is of a horse, if he is not a good feeder you cannot expect to get very much out of him, and he assuredly will not be a long liver. It is as true of the vegetable as of the animal kingdom. That flower will bloom the most sweetly and luxuriantly, that fruit tree will be the most prolific, which is best situated either by nature or art for receiving an abundance of vegetable nutriment, always provided it is not put on short allowance of those best of digestive stimulants, sunshine and fresh air.

"Wanted, an Appetite." Yes, it is, I am sorry to say, one of the wants of the age. And nine out of every ten of you who yawn wearily over an untasted breakfast have but yourselves to blame. What, think you, does that truly great man, Erasmus Wilson, call such as you?—Madmen. And he goes on to say in his own honest, sturdy language: "Society puts no restraint on such madmen as these; they are permitted to walk at large and become the founders of a poor, puny, miserable, consumptive race; a race, mind ye, that in a more primitive state of society would be weeded from the stalwart crop, and hung up to the branch of the nearest tree."

Now I will not go so far as to say that all great men have been good feeders, but all that I ever knew have been so.

No matter whether it was for brain these men were celebrated, or for muscle, they were one and all hearty eaters—though, mind you, far from being gluttons, or even epicures. Epicureanism I consider is the sign of a narrow, weakling mind. You must feed the mill to keep it going aright, but if you clog it you stop it.

I never saw a man enjoy breakfast or luncheon more thoroughly than my esteemed friend, the late Sir James Simpson, but how his wit and humor flowed on while he ate and drank! How very pleasant was the even ripple of his conversation! How joke followed upon joke, and anecdote upon anecdote, and how his bright eyes used to twinkle, until his very fun became infectious, and mirth provoked an appetite in you, and when you rose from the table you would say to yourself, if not to any one else, that you never enjoyed a meal so much in your life before.

Even Byron was not so ethereal as some of his admirers might wish. He affected abstemiousness as he affected wickedness; he fed well at home, and then went out to dine on biscuits and soda-water.

And what is true of men of brain, is equally as true of men of muscle. Budd, the great cricketer and athlete, who at the ripe age of seventy used to play at public matches, was moderate in both eating and drinking, but second to none in the real enjoyment of his food. My friend Gordon Cumming, the lion-hunter—now, alas! dead and gone—rises up before my mind as I write, a man of noble mien, of giant frame, and just as brilliant in conversation as he was strikingly handsome in appearance; and I declare to you honestly, reader, it would have made you hungry only to see that man eat. Donald Dinnie, the champion Scottish athlete and strongest man in the world, has always enjoyed the best of appetites, and never, I believe, forgot to make a good breakfast. But Donald needs no dainty dish to provoke his appetite. Meat I don't think he ever touches. *Perhaps* he goes the length of a sheep's head on Sunday; but oatmeal and milk is, or used to be, his staple food. And he possesses the frame of a Hercules and the ruddiest of ruddy health.

The bravest men I ever met, whether sailors or soldiers, were men who never were in want of an appetite; the best

writers, the best politicians, ay, and the best and most eloquent preachers, were men who never wanted an appetite, and who wouldn't be put off with tea instead of dinner on any consideration.

$P=W$ (power equal to weight) is as true a formula as applied to the animal economy as it is to mechanics. As the food you eat and *easily* assimilate, so will your *rim* be, so will your *terre*, so your ability to work by hand or head, so too your health, and *ergo* your power of enjoying life. Life, indeed, may be likened to a balance—imagine yourself in one scale and your food or appetite in the other; if the latter isn't able to support you and keep the balance nicely trimmed, down you go for a dead certainty.

Well, then, if I have already convinced you that $P=W$, that according to the loss of substance of our muscles and brains, which is continually going on (a loss which the most evanescent thought or slightest action tends to increase), so must the amount of our food be—if I have done this, one-half of the good which I humbly hope may accrue from a perusal of this paper is already accomplished.

"Wanted, an Appetite." Let us see now what are the sort of people who generally complain of want of appetite, and if we can find the cause of the want, we may possibly be able to suggest a remedy. They may easily and conveniently be divided into two great classes—viz.: those who are themselves in a great measure to blame, and those whose lack of appetite is more their misfortune than their fault.

To the first class belong, usually, people who have more money than brains, the pampered sons and daughters of fortune, who have no real stake in life's game, and who spend their days in pleasure-hunting as butterflies float from flower to flower, and are not happy after all. It may not be uninteresting for this class of folks to know that *ennui* is really a disease—a worrying, wearying, life-shortening disease, and the originator of very many other diseases; notably, dyspepsia, which may well be called the beginning of the end. The temptation to such people as these to become epicurean, and to look upon dining or supping as the event of the day, is very great. Breakfast with them is a mere passover. Commend me to the man or woman either, who can eat a good breakfast.

"The longer I live," says Sydney Smith, "the more I am convinced that the apothecary is of more importance than Seneca, and that half the unhappiness in the world proceeds from little stoppages, from a duct choked up, from food pressing in the wrong place, from a vexed duodenum, or an agitated pylorus. Instance—my friend sups late; he eats some strong soup, then a lobster, then some tart, and he dilutes these excellent varieties with wine. The next day I call upon him. He is going to sell his house in London—retire to the country. He is alarmed for his eldest daughter's health. His expenses are hourly increasing, and nothing but a timely retreat can save him from ruin. All this is the lobster; and when over-excited nature has had time to manage this testaceous incumbrance, the daughter recovers, and the finances are in good order, and every rural idea effectually excluded from the mind."

This may seem funny, but it's fact. Treatment of such cases: moderation, temperance, and a hobby—have a hobby of some sort by all means, and stick to it—go in for gardening, farming, rabbits, dogs, cats, canaries, or riding and driving.

My second class comprises the great army of toiling men and women—those who have to work wearily in life's vineyard "from the rising of the sun till the going down

of the same," and who often have to strive or starve for bread and bare existence. And often must the head ache and the eyes be heavy, and the appetite fail, and the spirits sink to zero.

Those who are confined for long hours in close rooms, in towns or cities, especially deserve our commiseration, and a few simple rules for their guidance may form an appropriate ending for this paper:

1. Rise early—not later than seven in Summer and half-past in Winter.

2. On no account whatever neglect the daily matutinal bath, either tepid or cold water, soaping the whole body, and finish off with a rough towel; then take time to dress.

3. If weakly, don't go out on an empty stomach, but give yourself time after breakfast for a good long walk in the open air.

4. Eat what you have a mind to for breakfast, but it is just as well to remember that eggs are more digestible lightly boiled, and chops underdone. If your digestion is weak, the tea ought to be so too, but plenty of milk won't hurt.

5. Always eat leisurely and masticate the food well.

Aërated or stale (two-day-old) bread is better than new.

6. If engaged all day, it is much better to have luncheon, and defer dining until the work is over.

7. I pray you avoid alcoholic stimulants. If absolutely necessary, sherry, if good, is probably the best, or weak brandy-and-water.

8. A cup of pure good coffee is an excellent appetizer before dinner, but is positively injurious after.

9. One's dinner should be slowly partaken of, and so abundant as to cause one to feel afterward on good terms with himself and all the world. "Unquiet meals make bad digestions."

10. Avoid taking medicine as a rule, unless under dire necessity. A dinner-pill of simply rhubarb and ginger may be useful, and ten drops of dilute nitro-hydrochloric acid taken a short time before a meal in a little water often does good.

11. Good rest at night is indispensable if you would have a good appetite and live long. Narcotics are medicated death. Earn your night's rest by plenty of exercise in the open air, by the magic of the matutinal tub, and by moderation and temperance in all things.

CHARLES STUART.

(VANDYKE, PINXIT.)

Was it in the golden Summer, or the bloom of English May,
Hampton Court, Whitehall, or Windsor, where he stood that far-
off day?

Sunshine through the palace-windows touched, perhaps, the
glassy floor;
Slow behind the silken hangings swung unheard the closing
door—

And where courtly Mynheer Anton waited with his canvas set,
All the sheaf of brushes ready, and colors fresh and wet—

There trod slow the kingly Stuart, with his calm and gracious
smile
(Yet his eyes, methinks, were mournful with a shadow all the
while.)

And he posed before the Master; graciously was pleased to stand,
Gathering the cloak around him with one white and slender hand;

Fretting with his gloves a little. "If Your Majesty will please—
Toward the light—a trifle further—so! the head turned just at
ease!"

So he stands here on the canvas! On his shoulder, wrought in
gold,
Blazes broad the flaring sun across the sombre satin's fold;

Loose and soft the waving lovelocks frame the face so pale and
clear,
And half hidden in their darkness, gleams the pearl-drop in his
ear,

Just above the great lace collar that it touches. Can you see,
Gazing on this stately image, all the end of majesty?

Saw Mynheer Vandyke the shadow in this pensive Stuart face—
Shadow of the doom before him—fated son of fatal race?

In the dimness, where the rustling tapestries behind him fall,
All the dusk is thick with horror from the scaffold of Whitehall.

You and I, no seers, can see it, by the torchlight of the Past—
But the cunning Master only knew the shades the sunshine cast.

And he talked, perhaps, with tones just lowered to the courtier's
key;

Talked of art, and touched on music, and the latest poetry;

And the King's thoughts went a-roving—who shall guess how
far astray?

Through the wooded glades of Hampton, on through London's
streets of gray;

Back beyond the kingly trammels, overlapping care and pain,
To the years of princely pleasure, to the old, mad days in Spain;

Singing love-songs to Maria, dreaming dreams that linger yet—
Maiden smiles and married kisses on the lips of Henriette;

Weary tanglement of intrigue, frowning faces hard and grim;
Iron gates of doom that ever slowly—slowly—close on him;

Glimpses of the boyish Steenie, of the mad Duke loved too well—
Sullen echoes, slowly booming from the cannon of Rochelle!

Bitterness of baffled power; hopes that slide from out his hand,
Surely as within the hour-glass slip the measured grains of sand!

Oh, the pity of it all! And all was over long ago;
Dead the Stuart's clouded glory, under Windsor's pavement low.

Dream your dreams—he keeps his secret; not a word those lips
may tell,
Of the subtle threads of memory—of the dark thoughts hidden
well.

Drop your brushes, Master Anton! you have nobly wrought, I
ween;

Though you paint no more for ever, this shall keep your memory
green;

Evermore the world shall pity, gazing in these kingly eyes—
Evermore shall praise the master in whose touch such magic lies!

Once he bade all men "Remember!"—you forbid them to forget!
Charles the King and Charles the Martyr by this day's work liveth
yet!

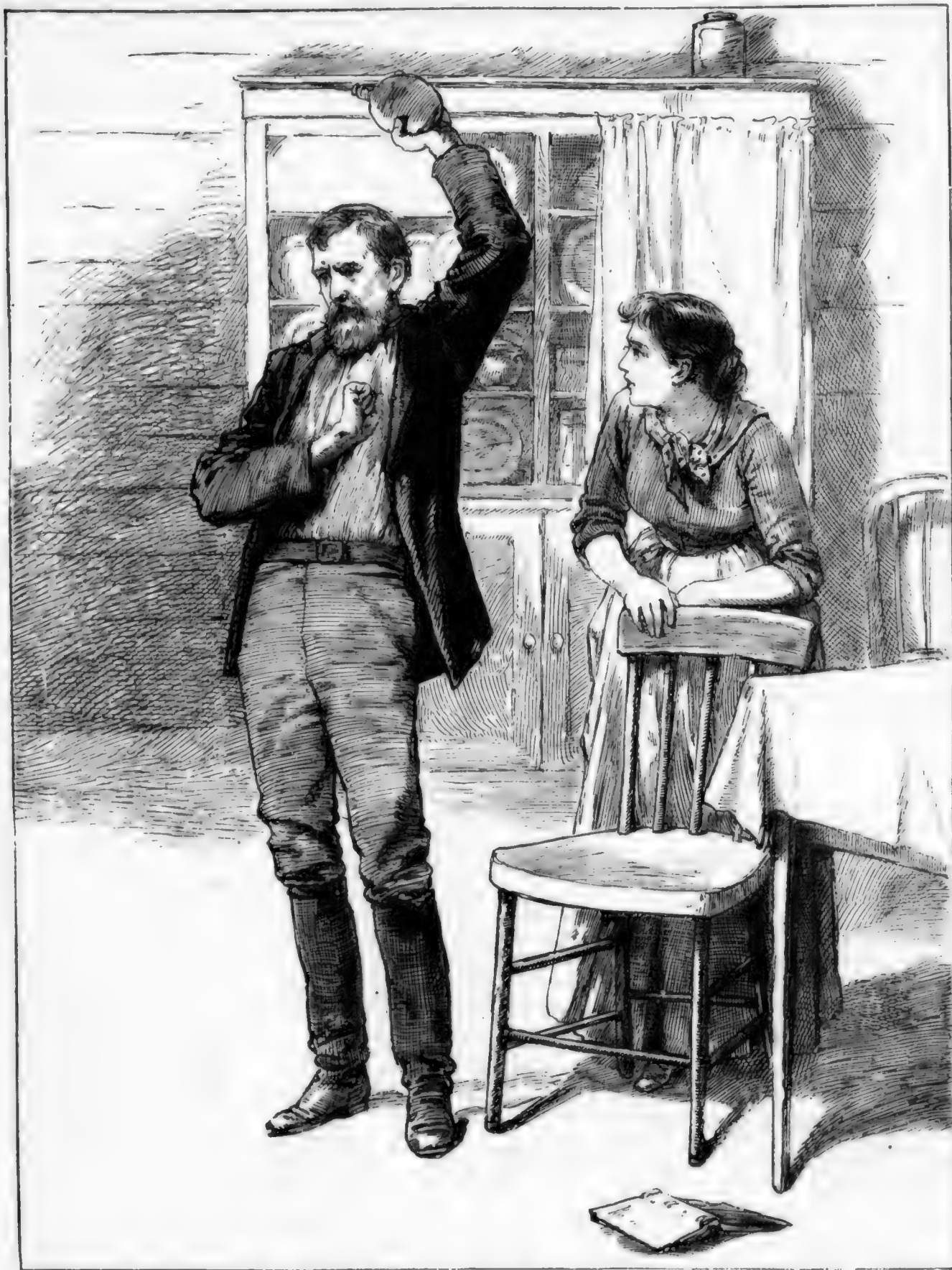
G. A. DAVIS.

It is notorious that, in the theatre, the ladies in the audience pay much more attention to the ladies on the stage than they do to the men. There are a few what we may term superior-looking actors, at whose broad chests and well-built limbs ladies do deign to look, but

the female portion of an audience is much more interested in the cut of an actress's gown than in the fashion of the best beard that ever graced the face of mankind. The photograph of the actor is not the sought-for commodity such as is that of the actress.



LURED BY THE FLOWERS.—FROM A PAINTING BY KNESING.



"HARRIS LIFTED THE CANTEEN HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD, AND WITH THE WORDS, 'NO, NO, FOR BARBARA'S SAKE I WILL NOT,' HE HURLED IT TO THE FAR END OF THE ROOM."

BARBARA REDWOOD.

By W. SETON.

OF a June morning, at an hour when most of the Summer residents at Oceola, Conn., were still asleep, Robert Carleton stole out of his mother's villa, and with a fishing-rod in his hand, wended his way down the long hill, at the bottom of which flows a babbling

trout-stream. But early as it was, it was the time for thrushes and orioles to pipe their sweetest melodies, and he could not help thinking how much of Nature's poetry is lost to those who lie abed until after sunrise.

"This time a year ago," he said, "I was enjoying

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myself at the Eaux Bonnes, in the beautiful Pyrénées, and I was only a few hours away from Pau. Yet I must confess that my native land has some enchanting spots, and this is one of them."

Mr. Carleton was entering his twenty-sixth year, and it is likely enough, had his father not bequeathed him a fortune, that he might have made his home in America and become a useful citizen, instead of spending a good part of the year abroad, either in Paris or the south of France, doing nothing except amuse himself; and wherever he went his boon companions were among the *jeunesse d'orée*.

There were moments, however, when Carleton's conscience smote him, and when he regretted that he was not a better man. And sometimes, when his doting mother would praise him and call him all that was good, he would inwardly smile and say: "How little do mothers know what sort of lives their sons are leading!"

Among the young ladies who had come to pass the season at Oecola were at least a dozen charming ones, and it might have been thought that Carleton would have found pleasure in their society. But while he was always courteous, and not unwilling now and then to take part in a game of lawn-tennis, he usually wore an abstracted air, as if his thoughts were far away. And this morning, although he feels in pretty good spirits, he wishes his mother had not persuaded him to come home.

"It is so much pleasanter in Europe," he said, when he got to the stream and cast his fly toward a foam-covered eddy on the further side of it.

The spot at which he had aimed was partly overshadowed by the drooping branch of the dogwood-tree, and between its leaves his fly became entangled. How provoking! A trout was no doubt waiting for the fly to drop into the eddy below. Vainly Carleton strove to free it from the luckless branch, and he had nearly lost his temper when a voice exclaimed: "Thee will break thy line. Let me do it."

Looking across the stream, Carleton discovered a tall young woman, of a striking appearance, standing with a book in her hand at the foot of an oak. While he was staring at her in amazement, she advanced to the edge of the water, deftly disentangled his fly, then walked away along a path which led to a high road not far off, neither smiling nor blushing in the least as he thanked her for what she had done.

"How unlike she is to a *paysanne* of the Basses Pyrénées!" thought our angler, as he watched her graceful figure disappearing through the trees. And he resolved, if he ever met her again, that he would say something more to her.

Well, Mr. Carleton met Barbara Redwood again, within a week. It was on a Sunday afternoon. He had entered the abandoned, dilapidated Quaker meeting-house, which stands in a lonely spot about a mile south of Oecola, and with an ancient graveyard over against it. The forlorn old building—home of many a woodchuck and ground-squirrel—is said to be haunted, and Carleton could not help thinking that it was the likeliest place to meet a ghost that he had ever visited. The broad-spreading chestnut-trees, which form a circle round about it, shut out the rays of the sun even at noontide, and as he passed across the threshold its interior was more than commonly gloomy, for a thunder-gust was approaching, and the sky was being rapidly covered by angry clouds. But Carleton had no umbrella. There would not be time to reach home before the storm began.

"And here," he said, "will be at least a little shelter."

Presently, while he was looking curiously about him, he was startled by a voice, saying:

"If thee wishes to escape a wetting, over here is the only place."

"I declare!" he inwardly exclaimed, as he turned toward the northeast corner of the ruin—"I declare! there she is again."

Yes, it was Barbara Redwood, seated on the only bench which remained, while above her head the worm-eaten shingles looked as if they might still afford some protection against the weather.

"Why, I came here hoping to meet a ghost, but instead of a ghost I meet you. A pleasant surprise," said Carleton, smiling and lifting his hat as he drew near.

Our friend was faultlessly dressed. Of the latest fashion was everything he wore. Even the conventional rosebud was not wanting in his buttonhole. But presently, while Barbara's eyes were resting upon him, an expression of alarm stole over her countenance. Her father and mother, both orthodox Friends, were lying side by side in the cemetery near by.

Beneath this very roof they had for years sat in silence at meeting, and now they appeared to rise up lifelike before her, as if to warn her anew against the spirit of the world. But Carleton's face expressed nothing but pleasure as he sat down beside her. He was glad that he had left his umbrella at home, and he hoped that it might rain for an hour.

"So thee has heard that this place was haunted?" said Barbara, gazing up at the rafters.

"Yes; and I'd give a good deal to meet a ghost. But nobody ever did meet one. Did you? It's all nonsense!" answered Carleton.

"Thee should not speak thus," said Barbara, half reproachfully, and dropping her eyes full upon him. "The old folks, who used to sit in silence here, may hear thee."

This remark might have made Carleton smile had any of the young ladies whom he was accustomed to associate with uttered it. But he had never before met with a young woman like Barbara Redwood. She was something quite new to him, and her calm, intellectual visago commanded his respect. At the same time Barbara was not homely. She was dressed in white, with a pretty blue ribbon tied in a bow round her neck; her wavy, brown hair, neatly parted above a high, benevolent brow, fell in glossy ringlets down her shoulders, while her deep-set gray eyes had in them a world of pensiveness and love, and even as he was gazing into their depths, to his surprise, they moistened with tears.

"No doubt in yonder graveyard are buried some whom you once dearly loved," spoke Carleton, after a brief silence, for he naturally thought that she was grieving for the dead.

"Yes," answered Barbara; "several generations of my family are sleeping there. But they are all at peace. It is not for them that we need to mourn."

"Well, except to escape from a shower, I should never visit this melancholy spot," he continued. "Why, I'll cry, too, if I were to stay here long enough."

"I don't believe thee has ever shed a tear in thy life," said Barbara.

"That is almost the truth—almost," said Carleton, twirling his silken mustache and leaning closer to her, for big raindrops, driven in by the wind, were beginning to graze his right ear. In another moment commenced a succession of blinding flashes of lightning and deafening thunder-peals, accompanied by such a furious, howling blast, that you might almost have feared that the

rickety structure would be torn from its foundations and go sailing up into the clouds.

During the quarter of an hour that the storm lasted, neither Barbara nor Carleton spoke a word. But when the din came to an end, Barbara quickly remarked:

"Well, if thee has shed so very few tears, thee must have led an uncommonly happy existence."

"So I have," said Carleton. "And as soon as the Summer is over—and, dear knows, I wish it was over now—I am going back to my paradise."

"Thy paradise! Pray, where may it be?" ejaculated Barbara. "Does thee mean New York?—or does thee mean Boston?"

"No, indeed! I mean the sunny south of France. And I intend to buy a chateau there, and I will keep a pack of hounds of my own next Winter, and play Grand Seigneur."

"And is that all thee cares about doing?" said Barbara, lifting her eyebrows. "Why, that is play; that is not work."

"Of course not. Why—why should I work? I have everything that I want."

Barbara shook her head and fetched a sigh, while Carleton thought to himself, "What an odd thing she is! I wonder what she takes me for?"

"Oh, if one like thee," she went on, presently, "a gentleman with wealth and education, would only espouse the great cause—the cause which has so great need of helpers—thee might do so much good—thee might bring so many blessings upon thy head."

"What on earth is she talking about?" thought Carleton, more and more mystified, for Barbara looked so serious, she spoke so earnestly.

"While thee is amusing thyself, idling away thy best years," pursued Barbara, "oh, think of the many—the thousands who are falling a prey to the greatest evil of our times. Why not devote thy money and thy manhood to fighting that evil—that horrible monster which is destroying so many homes?"

"Be so kind as to explain what you mean," said Carleton, stamping his feet, which were a little wet, and more than one raindrop, too, had trickled down his neck, for the shower had been uncommonly severe.

"The evil I am speaking of," answered Barbara, "is intemperance. Alas! if thee only knew how many families it has brought to misery, how many hearts—"

She did not complete the sentence, but buried her face in her hands, while Robert Carleton could not help pitying her.

"For who knows," he thought to himself, "but her father, or brother, or perchance a lover, may have fallen a victim to dissipation!" Yet it was difficult not to smile at Barbara's *naïveté*, in asking him—him who belonged to so many social clubs—to become an apostle of temperance. She was certainly an interesting young woman. He had never met her like before, but she evidently knew little about the world. "Now that the shower is over," he said, presently, rising up, "had we not better make for our homes? It is rather damp in here."

"Yes," said Barbara Redwood, uncovering her face, "let us be going. It is time for me to milk the Widow Greene's cow."

"I hope you have not far to walk, for it will be quite muddy after such a rain."

"About two miles. But I have thick shoes. And, by-the-way," she added, as Carleton shook her hand, "the brook which runs by Mrs. Greene's store has more trout in it than the brook where I met thee fishing a few days ago."

"Indeed! Well, pray how do you get to it?"

"Follow the road which leads to Putnam's Cove until thee comes to another road branching off to the right. This will bring thee to an old store, which is owned by Mrs. Greene. I keep store for her, and the brook flows through her orchard."

"I will try my luck in that stream within a week," said Carleton; "and I thank you for telling me about it."

"No thanks," answered Barbara, while he still held her by the hand. "If fishing is any pleasure to thee, I am only too glad to let thee know where the fish may be found."

"Well, *au revoir*, Miss Redwood, *au revoir*," and with this, he made a polite bow and went away, saying to himself: "By Jove! I have had a nice little adventure for a Sunday afternoon."

The following Tuesday, Carleton took his way to the brook of which Barbara had spoken, and the thought of meeting her again was a pleasant one. Her frankness and innocent speeches were so refreshing, that he was curious to learn more about her. Barbara had told him, too, what nobody else had ventured to tell him, namely, that the life he was leading was idle and aimless, and that he might do something better and nobler than hunt foxes and play at polo. And he could not but acknowledge that she was right. "And I admire her pluck for telling me," he said.

When Carleton arrived at the Widow Greene's store he halted, and was looking around for a shady spot where he might hitch his nag, when Barbara showed herself at the threshold.

"Good-morning," she said, in her mild, pleasant voice. "What an indefatigable angler thee is!"

"Humph! our American Summers are so frightfully hot that what better can a fellow do than saunter along a shady stream and meditate?" said Carleton, advancing toward her. Then, taking Barbara's hand, which she had not offered to him—and her indifference piqued him somewhat—he pressed it, and added: "I hope, Miss Redwood, that you have experienced no ill effects from the unwholesome resting-place where I found you musing day before yesterday."

"No, indeed. I love to go there," answered Barbara. "At that unfrequented spot I feel more than anywhere else the influence of the Holy Spirit."

"Well, I believe it is not good for you to go there too often," said Carleton, who fancied that her cheeks were paler than on Sunday.

"Do let me have thy horse taken to the barn," said Barbara, who hoped to change the subject. And presently, in response to her call, a barefooted urchin made his appearance, sucking a stick of candy. Barbara told him what to do with the animal, after which she turned her attention to another little boy, who was clamoring for some peanuts.

Carleton smiled when he saw her patting his curly head, while he stuffed the nuts into his pocket. She seemed to be giving him a gentle reproof, for he looked sheepish, and in a moment he scampered off, crying:

"No, no, I'll not play truant any more."

"I hope Mrs. Greene does a prosperous business," said Carleton, advancing nearer the counter and casting his eyes upon the rather empty shelves.

"I am sorry to say that business is not what it used to be," replied Barbara. "Why, before her late husband became—became unfortunate, this was the best store in the township."

"I hope you do not find your occupation here too confining," pursued Carleton.

"I cannot complain," said Barbara. Then, not wishing to talk about herself, she added: "But will thee not have a drink of water? Thee feels the heat."

Carleton was fanning himself with his straw hat.

"Thank you, I will," he replied.

next hour weighed almost a pound, and this capture satisfied him, for he wound up his line, and throwing himself down under the shade of a beach-tree, he allowed his thoughts to wander off to distant Pau and Biarritz and the Eaux Bonnes. What an easy, voluptuous life



POOR ALSACE !

In a few minutes Barbara came back from the well with a pitcher - full of delicious water. Then, after he had slaked his thirst, she showed him the path leading to the brook, and wished him good luck.

The biggest trout which our friend caught during the

his had been ! Courted and flattered wherever he went, how many a mother had endeavored to win him for her daughter ! What a power his money gave him ! Yet how was he using this power ? Was it wisely or foolishly ? It was only here in Oceola that he had met a

person, and she a country maiden, who had made bold to tell him that he ought to be a worker instead of a drone.

"Barbara Redwood," thought Carleton, "may dress plainly, and she may know little about what is called society, yet she possesses a deal of character, and is much more interesting to me than many a lady who would consider herself infinitely above her in social rank."

When his watch told him that it was noon, Carleton went slowly back to the store, where he found Barbara adding up some figures in an account-book. She raised her eyes as he accosted her, and then showed her the big trout.

"I haven't had such very bad luck, have I?" he said; "and as it was you who told me about this stream, I hope that you will not refuse to accept the fish in my creel."

"Oh, Mrs. Greene will be delighted to get them," answered Barbara, throwing merely a glance at the speckled beauties. Then as her eyes dropped on the account-book again, a very mournful expression stole over her face, at which Castleton wondered.

"But I do not give the fish to Mrs. Greene," he said, "I give them to you, and I wish they were all like this big fellow."

"Let me show them to the widow," said Barbara, after fetching a sigh. And now taking the creel, she ascended a staircase which led to the floor above.

Barbara shortly reappeared, and said that Mrs. Greene would be very glad if he would favor her with a visit.

But while she delivered the widow's message her eyes rested on the floor, for she did not wish him to see that there were tears in them. Then, returning with Carleton to the upper story, she introduced him to Mrs. Greene as the generous fisherman, after which Barbara went below again to pore over the dreary account-book.

"As you perceive, I am pretty helpless," spoke Mrs. Greene, as soon as Carleton had done bowing and making some complimentary remarks about Oceola and its neighborhood. "I can scarcely move out of this chair, sir, owing to rheumatics, and the Lord only knows what would become of me except for Barbara Redwood."

"I fancy that she works pretty hard in the store, doesn't she?" said Carleton.

"I guess she does. But it's all by her own free will. Nobody obliges her. Nor will she accept anything for her labor except my thanks. The fact is, Miss Redwood is an uncommon young woman. You must know, sir, that she isn't badly off—at least for these parts. She's an orphan, and lives with her uncle on a big farm a couple

of miles north from this place. But bright and early every morning she comes to milk my cow, and then all the rest of the day she keeps store. She is a graduate, too, of the Friends' Academy in Providence, where they say she was a bright scholar. And young as she is—she isn't over twenty-three—Barbara has founded a temperance society, which, however, doesn't prosper as well as it ought, for the men folk about here—as, alas! every-



EDWIN FORREST.—SEE PAGE 685.

where else—are not fond of drinking pure, wholesome water if they can help it." Here Mrs. Greene shook her head and murmured something to herself, then went on: "Isn't it strange, sir—isn't it strange that sensible folk should take so much pleasure in swallowing 'pisen'? Alas! 'twas drink that killed my poor dear husband. And good Barbara Redwood, too, has been brought to sorrow by drink. Oh, what a curse it is!"

"Indeed!" ejaculated Carleton, edging his chair nearer.

"Ay," pursued the widow. "But mind you, don't repeat this. Barbara had once a desperate love affair. Benjamin Harris, a schoolteacher from Providence, paid court to her and won her heart. And he seemed at first to be in every way worthy of such a girl. But at last, about a month and a half afore the day fixed for the wedding, Harris fell into evil ways. Pure water was no longer good enough for him, and one day he went on a spree. And then what should he do but appear before his betrothed in an intoxicated state! And the words he uttered, and his disgraceful behavior, so shocked and disgusted Barbara, that when Harris came the next day to ask her forgiveness, she bade him begone, and never show his face to her again. But she spoke hastily, for she still loved him. And when he took her at her word, and went away to some other part of the country—there is a report that he went West—Barbara fell into a melancholy, from which she isn't yet recovered. And didn't you notice, sir, a while ago, how red her eyes were? Well, Harris used often to catch trout in the same brook where you have been fishing; and you, and the trout which you brought her, made her think of poor Ben."

On one of the broad prairies of Western Kansas, with no settlement nearer than Pottawatomie town, and it was forty miles away, stood a long, one-story building, in the midst of a grove of cottonwood-trees. Here was the home of Richard Warren, a wealthy cattle-owner. A bluff, rough-looking man he was. Always in top-boots, and with a pistol in his belt, he felt never at ease unless on horseback; and after the thoroughbred animal which he rode, there was nothing that he was so proud of as his daughter Cyclonia. He loved her as a father seldom loves, for Cyclonia had been born during a fearful tornado, in which her mother had been killed; and the child, seemingly saved by a miracle, reminded him more and more as it grew up of his dear, dead wife.

Poor Cyclonia! one may be tempted to exclaim—dwelling on this vast, monotonous prairie, with only the horizon to bound her vision. Yet, lonesome as it was, she made no complaint. Brought up all by herself, like her father she lived on horseback, and until lately she had not known how to read or write. She loved to gallop after the antelopes, with her long, black hair streaming in the wind; no horse was too wild for her to mount, and the cowboys had christened her "Daredevil Beauty." And if strength, rude health, grace and fearlessness may win our admiration, then, indeed, was Cyclonia a creature to be admired. But within the past twelvemonth a marked change had come over her; for she was no longer the heedless, rollicking maiden that she had been, and at this moment we find her standing alone on the edge of the grove. Her favorite hound is not with her. She seems not to care so much for the dog as she used. Her big, brown eyes—once so restless and full of fire—are turned dreamily toward the southwest. She is gazing with a pensive air at nothing at all. For what is there to gaze upon, except the everlasting prairie? But suddenly her face assumed another expression. The blood mounted to her forehead, her lips became compressed, and darting

a savage glance at a photograph which she held—the photograph of a young woman not much older than herself—she tore it into little pieces. Then, having dug a hole in the sod with her heel, she buried the pieces as deep as she could, and stamped upon them with all her might. "He shall never see her again—not even her likeness," said Cyclonia, presently, turning and going back to the house. Here, seated by one of the windows, was a man of perhaps eight-and-twenty. He had a refined, thoughtful countenance, and you might have said that he was a person given to reading and meditation, and who was not born with any strong animal passions. But looks are deceiving. One mad, uncontrollable passion he did have, and it had made him its wretched slave. He seems to be cold, for his lips are blue, and his hand shakes as he lays aside the book which he has been reading. Yet the room is not at all cold.

"I hope you feel better, Mr. Harris," spoke Cyclonia, drawing a chair near to his, and placing her hand gently on his arm.

"No better," replied Harris. "I am not able to get rid of my gloom, and the temptation never leaves me for a moment. Nothing that I can do drives it away. A voice whispers to me, 'Drink! drink!' Oh, do you wonder that I am desperately low-spirited?"

"Well, cheer up, I beg you," spoke the girl, in soothing accents. "You have done bravely. Why, it's almost a week since you have touched a drop of anything except tea or coffee, and I call that a pretty long time for a person who used to be as intemperate as you say you once were."

"Oh, miserable, good-for-nothing being that I am! what is to be my fate?" murmured Harris, clasping his thin, white hands together with a look of despair.

"Well, now I won't let you call yourself good-for-nothing," said Cyclonia, bending her face closer to his, while the light of love kindled in her eyes. "Good-for-nothing! why, you are ever so learned. It seems to me that you know everything. Except for you, I should not have been able to read and do sums on the slate. You have awakened in my heart a fondness for books, and we have read together two of Shakespeare's plays, and a part of the Bible; and I know a good deal now about other countries besides America, and you have taught me how to pray. In fact"—here Cyclonia's voice faltered—"whatever—whatever may become of you, you have been a great blessing to me. So do not say again that you are good-for-nothing!"

While Cyclonia was thus pouring out her heart to him, Harris had begun to fumble in his pockets, and several times he uttered a moan.

"What are you looking for?—have you lost anything?" inquired Cyclonia, of a sudden, changing her tone, and speaking in a hard, dry voice.

"Yes; something that I prize very much!" replied Harris.

"Well, tell me what it is. Perhaps I may be able to find it."

"It is the photograph which you have seen me gaze upon so often. I always carry it about with me. But now I cannot find it. Where may it be?"

As he spoke, he turned his pockets inside out.

A thrill of savage delight shot through Cyclonia's veins as she rose and pretended to make a search of the house for the lost picture; which, of course, was not to be found.

And when, finally, she gave up the search, Harris's cheeks were wet with tears, and he murmured:

"Dear Barbara Redwood, shall I ever see you again?"

While he was thus bemoaning the loss of Barbara's portrait, which Barbara had given him in fond exchange for one of his own, Harris's eyes fell on a canteen hanging in a cupboard which Cyclonia had thoughtlessly left open. It belonged to her father, who never went on a long ride without it, and too well poor Harris knew what it contained.

"Oh, do give me a few drops!" he said, stretching his hand toward the canteen. "Only a few drops! It is unspeakable agony to go any longer without a drink. For a whole week I have withstood the temptation. Oh, for Heaven's sake, a few drops!"

"No," answered Cyclonia, firmly, "I will not. I am determined to save you, in spite of yourself."

"Well, you have many times put the poisonous draught out of my reach," continued Harris. "You have done your utmost to redeem me. My gratitude cannot be expressed. But now I am suffering beyond endurance. Give me a few drops."

"Mr. Harris," spoke Cyclonia, "do not ask me to do you an injury. You are so learned, you might become such a great man if you could only free yourself from this degrading habit. And you are so—so gentlemanly; you are so kind; so very—"

Here Cyclonia bit her lip; her cheeks crimsoned, and she quivered as Harris drew her toward him.

"Well, dear Cyclonia," he said, pressing her hand, and his voice had never sounded so tender before, "if you will give me only a few drops of what is in that canteen, I solemnly promise never to ask you for another drink. Oh, Cyclonia, have you the heart to see me suffering?"

"Suffering!" ejaculated Cyclonia, quite overcome by this last appeal; "why, I would cut my arm off sooner than have you in pain. Here, take it and drive away your misery. But mind, taste only a few drops."

With this, Cyclonia handed him the canteen, and the instant that Harris clutched it he looked like a different being. The blood rushed back to his wan face, his languid eyes became bright again, and the girl was almost blaming herself for not having given it to him before, when, to her utter amazement, Harris lifted the canteen high above his head, and with the words, "No, no, for Barbara's sake I will not," he hurled it to the far end of the room. Then, letting his head sink down on the table, he began to lament and sigh: "Barbara, dear Barbara, when shall my exile end? When may I go back to you?"

"How he loves that girl!" muttered Cyclonia, grinding her teeth; and it is well that Barbara Redwood was not within her reach. "Although she is two thousand miles away, she has more power over him than I have. But I vow that he shall never see her again. Never, if I can prevent it."

After watching Harris a moment and listening to him calling Barbara's name, Cyclonia could not bear it any longer, and retiring to her room, she flung herself upon her couch, where she broke into a violent fit of mingled grief and rage. But by-and-by Cyclonia brushed the hot tears off her cheek, and noiselessly opening her bedroom-door, she stole back to where she had left Ben Harris, whom she found with his head still reclining on the table. She listened. He was asleep. And now, stooping down, Cyclonia pressed her lips to his temple. The kiss did not awaken him, and presently, with palpitating heart, she turned to picked up the canteen, the contents of which had been spilt over the floor. At this moment she heard her father's heavy tread approaching, and not wishing him to notice the signs of emotion plainly written on her face, Cyclonia escaped into a narrow passageway,

which led to the rear of the house. But the outer door was locked. She could not open it, and Cyclonia thus found herself an unwilling listener to what passed between Mr. Warren and Harris.

"By thunder!" growled the burly ranchman; "who has been spilling my whisky?" and his voice immediately roused the sleeper out of a feverish dream. "Well, I do declare!" pursued Mr. Warren, looking at Harris. "You have been having a fine time, eh? Ha! ha! Felt pretty sure you couldn't hold out longer than a week. But a week is doing pretty well—pretty well. But my whisky's good, eh?"

"Not a drop of it has passed my lips to-day, on my word of honor," answered Harris. "I was indeed greatly tempted. I was on the very point of drinking, when lo! a good angel appeared and drove the temptation away."

"Perhaps the good angel was my daughter?" said Mr. Warren, changing his tone and patting him familiarly on the back. "I know that she is opposed to your touching any liquor. Well, Mr. Harris, although I drink myself, I heartily congratulate you on your victory. I do indeed. And now I want to say something important and confidential."

Here Mr. Warren seated himself beside Harris, while his countenance became grave. And we may imagine what Cyclonia's feelings were, for she had heard every word that her father had spoken. What now was he about to say that was important and confidential?

"Well, what I want to speak about is my daughter," continued Mr. Warren. "You must know that Cyclonia is all the world to me, and 'twould be a very great trial to have her quit the ranch. Here she was born, here I have watched her and cherished her for twenty good years; but Cyclonia has her rights. She is old enough now to do what she pleases, and I never yet knew a girl of her age that wasn't anxious to settle down in a home of her own. This, too, is a mighty lonesome spot, and I shouldn't blame her for wanting to get away. But, Mr. Harris, if you choose, you have it in your power to give Cyclonia, as it were, a new home right here, and then she needn't mope and pine for a change. She thinks a great deal of you—a great deal. And well she may, for you have educated her. She isn't the wild, romping girl that she used to be, and for all you've done, Mr. Harris, I cannot thank you enough. And now, to speak plainly, if you will marry Cyclonia and live on this ranch, I will make you the richest man in Western Kansas."

At these words, Cyclonia trembled with excitement; one might almost have heard the loud beating of her heart. Scarcely breathing, she listened; and the half-minute which elapsed before Harris made any response seemed like an eternity.

"Mr. Warren," he said, at length, "you have treated me with the greatest kindness since I came to dwell under your roof. I sought this remote place, in hopes that here I might be rid of my passion for ardent spirits. But, alas! it goes with me wherever I go. Like a demon it haunts me. Cyclonia has been truly a watchful, faithful friend. She puts out of my reach the liquor which I crave so madly. Cyclonia is a generous, noble maiden; but my heart is bound to somebody else—to somebody far, far from here, whom I may never see again, for I will never return to Barbara Redwood until I have completely conquered my evil habit. Until then, I am determined to remain an exile. But wherever I may wander to, through all my sufferings and melancholy hours, my heart shall keep pure and unsullied for my first and only love."

When Harris had done speaking, the unhappy Cyclonia fell back against the wall. Her hands were tightly pressed to her temples:

"All hope is gone! I have heard my doom," she sighed. "But I vow not to live without him; no, not without him!"

In another moment Harris walked out of the house, followed by the indignant Mr. Warren, whose unseemly oaths frightened the girl, and immediately she flew to a window and anxiously watched them until she saw them separate in peace.

"Well, after all, Harris has a right to marry whom he pleases," thought the hot-headed, proud old ranchman, about half an hour later. "And he must think a great deal of that Yankee gal—a great deal—for I made him a mighty tempting offer."

In this repentant state of mind, Mr. Warren went in quest of Ben, whom he found with his arms folded, and leaning against a tree on the east side of the grove. It was nearly sundown, and the young man was gazing across the prairie. Taking his hand, for Mr. Warren felt sorry for the rude language which had escaped him a while ago, he said:

"Mr. Harris, whatever you do, you and I mustn't fall out. Let us be friends. You are great company to me and my daughter. You have made her fond of reading, and I'm going to send to Kansas City to-morrow for a wagon-load of books. Ay, and I'll buy a whole library if you wish. So don't leave us yet a while; stay here as long as you can."

Then, as Ben gave a rueful smile, but did not speak, Mr. Warren continued:

"But, my friend, what are you watching so intently? I can't see a living thing; not even a coyote."

"I'm not looking at anything at all; I am thinking."

"Well, why not do your thinking on the west side of

the grove? There is sunshine on that side. Here it is growing dark."

"True," said Harris. "But"—and he lifted his arm and pointed to the shadowy east—"but in this direction is—is—" His lip quivered, and he did not finish the sentence.

Yes, in the direction toward which Harris's finger pointed, but many a league distant, across seven States, was Barbara Redwood. And this Summer's evening she is looking at the sun disappearing below the hills of Ocoola. She is thinking of Ben, and, with a heart stung by remorse, she says:

"How cruel I was to drive him from me! Oh, what would I not give to find him! I would walk through fire to get him back!"

As Barbara murmured these words, she caught the sound of footsteps, and turning her eyes from the setting sun, she discovered Robert Carleton approaching. They had met a score of times since their first interview, a month and a half ago, and as such things can never be kept secret, everybody in Ocoola now knew of their intimacy, which his proud mother did not look upon with a favorable eye, we may be sure. And while they were growing better acquainted, Barbara had opened her heart to him in the most confiding manner, and every time they came together she experienced more and more pleasure in being with him, for he was so gentlemanly, so like a friend; he

had even told her not to abandon the hope of finding her lost lover. But gradually Carleton had felt drawn toward Barbara Redwood by a sentiment deeper and nobler than mere curiosity, which had prompted him at first to seek the company of this outwardly cold, yet, in truth, warm-hearted and interesting girl.

And this evening, as he drew near, she seemed a little embarrassed, for the Widow Greene had told her only an



EDWIN FORREST AS "COMOLANUS."—SEE PAGE 685.

hour ago that Carleton meant something serious when he visited her so often.

"Believe me," Mrs. Greene had said, "it is not mere friendship that he feels for you. So be wise. Such a chance to get a rich husband may never come to you again."

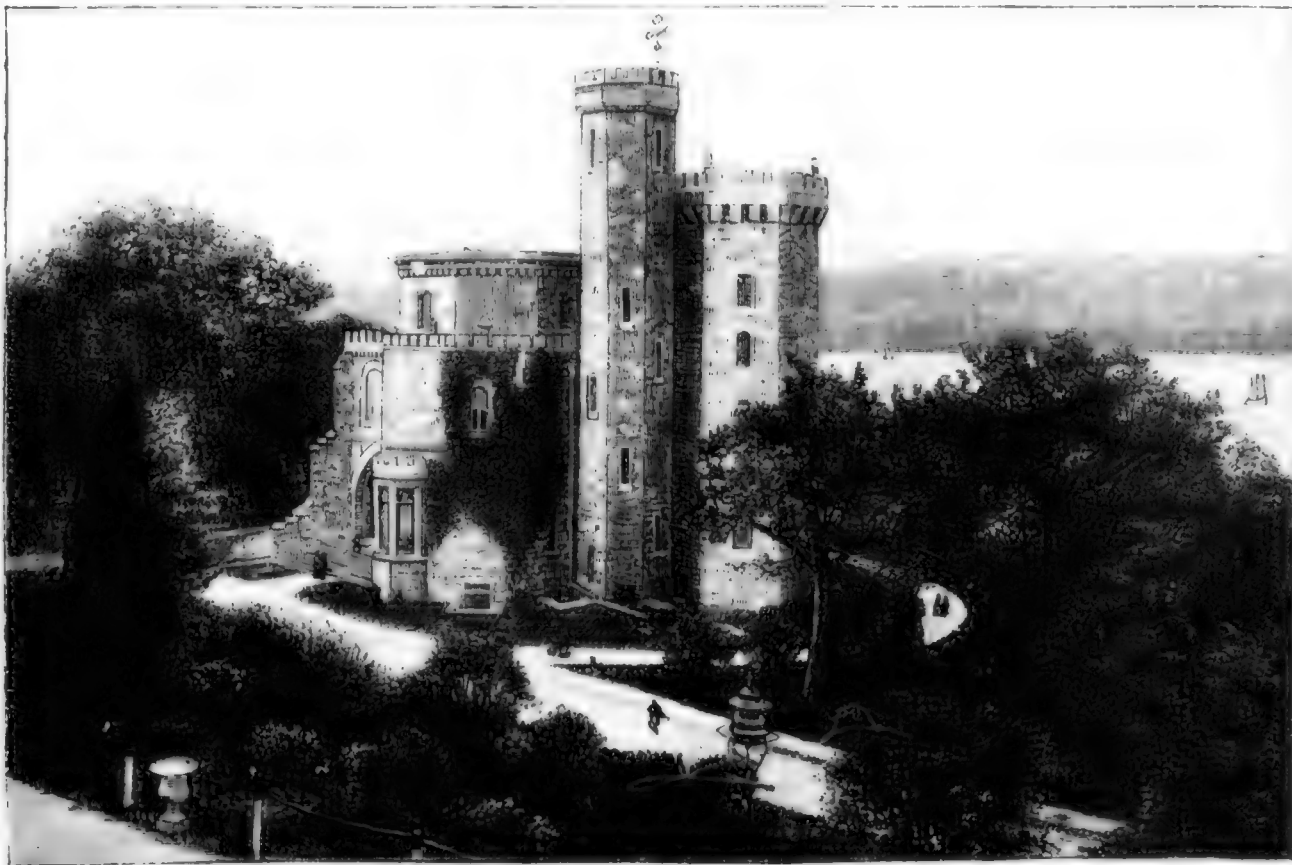
But if Barbara looked embarrassed, Carleton's manner had likewise changed. He did not appear so bright as usual, and there was only the ghost of a smile on his lips as she greeted him. For almost a minute he did not speak. Then he held up a newspaper, and said: "What mysterious things happen in this world, Miss Redwood. You have been longing to know what has become of Benjamin Harris. But all your inquiries, as well as mine, had proved fruitless, when lo! this paper, accidentally dropped from a passing railway train, gives you glad tidings. Mr. Harris is alive!"

"What! Not dead? Ben is living?" cried Barbara,

"Well, I think it is of him that this correspondent writes," said Carleton, unfolding the newspaper. And now he went on to read an interesting account of a tour through Western Kansas, in which the Warren Ranch was described. And Richard Warren's daughter was mentioned, as well as her tutor, Benjamin Harris. It even told what part of New England the latter hailed from. And when Carleton got to the end of the letter, and announced his willingness to set out on the morrow for the Far West, if she only breathed the word, Barbara could scarcely speak for emotion.

"What a kind Providence it was that let me meet thee by the brook last June!" she said, presently. "Thee has been my friend and comforter, and now, to crown all, thee has found my dear Ben."

"The hours passed in your company," said Carleton, "were golden hours, which I shall not forget while I live. Yet it had been better, perhaps, had I never met you."



FORREST CASTLE, FONTHILL, NOW MOUNT ST. VINCENT, NEW YORK.

quite forgetting herself in the extravagance of her joy. And opening wide her arms, you might have thought that she was about to clasp Carleton round the neck. But suddenly her arms relaxed, her head fell backward, and Carleton caught her just as she was sinking to the earth. Tenderly he laid her down on the soft grass, under a willow-tree, by the brook. He almost wished that the swoon might have no end. How beautiful she was! So pale, so still, and nobody near her but himself.

"What is going to happen now?" he murmured, as he sprinkled some drops of water over her face. "Will she try and persuade Harris to return? Am I destined to lose her?"

Presently Barbara's lips moved; then she opened her eyes wonderingly. But in a moment it all came back to her. No, no, it was not a dream. And after Carleton had assisted her to rise, she said, in a feeble voice:

"How good thee has been! Thee has found Benjamin Harris!"

Barbara's cheeks reddened, and, in accents wonderfully calm, considering how her heart was beating, she replied:

"The world is large, Mr. Carleton, and a man like thee would be a blessing to the noblest woman in it."

"Well, what shall I do? Do you wish me to go to Kansas?" And Carleton's voice betrayed some impatience; for it was a trying interview, and he wanted to have it over.

"Yes, kind friend," answered Barbara, now stealing his hand; "go to Kansas and do your utmost to bring back Benjamin Harris. Tell him how repentant I am for the words which I once addressed to him. And——"

"I will—I will!" interrupted Carleton, hastily.

"And thee and I will always be friends. Shall we not?" continued Barbara, still holding fast to his hand.

"Yes, yes, friends. Good-by." And so saying, Carleton drew away from her, and with a heavy heart walked back to his mother's villa, while Barbara fixed her eyes again upon the glowing horizon.

On the morrow forenoon Mr. Carleton was ready to depart on his journey, having in his possession a photograph of Benjamin Harris, which Barbara had sent to him in the early morning.

"Must you go?" spoke his disconsolate mother, whose pride had received a terrible blow. "Oh, my son, what has come over you? Why have you blasted my hopes?"

"I am going west, I frankly confess, on business relating to Miss Redwood," answered Robert. "But, mother, my heart does not reproach me for anything I have done since I came to Oecola. If Barbara Redwood does not belong to the 'set' in which we move, she is, nevertheless, a high-minded maiden. There is nothing to be ashamed of in the friendship which binds me to her, and which makes me happy to serve her. 'Honi soit qui mal y pense.'"

"But you are rich; you have so many advantages," pursued Mrs. Carleton. "You might have aspired to the hand of a Colonna. Alas! why did I persuade you to leave Europe? The air of your native land has had a pernicious effect upon you."

"Well, for all Barbara Redwood is concerned, I may yet wed a Colonna," said Robert, with a faint smile.

"Are you in earnest?" and Mrs. Carleton gave him a tender, yet penetrating, look. "Is there really nothing stronger than friendship between you and this country girl? Do not deceive me."

"Nothing." But in Robert's voice was a ring of sadness, which his mother noticed, and when presently she kissed him for good-by, the cloud still rested on her face. For although Robert had always been a truthful son, she could not help believing that Barbara was more to him than a friend. And if her fears proved correct, alas! what a blot it would be upon the family escutcheon!

When Mr. Carleton had traveled as far as Pottawatomie town, in Kansas, where the railway ended, he was obliged to purchase a horse in order to continue his journey. But he had not much further to go—between thirty and forty miles—and, not wishing to lose any time, he bought a horse within an hour after he had alighted from the train. It was an uncommonly fine animal, and the vicious-looking stranger who sold it to him inwardly laughed as he wished him a pleasant ride to the Warren Ranch. Although it was early, the day was oppressively hot. But the heat did not keep the prairie-dogs from peeping out of their burrows and barking at him as he jogged along through the seemingly endless waste of long, yellow grass, where the grouse were so tame that they seldom took wing, but ran out of his path like barn-door fowls. Had Carleton been in a happier mood the novelty of the scene might have interested him. But he took no interest in anything since he had left Barbara Redwood. She was ever in his thoughts, and there were moments when he fancied that he heard her voice whispering to him.

He had ridden perhaps twenty miles, when of a sudden his horse gave a neigh, and looking backward, Carleton discovered five men galloping after him. Presently a bullet whizzed past, and being armed with only a revolver, he deemed it wise to draw rein, lest another leaden messenger should be sent to make him halt.

In a few minutes Carleton found himself surrounded by what he naturally mistook for a band of outlaws. But instead of outlaws, they were worthy denizens of the frontier, in whose unwritten code horse-stealing was a mortal offense.

And now, without more ado, the dumfounded Carleton was taken to a grove of locust-trees not far ahead, where he was informed that his last hour had arrived. In vain

he protested that he was innocent; that he had not stolen, but had paid even a high price for his horse.

"The last horse-thief we caught talked just as you talk," spoke the leader of the "Regulators," who had thrown a rope across one of the limbs of the nearest tree.

"Well, if I must die," said Carleton, "accord me at least a few minutes' grace. Let me tell who I am, and let me give you a message for a young woman, my ardent love for whom has brought me to this awful end."

Scarcely had the respite been granted, when all the horses set up a neigh, and they were still neighing when a young woman rode into the middle of the grove.

"What murderous work are you plotting here?" demanded the fearless Cyclonia, flourishing above her head a tough cowboy-whip.

In few words she was told the crime for which the prisoner was about to suffer; but although Cyclonia had been brought up to believe that such a doom was just, she could not help pitying Carleton, he was so handsome—so unlike the unkempt, boorish young men who tended her father's herds.

"But what has he in his hand?" she said. "The photo. of his sweetheart, perhaps. Let's see," and stooping down, she drew from Carleton's quaking fingers what proved to be the photograph, not of a woman, but of a man.

Then while he went on to tell whose portrait it was, and why he had come such a long distance in order to find Benjamin Harris, Cyclonia's face grew as deathly white as his own.

Presently, dropping her forehead in her hands, "Oh, God!" she sighed. "He has come to take Harris away. But he shall not! No, no, he shall not!"

And now a wicked, inhuman thought flashed upon her. For a brief moment she dallied with it, while a pitiless smile played upon her lips. She had only to speak and declare that no such a man as Benjamin Harris was employed on her father's ranch; that the captive was telling a falsehood, and immediately from the limb of the tree his body would swing, and there be left a ghastly pendulum for the wolves to howl at. But this demon thought was soon dismissed. Dearly as she loved Harris, she would sooner lose him than have an innocent person put to death. Presently a gruff voice cried out:

"By thunder! What does all this mean?"

"It means," answered Cyclonia, "that your prisoner has told the truth. He is innocent. In my father's house dwells the man whose likeness this is." (Here she held up the photograph.) "Therefore set Mr. Carleton free, and let him carry to Harris the message from—from—"

But she could not finish what she had to say, and the rude frontiersmen wondered at the deep moan which escaped her.

The instant Carleton found himself at liberty he flew to Cyclonia, and seizing her hand, he would have pressed it to his lips, had she not jerked it away.

"Make haste," she said, sharply, "and have it over. The sooner now the better."

Then, having concluded a hurried bargain with the owner of the stolen horse—who was acquainted with Richard Warren, and willing enough to sell the animal to his daughter—she bade Carleton remount and accompany her.

For a while, as they rode along the prairie, neither of them spoke. But Carleton, after his narrow escape from death, felt, as we may imagine, in a blithesome mood. How precious life seemed to him now! And he could

scarcely take his eyes off his companion, for whom he felt the profoundest gratitude. What a striking contrast she was to the sedate, intellectual Barbara Redwood, whose influence over him had been achieved by the subtle power of her spirit quite as much, if not more, than by any outward attractions.

Cyclonia Warren's figure was simply faultless, and it was worth coming to Kansas in order to look on a being like her. The sun had bronzed her skin wellnigh to the hue of an Indian maiden; her luxuriant, jet-black hair rippled down from beneath a fantastic hat of her own making, trimmed with red beads and eagle-feathers, while in her strong yet graceful limbs, and willful, restless countenance, you seemed to behold the mighty, glorious West personified.

"But why is she so silent, gazing at the horizon?" Carleton asked himself. "And why did she give that great sigh a while ago, when I said I had come to take Harris back to Connecticut?"

And now it occurred to him that, perhaps, she did not wish Harris to depart. Surely if the latter had captivated Barbara Redwood, would it be strange if this ranchman's daughter had likewise fallen in love with him? But what might happen should Carleton find that Harris was well pleased to abide where he was? Suppose that he did not care to return to Ocala? And as Carleton put to himself these questions, a voice breathed in his ear sweet words of hope.

But by-and-by Cyclonia awoke from her silence, and guiding her horse nearer to his, she said:

"Tell me, are you really coming to my father's ranch in order to persuade Benjamin Harris to leave us? And must he go at once? Is the message which you bear to him so very, very urgent?"

Carleton hesitated a moment before he answered, and while he hesitated, Cyclonia, with a piercing look, added:

"Speak out! I insist on knowing the whole truth!"

"Yes," replied Carleton; "I have come here in behalf of a young woman who was once betrothed to Mr. Harris. Barbara Redwood hopes that he has not forgotten her, and that he will—"

"Oh, no, no! He has not forgotten her!" interrupted Cyclonia, bitterly. "And when you meet Harris, tell him that Cyclonia Warren held him worthy of the best woman that ever lived. Tell Miss Redwood, too, that in this most solemn hour I—I forgive her for taking him from me."

"What do you mean?" said Carleton, with an air of surprise. "Are you not going to escort me to your home?"

For almost a minute Cyclonia made no response. She was again watching intently a dark object on the north-eastern horizon.

Of a sudden, with a troubled mien, she pointed to the west, and said:

"In this direction lies the ranch. Now look well at your compass, and don't forget—due west."

"But you are coming with me, are you not?" asked Carleton. Then presently he added: "And if your home is due west from here, why are you going north-east?"

"Keep self-possessed. You are mounted on a thoroughbred. When I wave my hand, bury the spurs deep into your horse's flanks and ride for your life," was Cyclonia's mysterious reply.

Then, while Carleton looked at his compass, she again fixed her eyes on the black spot far to the northeast. But it was moving rapidly. On, on, nearer and nearer the ominous, funnel-shaped cloud was approaching.

Cyclonia knew what it was, and right toward it she was riding. But Carleton had never seen such a cloud before.

"My God!" he exclaimed, about a quarter of an hour later. "What an awful storm is raging ahead of us. Must we pass through it?"

"No living creature can pass through yonder tempest," answered Cyclonia, with a mocking laugh, and a wild gleam in her eye.

And now, fleeing before the tornado, Carleton perceived a herd of antelopes, while mingled with the antelopes were a pack of wolves, running as never before; and already round about him the prairie-dogs had ceased to bark, and were diving into their holes for safety. An appalling darkness was sweeping over the landscape. Soon a roaring, hissing, booming sound was heard, and the horses snorted and pricked their ears, and at this moment the antelopes and wolves rushed past.

"Now it is time. Go! Be quick!" cried the desperate girl, waving Carleton off.

The spiral cloud was less than half a mile distant. There was not a moment to lose.

"But what will you do?" he exclaimed, reaching out to grasp her bridle. "Come with me! Come with me!"

But already his terror-stricken horse had swerved in the direction where safety lay, while Cyclonia, whose faithful steed had never disobeyed her, was galloping straight into the whirlwind.

But it was not the headlong pace at which he was going that saved Robert Carleton. Happily the tornado, after clasping Cyclonia in its deadly embrace, suddenly veered toward the east, and lo! in a very brief space of time Carleton perceived that he was out of danger. The welcome sun shone forth again as brightly as ever, and all grew calm and silent around him. But it was a sickening, mournful silence, and tears coursed down his cheeks as he turned his jaded horse back to the spot where Cyclonia had parted from him. But not a trace of her was he able to find—not a trace. She had vanished like a spirit. And profoundly impressed by her tragic death, he directed his course due west, as the unhappy girl had told him to do. It was nightfall when he reached the place where Buffalo Grove had so lately stood. But where was it now? Gone were the trees and the house. Gone was every living creature. Not a rooster was left to crow, not a dog barked, as Carleton rode up to the desolate homestead, for the whirlwind had passed over it.

But another horseman besides himself was looking at the scene of ruin and death.

"Stranger," spoke Mr. Warren, addressing Carleton, "they call me rich. And rich I am. They call me the cattle-king of Kansas. But, by Heaven! I'd give my bottom dollar if I could feel certain that my daughter hasn't been killed by the tornado."

It was a harrowing story which Carleton now went on to relate. And when he described the lurid, circling cloud, and when he told how Cyclonia had ridden full into it, Mr. Warren uttered a wailing cry, and said:

"Ay, ay, she loved Ben Harris to distraction. From a distance I saw poor Ben whirled into the air. And now both he and she have gone across the 'Great Divide.'"

It was with painfully mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that Robert Carleton, a week later, drew near to the Widow Greene's home at Ocala. Barbara's duties for the day were over, and she had just closed the store when she saw him coming. At once she grew deathly white. She seemed to read in his face the news he was bringing to her.



THE FORREST HOME.

"Gone! gone!" she murmured, presently, after Carleton had spoken a few words. But to his surprise Barbara did not weep. But clasping her hands as if in prayer, and lifting her eyes toward the dark-blue vault of heaven with an intensely yearning look, she said, softly: "He is beyond temptation at last. He is at rest."

Never again did Barbara Redwood keep store for the Widow Greene. On going back to her uncle's house this evening she complained of feeling ill, and for many a week her life hung by a thread. Everybody was acquainted with her for miles around Ocoola, and the advocates of temperance wellnigh lost heart when it was rumored that Barbara was likely to die. For nobody in the township had been so active in the cause as she had been. And who was worthy to take her place?

In time, however, the fever abated, and Barbara's life was spared. During her illness, in moments of delirium, she had often breathed the name of Benjamin Harris.

But when she was convalescent his name did not once pass her lips, although ever and anon, as she sat by the window enjoying the balmy air of Indian Summer, she would exclaim:

"Beyond temptation at last! At rest—at rest!"

In the meanwhile, the fashionable people had deserted Ocoola for their city homes—all except one gentleman, who still lingered in his mother's villa under the maple-trees. And many a basket of fruit had Carleton carried to Barbara Redwood. What Mrs. Carleton thought of her son's behavior, we leave the reader to imagine. Of course there was a scene, and so indignant was she, that, when she went away, she did not bid Robert adieu.

One evening, as Autumn was verging to an end, Barbara wrapped a thick shawl about her and went out to take a walk. It was the first time that she had been in the open air since her illness, and she bent her steps toward the forsaken Friends' meeting-house; for, as we

know, she was fond of the solemn stillness which reigned there, and hard by were the graves of her parents and grandparents.

Now it happened that at this same hour Carleton resolved to make her a visit; for, although he had left many a gift for her at her uncle's door, he had not seen Barbara Redwood since he had informed her of Harris's death.

The road to her home led by the haunted spot, and as he approached it he bethought him of again taking a seat on the solitary bench where he and she had sat during the thunderstorm. Carleton was not one whom a ghost might easily frighten. But when, after being enshrouded there a few minutes, listening to the melancholy cry of an owl, he perceived through the dim twilight a figure glide across the threshold and advance slowly toward him, his heart did beat a little faster. He did not move, however. In the dusky nook he remained, scarcely breathing, until Barbara had almost got to him. Carleton now recognized who it was, and it flashed upon him that it might give the girl a dangerous shock if she were suddenly to hear a voice addressing her, or come suddenly upon him, for evidently Barbara had not yet discovered his presence.

But there was no escape. He had to do something; and in as cheery accents as possible he greeted her. She did, indeed, start and catch her breath. Then, in a moment, she said, brokenly:

"Is it—is it thee, Robert Carleton?" At the same time Barbara pressed her hand to her heart, for the least thing now caused it to palpitate violently.

Carleton, who had risen to his feet as he spoke, immediately twined his arm around her waist, for he was afraid



THE VESTIBULE OF THE FORREST HOME.



THE FORREST HOME LIBRARY.

lest she might faint; and he entreated her to pardon him for having given her such a fright.

"Well, really I did not expect to meet thee here at this hour," answered Barbara, in a calmer tone. "Indeed, thee surprises me by being still at Ocoola. I thought thee was going back to France?"

"At one time I firmly intended to go back to my paradise, as I foolishly called it. But now something keeps me here. I prefer to dwell in my native land."

"Why, what a change has come over thee!" continued Barbara, taking her hand from off her heart. This hand Carleton seized, and said:

"I could not go away while you were ill, dear Barbara. Oh, I felt so anxious. You kept me here. You are still keeping me. And you have quickened in my breast a love for America, which I hope will never die out."

In the shadows Carleton was not able to read the expression of Barbara's face. She owed him much. All that he had done for her was passing swiftly through her mind. A crisis in her fate had come. What ought she to do?

Presently Carleton, like a brave fellow, went boldly on, and said:

"Barbara, will you not always keep me near you? Never let me be separated from you? Speak, dearest Barbara."

Louder than the word is often spoken came the sweet response, "Yes." Then quickly she added: "But thee knows, dear Robert, that I have a mission in life. I cannot give it up. Yet thee will be my right arm, will thee not, in the great cause which I have so much at heart—temperance?"

"I will," said Carleton.

And now, drawing her closer to him, only the ghosts in the old meeting-house witnessed the pledge of love which he printed on her cheek.

A MAN should fear when he enjoys only what good he does publicly. Is it not the publicity, rather than the charity, that he loves?

EDWIN FORREST. HIS ART AND MANHOOD.

BY LISLE LESTER.

"In Forrest's early days," says Lawrence Barrett, "it was the fashion to admire the grand works of the old dramatists; modern sensational plays were unborn." The actor-author who has paid the memory of Mr. Forrest the best and most graceful biographical tribute that has been published could have dwelt long upon the influence of the tragedian's art, upon dramatic ambition in the day he lived. The Forrestonian style of acting was the greatest inspiring tonic to ardent amateur ambition and theatre-going people generally. The Forrest elocution, heroic manners and furious action were in emphatic contrast with tragedy representations to-day. Even John McCullough, who modeled his art by that of Forrest, and was generally dubbed the cast-iron tragedian, modified the physical emphasis and heavy, ponderous action very materially, as it seemed to die out in the public taste and demand when the great actor passed away. The elements of manhood in Mr. Forrest were natively strong and nationally marked. Born in 1806, with the Scotch blood of his sire and his maternal extraction of German descent permeating his personality and influencing his character, he was well equipped with emotional harness, likely to wear well in any profession adopted. He was the fifth of six children, a sturdy, willful lad, of sound constitutional habits and health, a vigorous mind, and handsome presence.

It is not the purpose of this paper to repeat the biographers of the dead tragedian, but weigh the claims the man and actor signally possessed for enduring remembrance.

The first marked attention he received as a boy of talent was for the evidence he gave of a remarkable memory, while a member of a Thespian Club, when but ten years of age. He played the rôle of a female before he was eleven, in one of the regular theatres. Not being physically suited to the easy sweep of a lady's drapery, he entered from the wings, on his *début*, to meet a burst of hilarious laughter that drowned all his efforts to



THE DINING-ROOM.

speak. After several useless, awkward attempts, he was hustled off the stage, to his boyish chagrin and the nagging of all the *attachés* of the theatre.

Most boys would have been disheartened, but the pluck and temper of a vital ambition lived in the young aspirant for dramatic success. He benefited by the lesson he had so hardly learned, and studied with renewed vim and determination. At fourteen, the "greenest of all ages for boys," he made a regular *début*, surrounded by a company of actors, and was announced as "A young gentleman of this city." This effort was praiseworthy, and far from failure. It was a memorable occasion to young Forrest, who once said, in speaking of the event, "The 27th of November, 1820, was the most important date in my life."

On the 17th of October, 1836, he appeared for the first time in London, at the Drury, playing the *Gladiator*. He had developed to perfect physical beauty, and heroic frame, of fine proportions, and with something of the old Spartan fire and enthusiasm he dashed upon the recognition of the deliberate Londoners like a meteor. Better work had seldom been seen upon the London stage, still he was unfavorably compared with British favorites, and some scathing criticisms were launched from the Press that aroused the ready ire of his Scotch blood.

It was during this visit to England that Mr. Forrest met Catherine Sinclair and married her. It was a genuine love-match, and a very happy union for many years. On his return to the United States, he purchased Fonthill, at Riverside, on the Hudson, and in the building of his castle he was most enthusiastic and jubilant. His depressing moods that followed his violent labor often wore upon the spirits of Mrs. Forrest, but in the work of making Fonthill the realization of their ideas of home, he always cleared off, like an April sky, and was genial and bright and enthusiastic as possible. "Those were our happiest days," said Mrs. Forrest, a year or two after her husband's decease.

He was easily irritated, and being an extremist in everything, his irritation rushed to all possible limits, destroying in its sweep every good thing previously built up in manly character. So he was constantly building and rebuilding the fabric of greatness that tottered under the whirlwinds of passion, and nearly wrecked at times the matchless attainments of a great actor. Directly to the opposite, there were phases and moods of great gentleness, liberality, justice and lovingness. To the rarity of the scenes where these virtues glorified the man, Mr. Barrett refers with great charity and excuse, tender as a mother over the faults of her wayward offspring.

The world is familiar with the long bitterness that existed between Mr. Forrest and Macready, until it reached the disgraceful scenes known as the "Astor Place Riot." It was the culmination of a quarrel that had been brewing for years; but the best sentiments expressed say that if the friends of each party had let them manage their own infelicities and grudges, it would have saved the hot-headed anger and injudicious performances that ended in a public riot; one of those times in the lives of public men, when they could well cry out, "Save me from my friends," etc. In 1848, a plan was formed, without good taste or judgment, to hiss Macready on the stage. Then one of those rare sweet phases of Forrest's manhood asserted itself; he defeated the entire scheme. But the English actor met that graciousness unwisely—no doubt goaded to indignation by his more unwise friends and counselors. In a fresh attack upon Forrest, he alluded to this act, of defeat to hiss him, as "one of Forrest's to gain sympathy for himself." This could not be a return for Forrest's

manly act kindled anew the irritation and made matters worse than ever. The Astor Place riot was a most disgraceful and unworthy climax of the quarrel.

The best acting achieved by Forrest was in the characters of *Lear*, *Othello*, and *Coriolanus*—the latter rôle was particularly a great piece of work, and it passed off the stage with its best interpreter.

As Mr. Forrest advanced in years his irritability grew upon him, and he was more and more exacting about the presentation of his plays, and with his support. His was ponderous style of walk upon the stage, the whirlwind elocution, the roaring and noisy action. Yet he was indulgent many times, but generally demanded all the force and emphasis his support was capable of.

He occupied a box in a Philadelphia theatre the night Annette Ince made her *début*, and he was so pleased with her effort, that he stood up in the box and led an encore. Many of these precious, kindly acts remain in memory to grace the history of the most eminent tragedian of his day. Sympathies he had, but how to reach them at their best was a closed book to his nearest ties. His generosity was lavish at times, repressed at periods, but always bestowed in places where it carried the most comfort and sunshine. At one time he gave his check for \$1,000 to the Sanitary Fund; at another time, paid a week's salary to a poor actor because he had spoken ho'sly to him, and learned afterward that the poor fellow received only five dollars a week. "I don't blame you for not trying to play with spirit." At the end of the week he paid him a full salary out of his own pocket.

That Edwin Forrest possessed more animal magnetism than has ever been seen or utilized before or since upon the American stage must be admitted by all impartial judges. He was essentially a great nervous force that in action threw a power into his creations he little measured in his own understanding. He once said, "I do not hear my own voice remarkably clear or heavy when I am playing." Yet he was literally making the wings tremble and shaking the dust from the flies overhead with his masterly oratory.

In the best years of his life he was a relic-gatherer, and to his taste and industry the Forrest Home is to-day indebted for its rare souvenirs and curiosities.

While Mr. Forrest did not possess the refinement of some later actors, he had the vigor, dash, broad comprehension of ideality, that made his characters vivid, heroic, masterly. The fires of his genius did not burn in mediocre warmth, but up at the heat of inspiration, tempered with animality enough to be realistic, not ideal.

Lear gave him scope for all his breadth of lungs and great emotions; in that difficult rôle Forrest was superb. His *Othello* was the model for the stage. In the scenes of passionate temper with *Iago* he rose to the culmination of all that seems possible in human nature, in phrensy, jealousy, indignation and sorrow. His best critics call *Coriolanus* his masterpiece, but opinions differ widely with partial tastes.

An excellent opinion was given of Mr. Forrest by a gentleman in Washington, who said, in recalling the tragedian's work in 1839: "He was like a Roman gladiator. His voice was absolute perfection, its crushing guttural quality being supplemented with that Italian quality of transparent, varied, elastic, ringing precision, which delivers the words on the silent air like crystal balls on black velvet." This was the most extravagant description of Mr. Forrest's voice and vocality ever written of him. With greater terseness and truth the same critic pronounced Forrest's *Jack Cade* "a splendid exhibition of physical brute power." About the time these allusions

were being made to the powerful artistic work of the great actor, it is remembered of his saying: "It's often the case that we solemn tragedians, off the stage, are the jolliest dogs, while you clowns and comedians are dyspeptic and melancholy in private." He must have realized, later in life, that the same remark was applicable to himself.

Mr. Forrest was a great favorite in Washington; in that city, more than any other in the United States, he seemed to meet a general, genial taste and sympathy. In 1854 he played three weeks, commencing with *Hamlet*, followed by the *Gladiator*, *Jack Cade*, *Claude Melnotte* and *Macbeth*. It was a period of great work—hard work, successful triumph. He was brilliantly supported. The engagement proved a bonanza, financially, to all concerned.

That he was the most painstaking actor in minor details and general presentation ever seen before the American public, there is no doubt. His great successes, his fame and wealth, did not make him happy; the baser manhood had another life, that seemingly kept up a war with the better, finer, intellectual side of his manhood. Probably his domestic clouds had something to do with this unhappy condition.

That he possessed a kind nature, his provision for the Forrest Home is an enduring evidence.

He made his final appearance at the Globe Theatre, in Boston, and on the platform at the Tremont Temple. It is a marked coincidence that the last words uttered by him on the stage, in "*Richelieu*," were, "And so it ends." The closing words that he uttered in public, concluding his reading of *Hamlet*, were, "The rest is silence."

Edwin Forrest's last will was dated April 5th, 1866. In 1867 he played his final engagement in Washington, producing at that time the play "*Metamora*." He seems to have been impressed at an early period with the necessity of putting his affairs in the shape he desired to leave them, and his will was prepared with great precision and shrewdness. It contained provisions for his sisters, which became inoperative at their death. He appointed three executors, and directed the sale of all his property, except Spring Brook, in Philadelphia, which he fixed as a location for the "Edwin Forrest Home," the institution to be for the support and maintenance of actors disabled by age and infirmity, who, if natives of the United States, shall have served five years in the dramatic profession, and if of foreign birth, shall have served forty years, three years of which shall have been spent in the United States. The provisions and details of the will were drawn with great care as to the number of inmates, the expenditure of income, etc. The Home is intended to be partly educational and self-sustaining, and never to encourage idleness or thriftlessness in any who are capable of exertion.

The building is a structure three stories high, built of pure white stone. An old and revered *artiste*, Jane English, is the honored chaperon of guests. Her hair is silver-white, but in her face one may trace the remembrances of her gifted daughters, Lucille and Helen Western. Fine paintings hang on the walls of the Forrest Home. Prior to the Spring Brook farm being purchased, many of Mr. Forrest's art treasures were burned, but the remainder, that were moved to the Home, bespeak the taste and culture of the tragedian, and are fitting memorial decorations for this home of aged actors.

A favorite picture of Mr. Forrest's hangs in one of the parlors; it is called "Children at the Brook," and is one of the best of Von Bremen's pencil. Three fine oil portraits—one, of Mr. Forrest's mother; another, of Patrick

Henry; and the third, of Joseph Jefferson's grandfather—are very attractive to visitors. On the opposite wall, facing this trio, is a fine picture of Napoleon, and one of Rachel, in costume, in the first act of "*Adrienne Lecouvreur*."

The library is a storehouse of souvenirs—scrapbooks of the dead actor's playbills, dating as far back as 1826. Among them are some interesting records; the initial performances of John McCullough, and first announcement of the early appearance of some young actor, today the lion of the stage. A playbill of 1856 announces Mr. Forrest to play in Dayton, O., supported by the popular tragedienne, Madame Ponisi. There are 8,000 books in the library collection. In two large glass cases are the valuable treasures which no one overlooks. These are the swords used by the great actor in *Coriolanus*, *Hamlet* and *Othello*, a *Macbeth* dagger, and a sword, presented by Kean to Mr. Forrest, which bears upon the hilt the name of Talma, its first owner.

Among the scrapbook records of interest is a criticism of a performance of the "*French Spy*," in which Helen Western played the heroine, nearly thirty years ago, at the Adelphi, in London. The critic mentions the "*Walking Gentleman*" of the occasion as Mr. Henry Irving, a good actor, whose legs are inconveniently long."

The guests of the Home have each a handsomely furnished room to themselves, and the most perfect freedom of action; they can go and come as they please; an Episcopal chapel near by gives them the advantage of religious worship, if they desire. The location of the retreat is delightful. The superintendent speaks of the people who compose the family as "the late Mr. Forrest's guests."

Henry Irving, and many others, have made handsome donations to the institution, in their appreciation of the beautiful offering of a home to the declining members of the profession by the greatest of all tragedians. Clustering around all hearts is the longing for home rest, after the work of a busy life is ended and Nature seeks her repose. The kindness that reared this roof to shelter so delicately, without price, those who had catered to the amusement and enjoyment of the world, was a graceful testimonial on the actor's part that scatters daisies around his memory.

As bright, noble traits warmed and glorified the manhood of the actor at periods of his career, so it is remembered he had clouds and irritations without number to try his patient endurance, and sometimes it was almost impossible to bridge the threatening passes with forbearance. The American stage never had a greater tragedian, so versatile a talent in heroic art, as that of Edwin Forrest. Many aspire to his model, but fall far, far beneath the standard. He was great in mental endurance and in idealism; great in intellectual character, and his natural tastes were high and refined to a marked degree. With great force of physical character and emotional strength, no effort was too great or too high for his execution and interpretation. Zealous in his art, he studied to excel, and there have been none to equal his triumphs or attainments.

With the death of Forrest, the stage lost its best type of heroic art. His memory is imperishable for his work, that remains the standard of all possible greatness.

A MEDICINAL plant is found in India which destroys the power of tasting sugar. This plant, the *Gymnema sylvestre*, grows in the Deccan and in Assam and on the Coromandel coast. By chewing two or three leaves of it, a person may extinguish his susceptibility to sweet savors.



"VERY THIRSTY."—FROM A PAINTING BY NICCOLO CECCONI.



"WHO KNOWS, OLIVE SESSIONS, BUT THIS VERY BLESSED MINIT YOU MAY BE A GREAT HEIRESS!" FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE FINDING OF THE PACKET OLIVE TURNS A SERIOUS FACE TO HER AGED RELATIVE."

A LEAF FROM THE LOG OF THE "NELTJÉ."

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

BY FANNIE AYMAR MATHEWS.

"THERE now, Olive Sessions, guess as how most folks'll 'low as this here house is spick and span clean from top tew bottom!"

Mrs. Miranda Luddington, aunt to Olive, stood, a scrawny brown hand wide-spread on either hip, surveying the scene of immaculate cleanliness which lay before her, in the shape of the "best bedroom," redolent of lavender, and, if the truth must be told, salt fish! also—but then, the odor of salt fish was to Gorham Harbor as the very breath of life, and the whole place was so effectually saturated and permeated therewith, that the inhabitants, when they occasionally went inland for a visit, found it difficult to breathe an atmosphere bereft of their natural and piscatorial element.

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The "best bedroom," then, was fresh and fragrant; the old-fashioned chintz valances and curtains and bed-curtains were stiff with recent starch; the best silk quilt, patched by Mrs. Luddington in maiden days, adorned the bed; the mahogany chairs and spindle-legged tables; the filmy double mirror, with the weeping willow and the bright-green grave above it, shone with much polishing, the andirons and the shovel and tongs, and the long-necked crane had been rubbed and scrubbed until they reflected the room in every direction perfectly as the best mirror could.

Olive, in her dark print dress and big apron with its pinafore waist, her brown eyes shining, and the pink flush rose-red on her round cheeks, was flecking the last

speck of dust from the top of the brass-trimmed chest of drawers.

"Guess it is," she answers.

"Guess as how 'Thanksgivin' won't find many houses in Gorham Harbor much cleaner'n this one, though I do say it as shouldn't."

"Guess not."

"Let's see, we've been through the dairy and the cellar, and the kitchen, and the milk-room, and the pantries, and the sittin'-room, and the south chamber, and the east chamber, and your room, and yer uncle's and mine, and the boys' room and—— Law's a mercy! Olive Sessions, we ain't once thought 'bout the garret!"

Mrs. Luddington drops her dust-pan with remorseful emotion.

"No more we ain't!" Olive stands open-mouthed and amazed at this singular piece of housewifely forgetfulness. "To be sure, though, Aunt Mirandy, we ain't never had no habit of cleanin' up the garret, as I remember of."

"That's very true, Olive Sessions, but I'm just determined that no weddin' is agoin' to take place in this here house 'thout there bein' a reg'lar haulin' 'bout and pullin' up, and scratchin' 'round from roof tew foundation. Ef you and Tom Redmond has made up yer minds settled-like, as you hev, to git spliced the week after 'Thanksgivin', why, I'm just a-goin' straight up tew that garret."

Olive crimsons as she laughs, and meekly follows her thrifty aunt up the creaking staircase that leads to the garret of the old farmhouse.

For it is an old house, the oldest in Gorham Harbor, or anywhere thereabouts, with many legends of Dutch builders and Indians, and a colonial governor's visit, and hosts of other memories clustering all about its eaves and gables.

The garret, as they push up the trapdoor on its rusty hinges, looks the quaintest spot imaginable, and Olive's bright curls make a bit of brightness there as she clambers in and hoists her aunt Miranda after her.

"As I was a-sayin', Olive, ef you and Tom Redmond is a-goin' tew——"

"Ain't so sure that we be," Olive says, as she sweeps away the cobwebs from the round front of a century-old desk.

"What!" ejaculates Mrs. Luddington, dropping the dust-brush from her nerveless hand.

"Ain't so sure that we be!" reiterates Miss Sessions, coloring.

"Well, I want tew know!"

And Aunt Miranda seats herself with emphasis on a worm-eaten oaken seaman's chest.

"Maybe I'll take 'Lige Tuck instead," the girl says, laughing.

"Want tew know!" echoes the elder woman, with wide-open eyes. "Well now, Olive Sessions, ef you can turn from Tom Redmond, with all his l'arning and schooling and his pretty face and smooth ways, and take up with 'Lige Tuck, it's jest p st my belief!"

"What's the matter with 'Lige Tuck, I'd like ter know?" Olive questions, sharply.

"Well, ther' ain't nothin' the matter with him, as I know, more'n he's big and thickset and swarthy, and never set no store by books."

"He's allers set store by me, and that's a good sight more to the p'int!"

"But so does Tom," argues Mrs. Luddington, plaintively. "Law's a mercy! I jest thought as how the hull oisn's was cut and dried, and I was a-goin' to hev sech a

pink-and-white, proper-looking feller for a nephew, and here you be, Olive Sessions, a-changin' of your mind——"

"Ain't said I'd changed it. I only said maybe. You needn't be getting the dumps beforehand, Aunt Mirandy, 'cause there'll be a weddin' sure's you're alive jest after 'Thanksgivin', although maybe my mind ain't quite clear yet as to who'll be the husband."

"Want to know! Well, gals ain't as they was in my young days, that's cert'in. You think we may's well go on with the cleanin'-up then, Olive?"

"Why not!"

Olive is beating and shaking out some moth-eaten garments from the depths of another seaman's chest as she speaks; a chest that would have caused the eyes of a collector to moisten with rapture—a veritable seventeenth century oaken chest, worm-eaten, it is true; but the cherubs' fat faces on its sides, and the griffin grinning on its lid, and the long wrought hinges and hasps, proclaiming its sturdy Dutch origin.

The clothes, too, that the bright-faced girl was staring at with her blue, round eyes, were the garments of a Dutch sailor of at least two hundred years ago. And even as she exposed them to the new sunshine of to-day the short trousers, the woolen hose, the blue jerkin and the stout pea jacket fell to tatters and shreds in her little brown fingers.

"Who on airth did these things ever b'long to, Aunt Miranda?"

"Law's a mercy, Olive Sessions, one of your ma's Dutch forefathers. That there chest came with her when she come. Nobody hed ever opened it then, and nobody h'ain't to this day. What's that?"

Mrs. Luddington spoke sharply as a brown folded scrap with a heavy seal attached to it rattled to the floor.

"I guess 'tain't nothin', nohow," Olive says, giving the thing a small kick with her foot.

"Mor'n you know; them 'ere clothes and that 'ere chest there, I've heard yer ma say, and her pa say too, afore he died—which was of the black fever in 1825—belonged to his master, Hans van Santen, a sea capting from Rotterdam."

"Oh, pshaw," Olive says, administering another kick.

"You, Olive, you jest stop!" Mrs. Luddington hastily rescued the packet from further ignominy, and proceeded to peer at it curiously, turning the paper over and over again with restless fingers. "They did used to say, I remember it good, when I wa'n't more'n four year old—so be I'm seventy-three now—as old Hans van Santen left gold buried in these parts."

"What did he bury gold for?" laughed his disrespectful young descendant, as she sat on his chest and swung her feet back and forth.

"Injuns," laconically replied Mrs. Luddington. "And more'n that, I've set by often and heard yer ma's pa a-tellin' as how there was allers said to be some dockyment or somethin' a-settin' forth whar he'd buried of it!"

"Oh, pshaw!"

"S'posin' this ere"—Aunt Miranda holds up the yellowed packet between her lean thumb and forefinger—"s'posin' this ere, Olive Sessions, was that dockyment!"

"Open it and see," the niece remarks, with true nineteenth century directness.

"Shall I?" the old woman asks, twitching the paper nervously.

"Cert'in," the girl answers, laughing.

"Guess as how you're the one, Olive. I ain't no heir to old Hans van Santen, and you be. You're the one to open this here."

Mrs. Luddington hands Olive the packet with something of awe written on her wrinkled face.

"All right."

Olive, with no sentimental compunctions, breaks the old seaman's seal with its dolphin and anchor, and spreads open the wide and carefully written sheet upon her knees.

"Well?" Aunt Miranda whispers.

"Oh, pshaw! Aunt Mirandy; it's a hull lot of gibberish Dutch or something. I don't know what!"

"Let's show it tew Tom Redmond. He'll be able to cipher it out, I guess!"

"Show it tew 'Lige Tuck," Olive laughs, going on with her dusting.

"Who knows, Olive Sessions, but this very blessed minit you may be a great heiress!"

For the first time since the finding of the packet Olive turns a serious face to her aged relative.

"Could it be, Aunt Mirandy?" she asks, eagerly.

"Laws a mercy, why not?"

"Find out, then; find out. Show it to Tom Redmond, and, Aunt Mirandy, p'raps that wee bit o' paper 'll jest settle which I'll marry—Tom or 'Lige."

"How?" cries the old woman, shrilly, and gazing at her niece as if she thought she had taken leave of her senses.

"'Lige Tuck loves me," Olive murmurs; "but Tom Redmond ain't been so over sweet, Aunt Mirandy, sence he's come tew know the farm and the boat won't be mine after Uncle Si's death—there!" and Olive brushes her brown hand across her eyes, and tosses her pretty head in defiance of the hot tears that scald her red cheeks.

"Want tew know!" murmurs Mrs. Luddington, under her breath, as she carefully descends the ladder, bearing the precious "dockymment" in her hand.

It was first shown to Uncle Si, as a matter of course. He casually said it "were a pity 'twa'n't a bank-note," and continued his pipe in peace.

When 'Lige Tuck came in that night, in his fishing-boots, and wet to the skin from a tumble into the sea, with a string of fish for Olive, the paper was shown to him, and all its possibilities depicted to him by Aunt Miranda.

'Lige laughed.

Olive stood by the east window, in the wide old kitchen, looking out to where the lighthouse-lamp sparkled on the Point.

"What do you think 'bout it?" he asked, joining her.

"I dunno," she answers, staring out. "What do you?"

"Bosh!" he says, stooping nearer to her shoulder. "I'd light a pipe with it. I don't want no heiress, Olive. What I want's you. Burn the darned thing up. P'raps if it should turn out somethin', you'd look a heap sight a-head o' me—and then—"

"What then?" the girl asks, quickly.

"God knows!" the young fellow replies, turning away and leaving the old farmhouse for his home.

In the evening Tom Redmond came, and with eager eyes Olive noted his handsome face, as Aunt Miranda, with much elaboration, unfolded her tale.

Tom flushed; his black eyes flashed; he had not been at the farm for five days, and immediately began to explain his absence. He scanned the paper with the keenest interest; but much to Aunt Miranda's discomfiture, could make nothing of its "gibberish"; but he was going to Boston to-morrow (Tom had had no idea of such a journey when he entered the farmhouse), and he would take it to a translator, and bring home the English of it when he came.

"Tell you, Olive," he whispers, while Uncle Si dozes over his pipe and Aunt Miranda is busy in the milk-room, "ef this 'ere," touching the paper, "turns out right, who knows you and I may be a-livin' in Bosting this time twelvemonth. A-livin' in Bosting," he repeats, unctuously, "with nothin' to do but enjoy ourselves and be drew about in our carriage, h'eh?"

Olive looks up.

The flushed, keen face—the beautiful lines and the lovely coloring! She sighs a little, but does not resist the clasp of the warm hand over her own.

True to his word, Tom Redmond goes to Boston, and returns within thirty-six hours. He arrives by the evening train at South Gorham, and comes into the Harbor in the great lumbering village coach, which sets him down "up-street" at the farmhouse gate. He is very pale, and he catches Olive's two hands in his cold ones, as he walks swiftly up the shelly path. 'Lige Tuck sees him, and he sees, too, the girl's flushed, happy face as she raises her lovely eyes to the other man's gaze. They are presently sitting awkwardly about the kitchen-table, whilst Tom ostentatiously draws from the recesses of his pocket the yellow document and a well-filled sheet of nicely ruled paper.

"Now, then," Tom clears his throat.

Aunt Miranda rubs her spectacles afresh, and settles them firmly on her nose. Uncle Si lights a fresh pipe. 'Lige Tuck closes his eyes and folds his arms, and Olive leans closer across the table toward her handsome lover.

"Tain't no letter, nor will, nor codicil; it's a leaf from the Log of the *Neltje*, and is dated at sea, the 20th of November, 1665, and it's signed by Hans van Santen, master of the ship *Neltje*, of Rotterdam."

"Laws a mercy!" murmured Mrs. Luddington, under her breath.

"Go on, Tom," Uncle Si says.

"Put out to sea yesterday in a heavy wind. Had only time to secure some pieces of plate and delftware, together with our clothes. Spent the night before last in burying the savings and accumulations of years in a spot of safety where neither Indians nor pirates will ever discover the same."

Tom's voice rises to a shrill scream, and 'Lige Tuck opens his dreamy eyes.

"I shall make a copy of this statement, and sew it in the double Flanders silk lining of my good blue jerkin, so that my amiable spouse and helpmeet, and my good and obedient children, now housed safely at New Amsterdam, thank God! may know where to look for their own in case of my untimely demise."

"The blue jerkin!" Olive says, wildly.

"In the clearing, back of my house, which is the only considerable house of stone and masonry in the port of Gorham Harbor, there stands, toward the sea and where the salt meadows begin to show their green, a dozen of boulders."

Uncle Si lays down his pipe.

"So there be!" he says.

"The middle boulder rocks, so that a man of my strength can move it aside out of its place. Having done so, he will find logs of wood crossed; beneath, a flat stone—my doorstep—with the date graven thereon in my native good town of Rotterdam, 1656. To remove this is a simple thing; and then all I say further is, dig—dig as my good son Dietrich and I dug for four nights, pick and spade, below the salt tide-waters and the encroaching false sands—and there will be found an iron coffer, brass-bound and padlocked, made at the Hague by Petrus van Cornelis. Open this, my worthy spouse



VERY NEAR THE QUESTION.

Helena, and you, my amiable offspring Dietrich—(should he be there, alas! now in the pirate South Seas)—Neltjé, Hans, and little Hendrick. Within it repose forty thousand gold florins, twenty thousand gold Spanish dollars, and other pleasant treasure in jewels, ornaments and feminine trinkets. Signed, your loving husband and parent, Hans van Santen."

To describe the commotion this reading created in the old farmhouse-kitchen would be, indeed, a difficult task. Tom Redmond's face glowed with enthusiasm.

"Oh, Olive," cried Redmond, leaning over the high back of her chair, "what a Thanksgivin' we're a-goin' to hev—you and me! We'll jest hev time, sweetheart, to follow the old Dutchman's directions 'fore the 25th; and then what a weddin' there'll come soon after!"

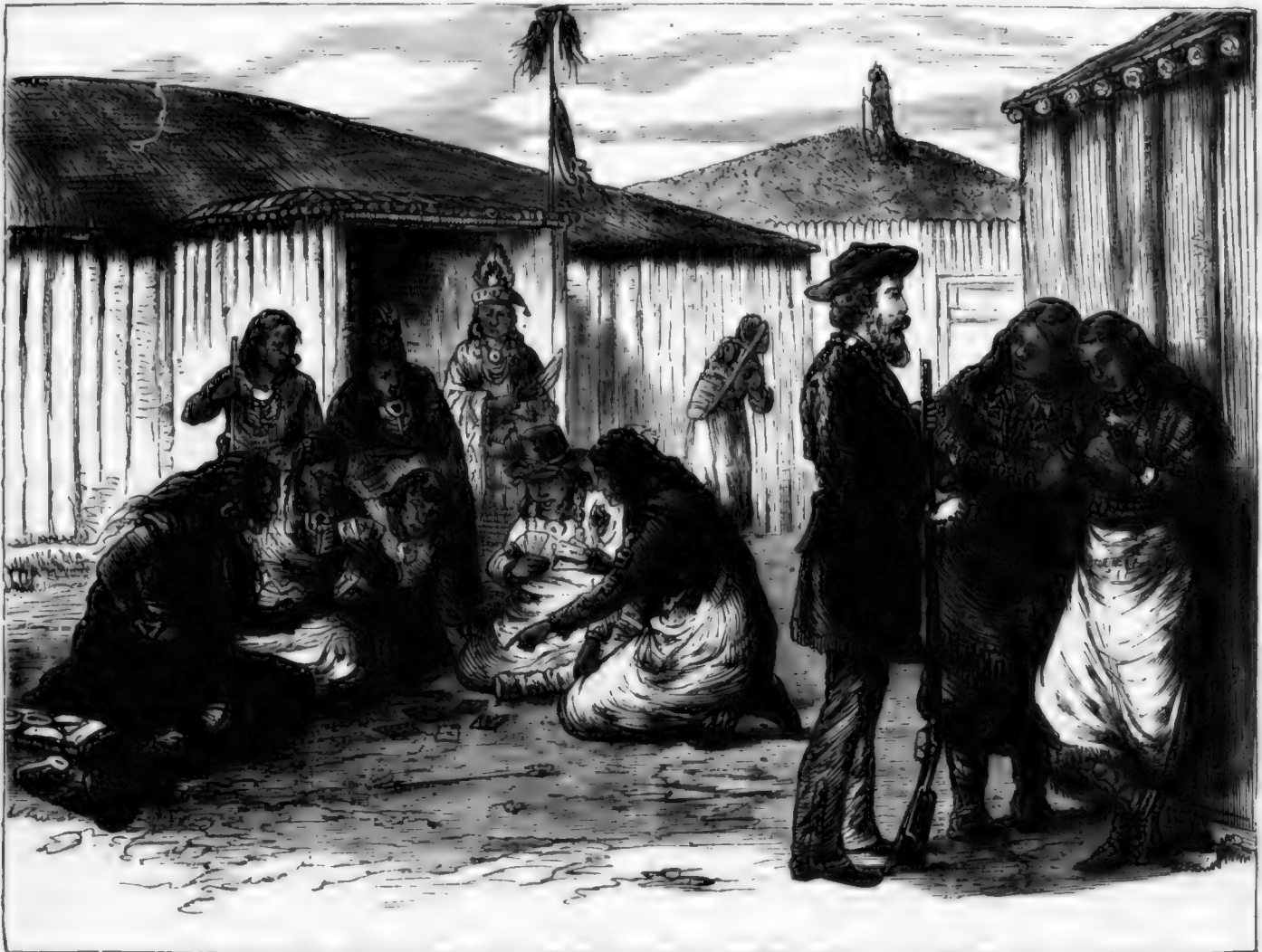
Only 'Lige Tuck stood aloof and sullen, watching and idle.

The "crossed logs of wood" had long since crumbled into mold, but "the flat stone, with the date 1665 graven thereon," lay in its place. As they scraped the figures clean the toilers paused, half awe-struck at their success, and Tom, in a clear, high voice read out the further instructions.

They lifted the stone aside.

"And now, boys," cried Tom Redmond, "what the old man says we've to do is to dig!"

And dig they did for hours and hours, until the moon rose up over the sea and peered curiously down at this work-a-day scene. They dug with a feverish impatience that forgot hunger and rest, and only stopped to slake its



THE EVOLUTION OF GAMING.—INDIAN WOMEN GAMBLING.—SEE PAGE 695.

'Lige was staring at them hard. He put on his cap, and, without a word to any one, quitted the house. He stalked down to the shore and got in his boat, and rowed up and down all night, lurking along the coast like a thief, watching the lamplight in Olive Sessions's window.

The next day Uncle Si and Tom went to work. The clearing close by the salt meadows stood to-day just as it had two hundred and odd years ago. The boulders held their own, and Olive, with the tip of one little finger, could rock the middle one. It was soon removed, by the help of friends and neighbors. Indeed the whole home-staying population of Gorham Harbor crowded about the treasure-seekers, for the news had gone abroad and traveled apace, and already Olive, sole heiress of this stupendous wealth, loomed up the heroine, as she had been the beauty, of the thrifty little fishing town.

thirst now and then, when poor Aunt Miranda, trembling with excitement, urged them to a mug of her best cider.

"We've struck the tide-waters!" Tom yelled, looking up over the rim of the pit, that was now man-deep.

"So we hev!" Uncle Si echoed, dipping up the water in his horny hand and touching his lips to it. "Salt as the sea, I swan."

Olive slipped down on her knees. She held the paper now, and read aloud, in a curious, hushed tone, by the light of the lantern one of her girl friends held:

"'Below the salt tide-waters and the encroaching false sands.' Could ther' be any sort of a danger down yonder?" she called to Tom, who laughed back at her with merry lips.

"Danger! Thar ain't no danger down here; there's only iron coffers full of gold a-belongin' to you, and

a-waitin' for me to bring them to you, and give you and your'n the best 'Thanksgivin' New England's ever seen."

"Danger!" mutters Uncle Si. "Why, sis, the airth ain't got no volcanoes into it in these parts;" and the old man laughed grimly, as the pickax resounded with its dull thuds against the loosening, moist soil.

'Lige Tuck drew near.

And Olive for the first time that day or night looked at him.

"So you wouldn't jine in and help 'em search for my fortune, would you?"

"What for?" he replies, doggedly. "What I'm after is you, not a heap o' gold, 'lowin' it's thar."

"Maybe you ain't," Olive answers, with a frown. "Leastways, you might show some kinder interest-like and help. Looks as though you didn't set no store by me nor my folks, a-holdin' off when every livin' soul in the Harbor's a-lendin' a hand."

"Do you want that I should lend a hand, Olive?" he asks, plaintively.

"Yes, I do."

"All right, then—here goes!" 'Lige tosses off his jacket and cap, picks up a spade, and with a "Look out thar!" gives a leap down into the pit, where now only Uncle Si and Tom Redmond are working.

Tom looks up angrily, but Uncle Si, with a groan of relief, clambers up into the fresh air to take a rest.

"What yer want, 'Lige Tuck?" Tom Redmond gruffly demands.

"What do I 'want'?" the other returns, contemptuously. "What I want's Olive Sessions 'ithout a cent or a coin, that's what I want; but—"

"What d'yer mean?" Tom yells.

"Nothin' 't what I say!"

"You git out o' this, d'yer hear! You ain't got no right down here, nohow."

"Hold on," 'Lige says, quietly, jerking his thumb up above; "she sent me."

"You lie! She didn't!"

"Say that again, Tom Redmond."

'Lige lifts his powerful arm and plants his feet firmly on the ledge of rock above Tom, where he stands.

"You lie!" Tom shrieks, raising his pickax high in the air and bringing it down with all the force of his lithe young arm.

It misses its aim.

Olive Sessions, kneeling, peering down with wide, startled eyes into the pit—and the others gathered about the brink, too—see the pickax fall short of 'Lige, hear the sharp, quick crack of metal against metal when it strikes.

A loud shout rends the air! In that crowning moment everything is forgotten in the cry that goes up from Tom Redmond's throat.

"The iron chest!—the iron chest! More light!—more light!"

As they crowd about, banging their lanterns over on sticks, they see Tom on his knees scraping away the earth from something with the intensity of a madman, and then there is disclosed to their eager gaze the square outline of Hans van Santen's iron chest—even its brass trimmings glimmer faintly through the greenish mold of two centuries of damp—and then, who sees it first?

'Lige Tuck.

The sandy soil—"the encroaching false sands" of the Dutchman's Log—sink, and rise and creep, and Tom Redmond feels the earth, life, love, fortune, all slipping, slipping down, down, and carrying him and the precious casket with it!

His fingers clutch the treasure, and with a hoarse voice he calls to them to "Save him!"

The sands—the quicksands—are up to this throat! He feels the iron chest glide out of his grasp like a thing of life! His eyes are blinded, his tongue cleaves to the roof of his mouth with terror!

The others do not understand.

'Lige Tuck, standing on the rocky ledge with one foot on the pickax that was meant to strike him to death, does understand.

He looks up—and sees Olive Sessions's pallid face looking over.

She understands, too; so well that speech fails her.

'Lige makes a spring, holding on to the rocky ledge with one hand. He leans, leans until at last he catches Tom Redmond by the arm with a grip of iron. He lifts him high above his head. Those up on the brink catch him, a dead weight, in their arms, and 'Lige lifts himself back to the earth, and walks away, whistling softly to himself.

And gently, swiftly, surely, the false sands creep up and up, and in a brief hour the pit is full of the sand that shines whitely in the moonlight, and tells no tales of treasure found and treasure lost.

Olive stares at it, and feels it vaguely with her hands, and then she stares around.

Uncle Si and his sons are carrying Tom Redmond over to the farmhouse, and his mother whimpers often that her "boy is dead!"

They have all left her, all forgotten her! The heiress and the heroine of a little hour, she kneels there alone! And then, with a low, awful sob, she remembers 'Lige—noble, brave, forbearing, unselfish—

"Where is he?—where is he?" the girl moans in her newborn anguish.

"Oh, he's all right. He's only swooned. 'Tain't more'n that."

And 'Lige Tuck, still whistling softly, went on his way toward the sea.

"I ain't a-thinkin' of him!" she cries, contemptuously.

He turns; he comes close to her, and bends his head to a level with hers.

"Who be you a-thinkin' of, then, and who be you a-callin' out about with tears—oh, Olive?"

"You!" she murmurs, putting out her two young arms and drawing his dark head down to her breast.

"Oh, Olive!"

His rough kisses are the sweetest she has ever known! His broken words, the softest she has ever heard!

"'Ll you forgive me, 'Lige?"

"Guess so," he says, stroking her soft hair.

"Serry I ain't a heiress?"

"No; glad enough. And—Olive?"

"Well?"

"'Ll you be married to me 'Thanksgivin' night?"

She nods her head.

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NEW GROTTOS.

THE Fish River Caves, near Sydney, in Australia, are among the most remarkable limestone grottoes in the world, and take rank with the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky and the Luray Cavern in Virginia. The Fish River Caves, which have been recently explored, are remarkable for a kind of filigree glass-work and stalactite drapery which hangs like arras from the walls and roofs. In one part of the cave a pond of clear water was found,

"its bottom glistening with pearls and other concretionary forms like nodules, marbles, birds'-eggs, etc., interspersed with patches of diminutive coral forms."

In the Shawl Cave there are curtains from ten to twenty feet long, some nearly white, others beautifully striped with pink, yellow and brown.

A fresh grotto has also been discovered quite recently at Dorgali, in Sardinia. The grotto commences with a large hall with sixteen columns rising from the alabaster floor, and apparently sustaining the pure white roof, which is wreathed and festooned with flowers and figures of animals in limestone. The most wonderful thing in the hall was, however, the petrified skeleton of a majestic stag, which was partly destroyed by visitors, and the spine of which has been sent entire to a professor of natural history in Cagliari. The grotto consists of six other large chambers full of natural curiosities.

THE EVOLUTION OF GAMING.

BY CHARLES BACON.

THE passion for gambling is an invariable factor of civilized life. From the birth of history to the present time, every dawn of culture and light has been accompanied by a revival of games of chance. Ancient inscriptions prove that when Egypt, nourished by the wealth produced from her rich soil, first emerged from barbarism, her lords and nobles were fond of staking their riches upon the imperfect games then known. When Athens was at the zenith of her glory, Alcibiades and his dissolute comrades astonished the world by the magnitude of their wagers. The Roman patricians of the Augustan age delighted in squandering upon the gaming-table the treasures which a suppliant world laid at their feet. When John Law, the famous Scotch financier, who originated the Mississippi scheme, visited France, during the Regency, his first and most important recommendation to the society of the brilliant and dissipated court was his extraordinary skill at play. During the last century, England was ruled by polished gamblers, who nightly won and lost huge sums at the hazard-tables at Brooks's and White's clubs. And the game goes on to-day. In the home of wealth and in the dingy abode of poverty, in rich clubs and tawdry gambling-hells, at the stockbroker's office and on the Board of Trade—under many a name and guise, the voice of the croupier drones out, automatically, the words which bring fortune or beggary to multitudes of living men and women.

The evolution of the gaming passion is simple enough. Before civilization dawned upon the world men held to the doctrine that "might is right." The rude barbarians were fierce, aggressive and acquisitive. Scorning any vague notions of *meum* and *tuum*, they exercised their brain and sinews in little predatory excursions, which generally ended in murder and robbery. The beggarly Thracian, rich only in nature's inheritance of strength and courage, descended upon the fat flocks and herds of the Grecian husbandman, slew the man of property and led his wife and children away into slavery, just as he drove away the sheep and beeves. At times, too, primeval man would slay his neighbor, if, by so doing, he might live royally, until some one stronger chanced his way and exacted retributive justice.

The age of chivalry was another cycle of undeveloped gambling. The lord of the manor was wont to sally forth, incased in iron, in search of adventures, which always occurred in the shape of battles or jousts with other gamblers of primitive notions, resulting in the death of

one contestant, whereupon the victor carried homeward the armor, and other personal property, of his defeated foe, to enjoy the well-earned applause of his retainers and vassals. The robber barons of Germany were great gamblers, according to primitive ideas. From their mountain fastnesses, they kept strict watch over the highways, and played freebooter with every merchant caravan venturesome enough to come their way. If kings might carry on great wars, sacking rich cities and laying waste fertile territory, these unsyllogistic men-at-arms thought it followed that they were right in doing, on a small scale, what their superiors accomplished by more comprehensive means. Indeed, judging from the causes of the wars of the Middle Ages, it is not easy to point out the flaw in their reasoning.

But with the advance of civilization it soon became evident that these little idiosyncrasies of the ancient nobility were rather detrimental to commerce and trade. The most conservative and stupid of kings and kaisers saw that their revenues depended more upon peaceful trade than upon robbery and murder. Therefore, as with the older civilizations, law intervened, and freebooting was met and overcome by the practical arguments of the executioner's rope and ax.

The passion for acquiring the goods of others without labor was, however, too firmly implanted in human nature to be uprooted, and with no little ingenuity men invented other and more peaceful means of robbery. The combinations and chances of cards and dice were made the subjects of contracts, whereby on the one hand an agreement was made to steal, and on the other to submit to robbery.

The results were much the same. Honest gamblers were, and still are, beggared by tricksters and cheats. The slavery into which the victorious barbarian led his conquered foe was reproduced first by the voluntary enslavement of defeated gamblers, which was common enough among the Greeks and Romans. Even in these later days woosers of fortune are often made the slaves of money-lending Shylocks by their devotion to gaming. Again, as the primitive gambler lost his life by defeat, so the modern gambler often commits suicide under the pressure of his losses. The annals of Baden Baden, Homburg and Monaco are full of such instances.

The literature of gaming is attractive. Historians and novelists have made the exploits of *Chevaliers d'Industrie* the basis of many interesting chapters of narrative. W. H. Ainsworth has told how John Law made his progresses through Europe, meeting and conquering every adversary at his game of Pharaoh. The happy-go-lucky Irishmen who live in the Charles Lever's stories win and lose with a nonchalance admirable in the opinion of the gambler. Barry Lyndon and Hon. Frederick Deneceae cheat their way through life with joyous ease, according to Thackeray, though that novelist was faithful enough to truth to show the wretchedness of their last days. And his hero, Harry Warrington, who enters London fresh from the wilderness of Virginia, wins and loses bravely with men of fame and honor.

The last century was the zenith of gaming. Horace Walpole, the chronicler of its wit and folly, has preserved hosts of anecdotes of the prodigious losses and gains of such men as Lord Chesterfield, Pulteney, Charles James Fox and Sheridan. "Were it not," wrote Chesterfield, "for the comfort of returning health, I believe I would hang myself; I am so weary of sauntering about without knowing what to do, or of playing at low play, which I hate, for the sake of avoiding high, which I love." Walpole says: "The ladies game too deep for



THE FAMOUS CASINO AT MONTE CARLO, MONACO.

me. The last time I was in town Lady Hertford wanted one, and I lost fifty-six guineas before I could say an *Ave Maria*." A few other remarks of great people of the day may be quoted. "The rich people win everything. Sir James Lowther has won above seven thousand (pounds)." "Lord Masham was fool enough to lose three thousand (pounds) at hazard to Lord Bolingbroke." "The gaming is worthy the decline of our empire. The young men lose five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds in one evening. Lord Stavordale, not one-and-twenty, lost eleven thousand last Tuesday, but recovered it by one great hand at hazard. He swore a great oath, 'Now, if I had been playing deep, I might have won millions.'"

"Society in those days was one vast casino," says George Otto Trevelyan. "On whatever pretext, and under whatever circumstances, half a dozen people of fashion found themselves together—whether for music or dancing or politics, or for drinking the waters or each other's wine—the box was sure to be rattling, and the cards were being cut and shuffled. . . . During a long and fierce debate on Wilkes, and a close division—so close that two votes were purchased with two peerages, and that invalids were brought down in flannels and blankets, till the floor of the House (Parliament) was compared to the pavement of Bethesda—eight or nine Whig ladies, who could not find room in the gallery, after a cozy dinner, were contentedly sitting round a pool in one of the Speaker's chambers."

George Selwyn, the famous wit, and the Earl of March, who afterward, as Duke of Queensbury, was supposed to be possessed of a legion of

evil spirits, were partners at gambling. Their letters sound oddly to modern ears. "When I came home last night," March writes, "I found your letter on my table. So you have lost a thousand pounds. . . . As to your banker, I will call there to-morrow. Make yourself easy about that, for I have three thousand pounds now at Coutts's. There will be no bankruptcy without we are both ruined at the same time." In another letter he says: "I have lost my match and am quite broke. I cannot tell how much. I am obliged to you for thinking of my difficulties, and providing for them in the midst of all your own." "Selwyn, when he was in his senses," says Trevelyan, "bitterly cried out against the passion for cards. 'It was a consumer,' he said, 'of four

things—time, health, fortune and thinking.' He eventually gave up high play, but not before he had tried his hand at fleecing Wilberforce."

Charles James Fox, the famous Liberal leader, was a prodigious gamester in his younger days. It is said that his first three years of public life cost his father one hundred and fifty thousand pounds—about a thousand pounds a week—for gaming debts alone. His brother, Stephen Fox, was an equally ardent gamester and almost as unlucky. Lord Foley, whose name brightens the annals of the British turf, spent over one hundred thousand pounds upon his horses and wagers.

The loss of such immense sums suggests a suspicion of unfair play. According to Trevelyan: "A half-century afterward Lord Egremont told Lord Holland that mature reflection, aided by enlarged experience, had convinced him that the constant and immoderate superiority which certain players maintained over Charles Fox



A CHINESE GAMBLING-HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

and other young men was not to be explained by the fortune of the dice; but if any one, he added, had dared to hint such a suspicion at the time, the losers themselves would have torn him in pieces."

Gambling nowadays is very different. A century ago moneyed men of leisure had not learned that he who gambles will sooner or later cheat. The stock exchange was almost inaccessible, and, besides, was the resort of a class of men with whom the polished courtiers of George III. declined intercourse. Naturally, they devoted their surplus energies to gaming among themselves. But now the methods of our ancestors have been given up to the blackleg; for while gentlemen may amuse themselves in the card-room or the betting-ring at the race-track, they have learned to avoid risking large sums at either place. Captain Hawk, the noble gentleman who lives by his wits, was a famous fellow once, but in these days he has become a seedy, red-nosed individual, whose every ap-

pearance and attitude suggest the pick pocket rather than the man of honor. At times, of course, he catches some un wary fledgeling, but those times are few and far between. The keeper of the gambling hell is commonly an ex-convict or prize fighter, and his victims are lost souls, either fallen from some higher estate or risen from some deeper degradation. It is said

that young men of honor still ruin themselves at this pastime, but good observers have noted that they commonly take warning early and avoid the snare.

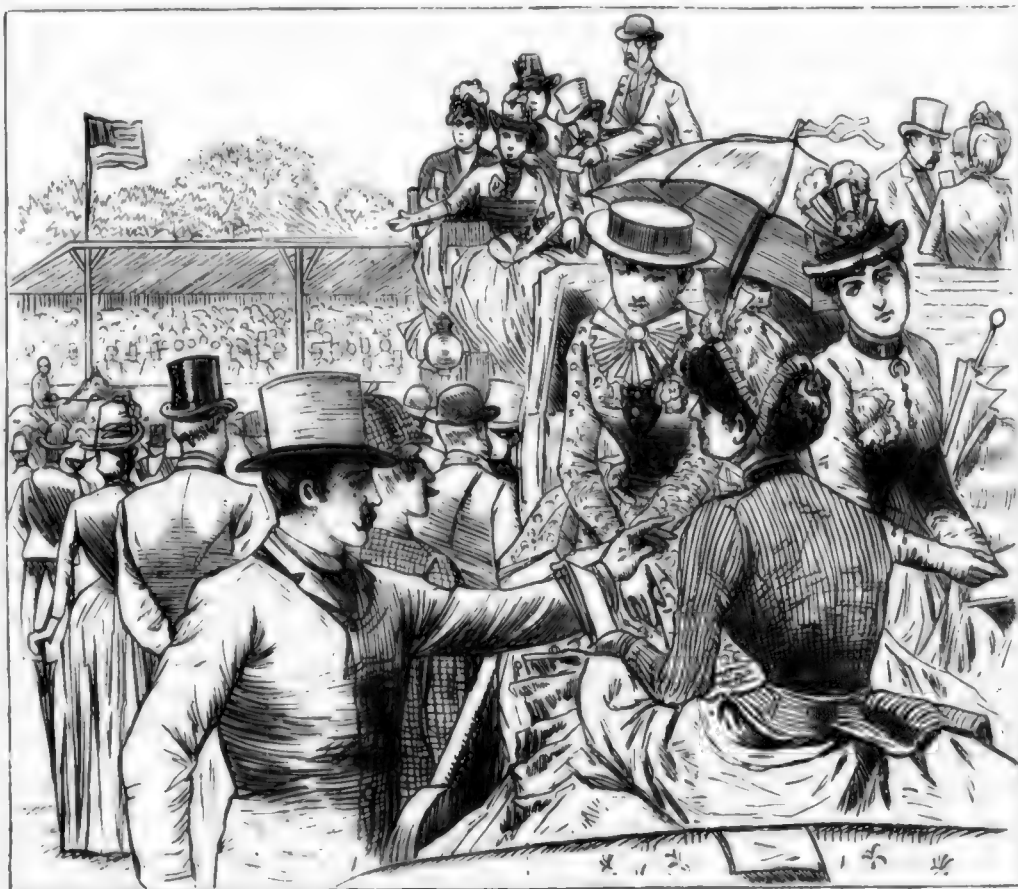
The stock exchange is the grand casino of these days. In that bottomless pit of speculation the man who has ten dollars is the equal of the millionaire. Each bets on his stock and discusses the chances of rise and fall with cheerful equanimity. Cheating is fair, and the best cheat is the best fellow. The fortunes which have been lost at this game dwarf into insignificance all that fable ever lent to ordinary gambling. The fortunes won are few in number, but they rival in magnitude the wealth of Croesus and the hoards of the Rothschilds.

The operation is rather pretty. The outsider, diligently watching the movements of the market, sees that every alternation in the price of stock means profit or loss to the owner; but when he goes down to his broker's office and buys on a margin, he commonly learns that the wire-pullers behind the screen have a way of putting

down prices until his margin is eaten up, and then putting up prices again until another lot of fresh victims have been drawn into the net. This scheme, which is facetiously called "milking the street," is performed indefinitely, to the intense amusement of the sharpers. The dupes get as much satisfaction out of it as they can, but that is all they get.

Luck, of course, sometimes plays strange pranks with stock-dealers. Some years ago, a well-known stock was sold down on the market to an unnaturally small price. Every one supposed that its companion stock, owned by the same money-king, would also fall. A broker was off on his vacation, and had left a rather inexperienced clerk in charge. With the customary friendly feelings which brokers always have for one another, his friends on the exchange seized the opportunity and poured selling orders into his office, all of which the clerk accepted. The broker returned and stood aghast when he saw the

orders accepted in his absence. In vain he appealed to his friends for mercy—he was met by the laughing response that "there's no friendship in poker." Seeing, then, that he was ruined anyhow if the stock went down, he advertised that he would accept all selling orders. Now it happened that the "old man," as the money-king was known, had had no part in the



BOOK-BETTING AT THE RACES.

game that was being played with his stock, and, being exceedingly wroth thereat, went down on the market one day and put the companion stock up about twenty points. Our broker made a fortune, and his friends had a chance to think over their meanness.

Gaming presents many curious features as carried on among half-civilized peoples. Tacitus related that games of chance were once introduced among the Anglo-Saxon tribes of ancient Germany. The people took to it with avidity, and it speedily became an absorbing passion. Harvests were neglected; men played for their flocks and herds, their personal clothing, implements of war, and, when all else was gone, staked their wives and children and themselves upon the contest, just as the Southern planters, in the good old days before the war, would bet their slaves at poker. It did not last long, however, for they were fighting men, and the issue of a battle was a more satisfactory method of gambling to their untutored minds.

The North American Indian is a famous gambler. For long periods, tribes will work like beavers, tanning skins, making blankets, and preparing other articles dear to the savage heart. When all is complete, the contesting tribes meet. Pony is betted against pony, blanket against blanket, and tent against tent, until one tribe has the whole. The victors march away in triumph and the conquered go to work again to recover their losses as best they can. It is said that one wily savage, having learned the game of poker at a station, succeeded in destroying his adversaries by insisting that a pair of twos beat a pair of aces, on the ground that there were more spots on the cards; but when he subsequently argued that jacks beat queens because a man was greater than a woman, his quondam friends rose and smote him.

Gaming is peculiarly attractive to the Chinaman. The almond-eyed Asiatics crowd together in suffocating laundries and play their national game of fan-tan. The *modus operandi* has been often described, but a few words will not be amiss. The gamekeeper grasps a handful of cash (Chinese pennies) and throws them upon the table. The croupier then draws out four at a time, and the players bet on the number which will be left after the last draw. A very simple game, but yet with the merit of being apparently perfectly fair. A most amusing story of this game is told. Some years ago, quite a number of Chinamen were caught in a celestial gambling-room eagerly taking part in the amusement. The police promptly raided the establishment, and the whole crowd spent the night in the Tombs. The next morning, however, when arraigned in court, they one and all protested they were not gambling, but, on the contrary, were studying out the intricacies of the American coinage by object lessons. Strangely enough, the presiding judge could not see why the explanation was not satisfactory, and the astute Orientals were discharged.

It has been said that the Captain Hawk and Mr. Pigeon of former days are an extinct species. The statement is, perhaps a trifle too strong, though mainly true. Once in a while, some young man enters college with a talent for acquisition and an imperfect moral development. Ten years ago, one of these fellows enrolled his name on the student lists of a famous institution whose motto, "*Christo et ecclesie*," has been the monitor of thousands of honored Americans. Ere long, it was noised about among the freshmen that a capital time was to be had at Blank's room. Invitations were not wanting. Little suppers, with well-selected wines, were of frequent occurrence. These usually ended in a poker revel, out of which Blank always made money. To be sure, the faculty and all the better boys rather disapproved. Blank and his companions were blackballed at the societies, but as his pecuniary gains were on the increase, he probably cared little. At the end of his first year, two of his companions were driven from college by reason of debts which might easily have been paid if their allowances had not found their way into Mr. Blank's pocket. During another year, an irate parent complained to the authorities that his son had been ruined by this sharper. Later on, one of the brightest of his classmates, fearing the faces of his parents, fled into the darkness, and was lost among the adventures of the Western wilderness, leaving behind a legacy of shame and sorrow. His farewell letter told the grim news of forgery, committed to obtain the means of gaming with this modern *Chevalier d'Industrie*. About the same time, one of those sensitive, high-strung men who win the world by pure genius, or failing, retire into obscurity, took his life, under pressure of losses at Mr. Blank's pleasant little *sorrees*. These incidents, of course,

resulted in the retirement of Mr. Blank from further residence in the academic town, but good observers noted at the time that he must have laid up the foundation of the fortune which now, by a successful, loveless marriage and unscrupulous "rigging" of the stock market, has become large enough to excite the envy and contempt of his fellow-citizens. His manners are winning; his deportment, correct; and his dress, perfect; yet for his life he cannot obtain an election to a club of good standing, or an invitation to the houses of any persons higher in rank than gamblers and horse-jockeys. Another instance of poetic justice, for which his more scrupulous fellow-men may be humbly grateful.

"There's no friendship in poker," is a common saying which has already been quoted. Defining the term by analogy with Horace Smith's bitter and sarcastic explanation of gratitude, one may call it an intimacy founded upon expectation of advantage. The adage is no less true if the most sentimental view of friendship is accepted. Let the vast multitude of those who have hampered their prospects in this so-called pastime tell the world whether they ever obtained sympathy or assistance from the men who won their money. At the end of one poker-party, a bright fellow pulled out a pocket dictionary, turned over the leaves rapidly and replaced it. His companions asked for explanations.

"Oh, it's no consequence whatever," was his answer. "I've lost quite a pot of money, and I just hunted for sympathy in my dictionary; 'I know I couldn't get it from you.'"

Why prolong the tale? The passion for acquisition without labor is a fact in human nature. Nothing but stern moral education can overcome it, though the very men who indulge it are the first to cry out upon their failing. In spite of the fulminations of the pulpit and the legislation of the Senate House, gaming still continues, and only the most sanguine dare hope for a millennium when the voice of the croupier shall no longer be heard droning out the fatal words: "*Messieurs, faites votre jeu; le jeu est fait; rien ne va plus; rouge gagne et couleur.*"

THE TINCAL TRADE OF ASIA.

WHAT is "tincal"? Considering the importance of this trade, and the fact that it is daily increasing, it is somewhat remarkable that the majority of people of this country are entirely ignorant of the existence of such a trade, and in all probability most of the readers of the heading of this article will be moved with curiosity to know what "tincal" is, prior to their interest being awakened concerning the trade in it. It may be well, therefore, before treating of the trade in tincal, to explain in a few words the nature of this important natural product of the East.

Tincal is crude or rough borax, which is imported from Calcutta in crystalline masses, which contain borax combined with soda and a fatty acid. The salt is never termed borax until refined or purified. It was very early known to the Arabians, but they applied the term "baurach" indifferently to carbonate of soda, the *nitrum* and *natron* of the ancients, also found as an efflorescence of the soil. "Baurach" is among the many chemical preparations noticed by the Arabian, Geber, who lived in the eighth century. It was employed by him for one of the same purposes for which it is used at present, viz., to assist in reducing the oxides of certain metals to the metallic state. Tincal is a saline compound or combination of soda with boracic acid, and this acid is a

compound of oxygen with an elementary substance to which the name of "boron" is applied.

Thibet is the natural home of this mineral salt, where it is found in extensive districts. Quantities are dug out of the earth and crystallized, and a great many of the shepherds of Thibet are engaged in collecting this substance. The earth in some districts of Thibet, especially in the neighborhood of Tasso Lumbo, is so impregnated with it, that as the dew falls it becomes saturated with it, and the stunted vegetation is soon covered with this crystalline salt. Large masses of it are obtained from Lake Pelta.

NONE?

Is THERE no beauty that the days remember—

Songs of the morning in this dreary heat of noon?

Spark of pure flame to fire the ash-gray ember?

No glow of Summer in this drear December?

To light this gloom of night no star, no moon?

In these last days must men nyo go on crutches,

Not leap as when of yore they vied with gods in strife?

No goddess now descends with amorous clutches

To woo a mortal, grant with sweet lip-touches

Infinite of bliss to mortal life?

Oh, must we, must we still all beauty sever

From life, which makes things lovelier, sweeter than they are?

As we the gods, will future times for ever

Banish the godlike, and by forced endeavor

See but a taper in the evening star?

I have watched scenes in which my heart beat faster,

Yet only saw that Beauty which concealed them all:

My heart grew younger, richer, mightier, vaster—

I asked if aught immortal nyo surpassed her—

And men saw but great rocks; trees; torrents fall.

I saw a maiden in whose every feature

Nature had sung a poem of loftiest, tenderest strain,

Whose heart-moved eye sang sweet songs back to Nature:

To me, the ideal of God's purest creature,

To th' world, a fair, cold face of distant mien.

O Truth! with thy keen gaze inspire our nation!

O Beauty! stir the world's cold pulse with thy quick
leaven!

The poet shows the ideals of man's aspiration,

But the world's coldness chills his inspiration,

Unsympathy drives back his gods to heaven.

A. E. H.

SEAL-HUNTING ON THE COAST OF LABRADOR.

THE 10th of March was lowering and threatening, but the twenty steamers that had been moored in the harbor with a light vapor slowly escaping from their smoke-stacks for the past twenty-four hours were not to be kept from their perilous voyage into the regions of ice. The fleet of sailing-vessels had been gone ten days, and by this time might be in the midst of large schools of seals, and these steamers must do their best to make up the handicap allowed in favor of the less reliable sailing-vessels. So in the early light of morning, a storm near at hand, we all cast moorings, and were soon steaming down the harbor in company, and fast leaving St. John's in the distance.

My vessel is a 500-ton steamer, strongly built to stand the pressure of ice and cleave its way through the fields of ice, being stoutly timbered, sheathed with ironwood and having an iron-plated stem. The crew numbered 225, as stalwart a lot of fellows as could be collected

together. There is always great excitement connected with the seal-fishery. The perils and hardships to be encountered, and the skill and courage required in battling with the ice-granite, throw a romantic interest around this kind of venture. Every one takes an interest in the fortunes of the hunt: even for those at home it is like an army going out to battle. When a vessel returns in two or three weeks laden to the gunwale, they are welcomed home by thundering cheers and are the heroes of the hour. The old men listen with deep interest to the tales of perils and narrow escapes from the treacherous ice, and remember themselves of similar adventures, and the young Newfoundlander longs for the day when he shall share in the wild joys and excitement of the hunt.

According to law, no sailing-vessel can be cleared for the ice before the 1st of March, and no steamer before the 10th. As the time for starting approaches, the streets and wharves of St. John's assume an unwonted appearance of bustle. The steamer and sailing-vessels begin to take in stores and complete repairs, and every part of the vessel is examined to see if it is safe for the new perils it has to encounter. Rough berths are fitted up for the sealers, bags of biscuit, barrels of pork, water, fuel and ballast are taken on board. A crowd of eager applicants surround the shipping-offices, powerful-looking men in rough jackets and long boots, splashing tobacco-juice over the white snow in all directions, and shouldering one another in their anxiety to get booked. Every one is anxious to get a chance on one of the steamers, for their chances are considered better than sailing-vessels. The second-rate and older men are obliged to content themselves with berths on board the sailing-vessels, while many are left behind. This was the reason that all our crew were such stalwart men, powerfully built and young.

The cold east wind directly off the Labrador current chills us to the bone, but we are soon to encounter the intensest cold. The spray begins to freeze to our bow, mountains of ice are seen towering in the distance. Soon we are in the ice-fields, and the glittering expanse of ice surrounds us on all sides, dotted here and there with towering bergs of every shape and size, having gleaming turrets, domes and spires. Steep billows and ridges frequently rise in the rugged and broken field. The sun reflects itself with dazzling brilliancy from the broad and glassy sheet. These words of "the Ancient Mariner" come forcibly to my mind:

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice-mast-high came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men, nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound."

Just as we arrived among the ice, the threatened storm broke upon us with full fury. The unbroken swell of the Atlantic, in huge continuous ridges, came rolling in, lifting the vast pavement of ice in its mighty folds, and, like a plaything, raised our vessel first on its broad dome, then swallowed it up in its deep hollows. The ice-field was soon broken into countless floes, and, as they alternately opened and shut with a terrible noise when they

came together, being thrown one upon another and piled to a height of thirty or forty feet, we could not help thinking, "Woe to the unfortunate vessel that is within range of these fearful missiles." It is surprising how few accidents occur among sealers when so continually exposed to these terrible dangers. In some fearful storms two or three sealers are lost, but this is a rare occurrence. Our captain understood the ice as an engineer does his engine, and he kept us continually out of danger. The thundering crashes of the ice-giants as they came together in the fearful war, the floes and bergs grappling with each other in the fray, and the roaring overhead of the blinding snowstorm, all combine to make up a scene of terrible confusion. At times the gigantic icebergs take part in the contest, and, borne along by the unswerving course of the deep-sea current, heedless of wind and

and wearisome. The moon, the stars and the flickering aurora are needed to reveal all its beauty. Beneath the mild light of the moon, and in contrast with the deeper blue of the sky, ice-scenery is always most impressive. During the calm that succeeds the storm, the evenings amid the ice-fields are often lovely, so it was in our case. The dry, bracing atmosphere sends the blood dancing through the veins. The clouds having cleared away, the sky is left doubly clear and beautiful, studded with stars, through which the brilliant moon sails in calm radiance. The ice had been opened in all directions by the pinions of the storm, and we find ourselves steaming gently through calm water where but a few hours ago the ice was crashing and grinding like so many wicked imps, each trying to destroy the other. Numerous fairy islets of glittering ice with shining pinnacles and fantastic

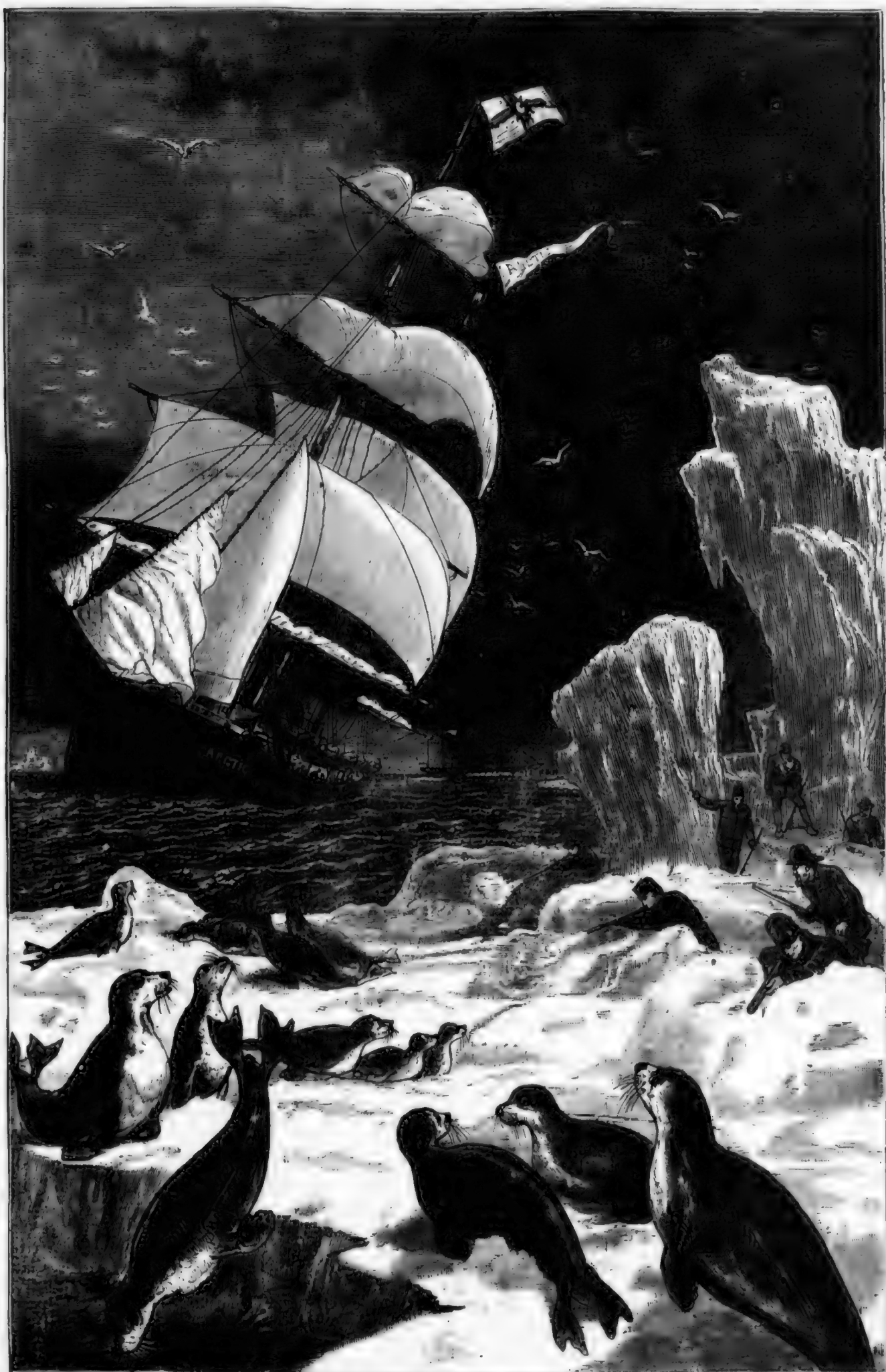


THE EVOLUTION OF GAMING.—A SCENE IN THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—SEE PAGE 695.

wave they smite the ice-field as with the hammer of Thor, rending and tearing the mighty mass, and sending its fragments flying in all directions. In the dim distance, through the blinding snow, I saw a vast mountain of ice bearing down toward us. The captain saw it too and gave it a wide berth. The wind had given it a rotary motion, and as the ponderous mass came opposite us less than half a mile away, it struck the corner of an ice-floe and crashed the ice for hundreds of feet, then went on its course, still rotating as before. We may describe a berg in the most terrible language and yet not convey the faintest idea of its size. We may even see one and yet get no adequate idea of its magnitude, so much of it is hidden from our sight. Scoresby calculates one at about ten thousand millions of tons.

The next day the sun is out again, shining brightly, and its dazzling brilliancy reflected on the ice is monotonous

forms float calmly around us as we sail through the open "leads." A magnificent auroral display o'erspreads the sky. There is an immense curtain of light having a border of the richest and most vivid colors, waving its folds like the canopy of an immense tent when agitated by the wind; green, blue and red hues are seen coloring the aurora. Occasionally the whole sky is flushed with intense crimson, which, when reflected from the snow, gives it a blood-red hue. These vast flame-curtains seem to open and close with inconceivable rapidity, and radiations of purple, pink, green and orange sport about the heavens, swelling like waves upon a mysterious shore. Flashes of light in quick succession dart from side to side, the sky being one moment dark, the next lighted up with fitful gleams. Long, converging pencils of light, of various colors, range themselves round a blank space near the zenith, and form a corona, and then suddenly vanish.



SEAL-HUNTING ON THE COAST OF LABRADOR.—SEE PAGE 698.

Now that we have an idea of the scenery, let us look into the equipment of the steamer and give an idea of the hunt. The young seals are born from the 15th to the 25th of February, and as they grow rapidly, by the 20th of March they are in perfect condition. From this time to the 1st of April, when they begin to take to the water, they are powerless to escape from the ruthless hunters, whose very object is to reach them while they are yet dependent on their mothers' milk for support. The great Arctic current, fed by streams from the seas east of Greenland, and from Baffin's and Hudson's Bays, bears on its bosom hundreds of square miles of floating ice which are carried past the shores of Newfoundland to find their destiny in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream. Somewhere amid the floating masses the seals have brought forth their young, which remain on the ice, during the first period of their growth, for five or six weeks. The chief aim of the hunters is to get among the great hordes of "white-coats," as the young seals are called, before they can swim. For this purpose they go forth at the appointed time, steering northward till they come in sight of those terrible icy wildernesses which, agitated by the swell of the Atlantic, threaten destruction to all rash invaders. These hardy seal-hunters, however, who are accustomed to battle with the floes, are quite at home among the bergs, and crushing ice-masses; and where other mariners would shrink away in terror, they fearlessly dash into the ice, wherever an opening presents itself, in search of their prey.

In the last weeks of February the roads leading from the various outposts of St. John's begin to be enlivened by the appearance of "swilers," all equipped for "swile-huntin'," as they call their occupation. Each of them has a bundle of spare clothing over his shoulder, at the extremity of a long pole six or seven feet in length, which is called a "gaff," and serves as a club to strike the seal on the nose, where it is most vulnerable. With the same weapon he leaps from ice-blocks to ice-blocks, using it as an ice-pole and also for the purpose of dragging the seal-pelt to the vessel. To answer these various purposes the "gaff" is armed with an iron hook at one end, and bound with iron. Some of the men, in addition, carry a long sealing-gun on their shoulders, for the purpose of shooting old seals and others that cannot be reached by the gaff. The outfit of the sealers is of the simplest description. Seal-skin boots reaching to the knee, having a thick leather sole well nailed, to enable them to walk over the ice, protect the feet; coarse canvas jackets, often showing the industry of a wife or mother in the size and number of patches which adorn them, are worn over warm shirts and other inner clothing; seal-skin caps and tweed or moleskin trousers, with thick woolen mitts, complete the costume, which is more picturesque than handsome.

In the fore-castle, or other parts of the ship, rough berths are constructed. The sealers have to furnish themselves with a straw mattress and blanketing. The men are packed like mackerel in a barrel, and as a rule, never undress during the voyage. In the rare event of putting on a clean shirt it goes over its predecessor, a method which saves time and trouble, and is, besides, conducive to warmth. The food is none of the daintiest, and one who is at all squeamish about what he "eats, drinks and avoids," had better not attempt "swile-huntin'." The diet consists of biscuit, pork, butter and tea sweetened with molasses. "Duff," a delightful mixture of flour and water, with a little fatty substance "to lighten it," is made for dinner, three or four times a week, and the cannon-ball texture is well marked. Tea, sweet-

ened with molasses, and biscuit, form the bulk of their other meals, and upon this rough fare these hardy fellows go through their laborious work and seem to thrive and grow healthy. Their diet is improved, however, when they fall in with seals. They cook the heart, liver, flippers, and other parts, and feast on them *ad libitum*, and when they come ashore they are in excellent health, though the odor that attends them is much like that of the inside of an Esquimaux hut in midwinter. When out on the ice, it is a common practice to string upon their belts a dozen or two of seals' kidneys or hearts and eat them raw, as appetite prompts. This use of fresh meat acts as a preventive to scurvy. Very little sickness occurs among the men while leading this rough life, though they are often eight or ten weeks without seeing land, and enduring the hardest toils. Our vessel was very fortunate, and the hold was first filled, then the men surrendered their berths, to be packed full of "white-coats." Indeed, every nook and corner was filled with the precious fat, and the sealers slept where they could—in barrels on deck, on a layer of seals, or in the coal-bunkers. They do this all the more readily because they are paid in proportion to the size of the catch. It seems marvelous to see men, after eight or ten weeks of such a life, leap ashore hearty and vigorous. Their outer garments are polished with seal-fat and the blood of their victims, and the pleasantest side of them, before a change of clothes is made, is the windward.

The experiences of a sealing voyage are various, being influenced by the ever-shifting condition of ice and the direction of the wind. The great aim of the sealers is to reach that portion of the ice which is the "whelping-grounds" of the seals, "while yet the young are in their plump oleaginous babyhood." The position of the ice-nursery is utterly uncertain, being dependent upon the movements of the ice as determined by winds and waves. It has to be sought for amid vast ice-fields. At times, in endeavoring to push her way through, the vessel is caught in the heavy ice, and then the ice-saws are called into requisition to cut an opening to the nearest "lead" of clear water. But the heavy Arctic ice may close in under the pressure of a nor'easter, and then no amount of steam-power can drive her through. Howling night closes in; bergs and floes are crashing all around, and momentarily threatening her with destruction; the wind roars through the shrouds, driving on its wings the arrowy sleet and snow, sharp as needles, which only men of iron can stand. Thus locked in the embrace of the floe, the luckless vessel is drifted helplessly hundreds of miles, till a favorable wind loosens the prison-walls. It is no uncommon occurrence for a hundred vessels to be thus beset by heavy ice, through which no passage can be forced. Some are "nipped," some crushed to atoms, and the men have to escape for their lives over the ice. Others are carried into the great northern bays or borne in the heavy "pack" up and down on the ocean for weeks, returning to port "clean," that is, without a single seal. At other times a vessel, a day or two after leaving port, finds herself in the middle of a "seal-patch." The whole ice for miles around is covered thickly with the young "white-coats," and in a fortnight from the time of departure she returns to port loaded to the gunwale, her decks being piled with the skins and fat of the seals.

When approaching such an El Dorado as this the excitement is intense, as the welcome whimpering of the young harp-seals is heard. Their cry has a remarkable resemblance to the sobbing or whining of an infant in pain, which is redoubled as the destroyers approach.

As I heard this for the first time I was almost overcome by these baby lamentations. Compassion, however, was soon gulped down, and bounding over the ice, we begun our work of destruction. A blow on the nose from the gaff stuns or kills the young seal. Instantly the scalping-knife is at work; the skin and fat adhering are detached with amazing rapidity from the carcass, which is left on the ice, still quivering with life. The "pelt" is generally three feet long and two and a half feet wide, and weighs from thirty-five to fifty pounds. With a load of five or six pelts each hunter starts back to the vessel over the rough ice, dragging his load after him. If the ice is loose and open the sealer has to leap from "pan" to "pan." The cold bath that is sometimes given to an unwary jumper is not appreciated so well by him as his amused companions.

Fancy two or three hundred men on a field of ice carrying on this murderous work, their persons smeared with bloody evidence of the wholesale slaughter; the ice stained with gore and covered with the skinless carcasses of the slain; the shivering seal's low moans filling the air like the sobbings of infants in distress; the murderers every minute smiting fresh victims or dragging their greasy prizes to the vessel's side. Then what a picture the vessel presents as the pelts are being piled on deck to cool previous to storage below! One after another the hunters arrive with their loads, and snatch a hasty moment to drink a bowl of tea and eat a bit of biscuit. The poor mother-seals, now cubless, are seen popping their heads up in the small lakes of water and holes among the ice, anxiously looking for their young. The maternal instinct in the female seal is wonderfully strong, and the tenderness with which the mother-seals watch over their offspring is most touching. When the young seals are cradled on the ice the mothers remain in the neighborhood, going off each morning to fish, and returning at intervals to give them suck. It is an extraordinary fact that the seals manage to keep holes in the ice open, and to prevent them freezing over in order that they may reach the water. On returning from a fishing excursion, extending over fifty or a hundred miles, each mother-seal manages to find the hole by which she took her departure. The young "white-coats" are scattered in myriads over the ice-fields. During the absence of the mothers the field of ice has shifted its position, perhaps many miles, yet each mother-seal is able to find her own hole, and to pick out her own cub from the immense herd with unerring accuracy. This is certainly one of the most remarkable achievements of animal instinct. It is quite touching to witness their signs of distress and grief when they return and find only a pool of blood and a skinless carcass instead of their whimpering little ones.

The seal brings forth one cub at a birth, and that but once a year. When born the young are covered with a thick, whitish fur. In six weeks they begin to "dip," or take to the water, and it requires as many trials to enable a young seal to swim properly as in the case of a young bird learning to fly. Just as the eagle "stirs up her young" and encourages them to use their wings, so the mother-seals tumble their babies into the water and give them swimming lessons. It is often an amusing sight to see a mother-seal pushing her chubby white offspring over the ice, and hear the poor little "white-coat" whimper its entreating remonstrance as it vainly endeavors to resist the steady pressure from behind. When they are in danger from "rafting" ice or fragments of floes dashing about by the wind, and likely to crush them, the self-sacrificing affection of the mothers

leads them to brave all dangers, and they are seen helping their young to places of safety in the unbroken ice, sometimes clasping them in their fore-flippers and swimming with them, or pushing them forward with their noses.

At the end of six weeks the young shed their white, woolly robe, which has a yellowish or golden lustre, and a smooth, spotted skin appears, having a rough, darkish fur. They have now ceased to be "white-coats," and have become "ragged-jackets." The milk on which they have been sustained is of a thick, creamy consistency, yellowish in color, and very rich and nutritious. While the mothers are thus guarding and suckling their young the males take the opportunity of enjoying themselves, and are seen sporting about in the open pools of water. The old male harps appear to be indifferent about their young. The male hood-seal, on the other hand, assists his mate in her maternal guardianship, and will fight courageously in defense of her and the young.

In the seas about Newfoundland and Labrador, there are four species of seal—the bay-seal, the harp, the hood, and the square-flipper. The bay-seal is local in its habits, does not migrate, but frequents the mouths of rivers and harbors around the coast, and is never found on the ice. It is frequently taken in nets, but commercially is of small importance. The harp-seal, so-called from having a broad, curved line of connected dark spots proceeding from each shoulder, and meeting on the back above the tail, and forming a figure something like an ancient harp, is, *par excellence*, the seal of commerce. The old males alone have this figuring, and not till their second year.

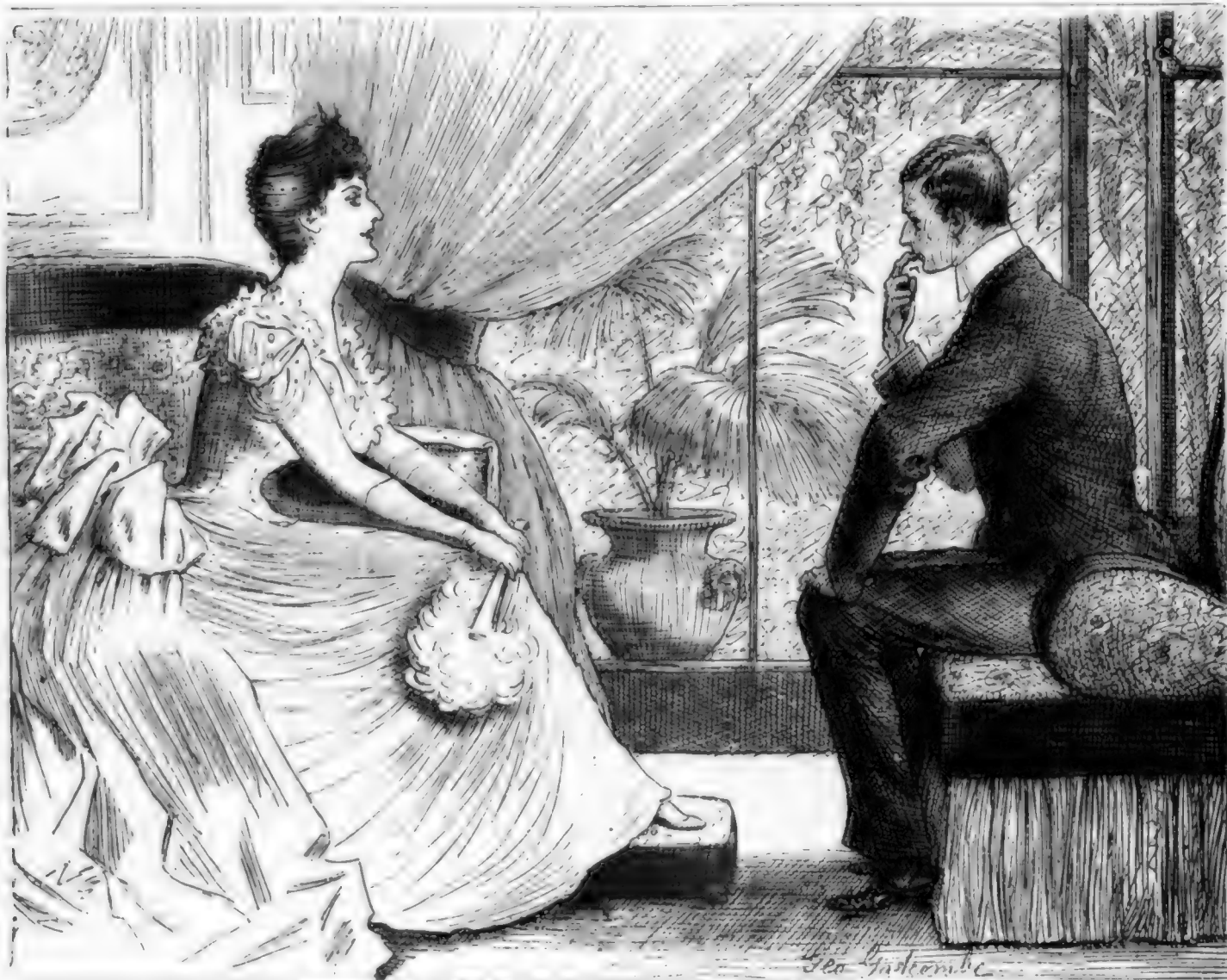
The hood-seal is much larger than the harp. The male, called by the hunter "the dog-hood," is distinguished from the female by a singular hood, or bag of flesh, on his nose. When attacked or alarmed he inflates this hood, so as to cover the face and eyes, and is strong enough to resist seal-shot. With the sensitive nose thus protected, it is impossible to kill the male even with a sealing-gun, except by shooting him in the side of the head and a little behind it, so as to strike him near the base of the skull. The young of this species have not the thick woolly coat of the harp-seals, and, from their color, they are called "blue-backs." The two species live apart, unless brought together by convulsion of the ice. They usually live more to the north and further from the shore, and bring forth their young two or three weeks later than the harps. The male and female hood are generally found together, and it is a rule among hunters to dispose of the male first. If they fail in this, and kill the female instead, the dog becomes furious, inflates his hood, while his nostrils dilate into two huge bladders. His appearance now is terrific, and with uncouth, floundering leaps he rushes upon his foe with tremendous fury. Instances have occurred where a fight between a dog-hood and five or six men has lasted for an hour, and sometimes, when the fighting space is limited to a single "pan" of ice, a hunter is fearfully torn and even killed in the encounter. They have been known to seize the handspikes with which hunters were beating them, and wrench them away with a giant's strength. On one occasion two hunters attacked a pair of hoods, and imprudently killed the female. The dog immediately inflated his hood and rushed at them furiously. They fought him with their gaffs till nearly exhausted, and a terrible death threatened them both. As a last desperate resource, one of them resolved to dash in upon the infuriated brute, while the other stood ready for the emergency. Drawing his jackknife, the hunter rushed on the

dog, and stuck it by a well-planted blow into the inflated hood. Instantly the air escaped, the shield was rendered useless, and a blow or two on the nose from the gaff of the other dispatched him.

These animals move in vast herds; south in September and north in May. Small detachments go on ahead like pioneers, while behind them moves the great army in one continuous mass. They go on as far as Grand Bank, keeping ahead of the forming ice, and feed upon the fish that swarm upon these banks. Then in February they go to the ice they have just been avoiding, and bring forth their young. As the ice breaks up they retire northward, each year completing the same cycle.

they attack, but the old seal, and it certainly looks like "killing the goose that lays the golden egg." The wise laws of Newfoundland restricting the time of departure should be still further extended, and a clause should be added that no vessel should leave after the 20th of March. This would prevent what I consider a well-marked danger to the industry, and one that may go further than that, and end in the actual extermination of the species.

THE prolonged vitality of seeds, when they are secluded from the air, is strikingly illustrated in the instance of Egyptian grain, which, after having been buried for



A DECIDED HIT.

Mr. Irvington—"THE ONLY THING THAT KEEPS ME FROM GOING ON TO THE STAGE IS THE REHEARSALS WHICH HAVE TO BE ATTENDED, I'M TOLD."

Mrs. Footlighte—"OH! COULDN'T YOU PAY SOMEBODY TO GO THROUGH ALL THAT DRUDGERY FOR YOU? IN YOUR CASE, I SHOULD THINK IT WOULD DO QUITE AS WELL."

Since 1805 there have been from 80,000 to 600,000 seals brought each year from the regions of snow. Yet, to see the vast swarm, it would seem that no ill effects had been felt. In different years the catch vacillates according to the season, but there does not seem to be any decrease in number. How much longer this can last is hard to tell, but I think I see a serious danger threatening the industry. The employment of steamers is in itself praiseworthy, because the danger to life is thus lessened in a degree, but the practice that has recently begun of sending a steamer upon two or three trips in each season is one that cannot fail of producing marked effects; for on the second or third trip it is not the young "white coat"

thousands of years, no sooner finds a congenial soil and heat and moisture than it springs forth into life; so that, in this nineteenth century, we may reap the fruit of a seed that came into being in the days of Moses. There are certain kinds of trees which, in process of time, might be in danger of extinction if it were not for the special provision that is made to protect the seeds from the ravages to which they are exposed. The rough, prickly burrs and the astringent covering of the chestnut and walnut, which drop off only after the fruit is fully matured, repel the premature attacks of the little depredators who feed entirely upon nuts, while the inner shell presents some obstacle to more destructive insects.



"HAWKSTONE STUMBLED ON OVER GNARLED ROOTS AND THROUGH SALT POOLS, AND AT THE HEAD OF THE INLET CAME TO A SQUARE BROWN HOUSE, STANDING SOLITARY IN AN OPENING OF THE WOOD."

PRINCE LUCIFER.

By ETTA W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER VI.—A DEATH-BED.

TWO MONTHS later he came. It was an afternoon in Spring, and in the same Cedar Chamber where Philip Hawkstone had met death long years before his widow now lay dying.

The massive oak furniture, carved with the arms of the Hawkstones, had been brought from England in the preceding century. The polished floor was overspread with Eastern rugs. A nurse and a physician stood by the huge four-poster whereon Mrs. Hawkstone lay, like a piece of fragile porcelain. Gabriel Ravenel's daughter crouched by the side of the bed, holding the hand of her friend and wetting it with her tears.

"Basil—where is Basil?" murmured the sick woman; "will he never come?"

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"Basil has not yet arrived," answered the doctor, soothingly. "But your nephew Vincent is below in the drawing-room—will you see *him*?"

"No, no; not Vincent—I want only Basil," she said, in a feeble, wandering voice; "did you not tell me that he had sailed from Liverpool?"

"Yes, madam; and the steamer arrived safely yesterday. I telegraphed to him that you could not last till midnight. Courage! he will soon be with you. Sampson went over to Whithaven to meet the New York express an hour ago."

She moved uneasily on her pillow.

"Strange that he delays so long! It is quite unlike Basil. If he does not make haste he will find me gone."

Look out again, Jetta—is there any boat in sight?" The girl flew to the window. The sun was just setting over the troubled hills and gray downs of the island and glinting the tawny wings of the windmills. Peacocks screamed along the old seawall at the foot of the grounds and out beyond it. Jetta's eyes, searching the beryl-line sea track, espied a sail making swiftly for the wharf.

"It is Sampson's catboat," she cried, "and there are two men in it. Yes, he is coming, Mrs. Hawkstone—he is coming, at last!"

"Thank God!" murmured the sick woman, falling back in the arms of her nurse.

Jetta Ravenel remained at the window, a lithe, girlish shape, full of leopard-like grace, and saw the catboat approach the landing and its two occupants leap ashore. One proceeded to secure the little craft, the other hurried up the green slope to the Hall.

He carried himself with a grand air. The title of Prince Lucifer seemed not altogether inappropriate to this lordly American. Jetta Ravenel watched him in strange fascination. It was her first glimpse of the man who was fated to work such havoc in her own young life.

He gained the porch. Before he could touch the brass knocker some watcher from within had admitted him. With tremendous strides he ascended the stair. The door of the Cedar Chamber flew back and Basil Hawkstone stood again in the presence of his stepmother.

He staggered to the bed and fell on his knees beside it. Mrs. Hawkstone made a gesture to the nurse and the physician.

"Leave us together," she said.

They vanished.

"You must go also, Jetta."

The girl cast one look at Basil Hawkstone prostrate in his splendid strength, and darted out in the wake of the others. The widow and son of Philip Hawkstone were thus left alone in the Cedar Chamber.

"Basil!"

"Mother!"

"Oh, my darling, you went away for one year and you have remained three!"

He shuddered.

"Yes. I was detained by many things. Oh, don't reproach me, mother—I never dreamed that you were so ill."

She turned his handsome face to the light.

"How worn and haggard you look, Basil! how changed! You have grown old and—and—unfamiliar."

He winced.

"Old?—changed? Well, that is not strange, mother. After all, three years is a long while, and of late I have been anxious and unhappy about you."

She saw that he was evading her.

"You are keeping something from me, Basil!" she cried. "But wait! I must speak first"—catching her breath painfully. "Do you not see that I must make haste?—I have so little time. In the last few months—yes, ever since I knew that I was stricken with a mortal disease—I have thought only of you, planned only for you. In the corner yonder stands a cabinet." He looked and nodded. "It holds my private papers. Here is the key," forcing the same into his hand. "The topmost document is for you to read as soon as I die—let no eye but your own see it—it was written for you only, and from it you will learn something of what I have suffered since I came to this island."

The light began to die in the chamber; it seemed as though the voice of the island lady failed with it.

"Lift me a little, Basil," she said; "there is such a sense of suffocation here," pressing her hand to her breast.

She looked him straight in the eyes.

"Do you remember your father?"

"Imperfectly."

"You know how he died?"

"Yes."

"It was in this very room—you and I have never talked of the matter before. I wanted to die here, also. You have heard of Gabriel Ravenel?"

"He was the man suspected of my father's murder."

"Yes. He was likewise my lover in the days before I met Philip Hawkstone. You have heard the story of his arrest—of how he lay in Whithaven Jail for weeks, accused of a foul crime, and I did not—I could not open my lips to declare his innocence, though I knew it only too well, and though he was the son of a guardian to whom I owed everything in the past."

"Mother!"

"You may well look at me in horror. After Gabriel was released he returned to the South. There he made a loveless marriage, and was soon left a widower with an infant son. Then came the war. He took the field with the forces of his native State—he sought and won the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth, and, when the struggle was over, sank quickly, like many others, into obscurity—a crippled, ruined, impoverished man. A few months ago he sent me a letter which wrung my heart. It was the first news that I had heard of him for many years. He was dying in poverty and wretchedness, attended only by his little daughter Jetta, the fruit of a second marriage, which seems to have been as unhappy as the first. To my care he committed the child. I started South immediately—I found his grave—I also found Jetta and brought her back with me, determined to make restitution to the father through the daughter—to atone for the wrong I had done him, for the misery and shame that he had suffered because of me—by rearing his child as my own, and lavishing upon her every good gift that a mother can bestow. Oh, Basil, she is so young, so friendless, and I must go and leave her when she needs me most—go, with the debt I owe Gabriel unpaid, with my work of reparation scarcely begun. Basil, Basil, I must leave it all to you—I must leave Jetta herself to you."

A look of relief crossed his handsome, anxious face.

"Is that all?" he answered. "I accept the child as a sacred trust."

"No, that is not all," she gasped. "By birth Jetta is your equal—she will one day be a great beauty. As for her poverty, that can be no objection to you, for you inherit great wealth. Basil, swear to me that Gabriel's daughter shall be your future wife."

The blood rushed into his face and out again.

"You do not know what you say," he answered, hoarsely. "Ask anything but this, mother—anything but this!"

"It is my last request," she pleaded, wildly; "surely you cannot refuse it! My heart is set upon your marriage with Jetta. There is a weight on my conscience—I must provide for the child's future. If you love me, Basil, promise that you will marry Gabriel's daughter."

"Mother, I cannot!" he groaned, with averted face.

"And why?"

"Because I am already married!"

There was a moment of dead silence in the Cedar Chamber. Only the salt tide kept up its monotonous beat on the beach below the seawall.

"Married!—you!" gasped the sick woman. "When?—to whom?"

"Two years ago, in London, to one who had taken my heart by storm," he stammered. "Forgive me for keeping the matter a secret from you, mother—I feared to tell you about Vera—I feared your prejudice, your anger and—"

He had given her a fearful shock—she stared wildly.

"My prejudice—my anger! You torture me, Basil! Have you married some objectionable person, that you talk like this? Tell me the whole truth—hide nothing from me now, Basil—there is no time for further deception."

His iron-gray eyes were full of remorse and dread.

"God forbid that I should deceive you more," he said.

"It is true that Vera was beneath me socially, as the world judges such matters, but why should we, Americans, born and bred to consider all men and women equal, draw hateful lines of caste? Vera was good and beautiful—surely that is enough to say."

In spite of her ebbing strength she was still keen and comprehensive.

"Not every woman, though lovely and good, can be your equal, Basil. There must always be social distinctions in the world. Do you remember what you said to me at parting—you would stoop to nothing less than a princess—you believed few women were fit to mate with a Hawkstone?"

He colored painfully.

"Foolish words! I did not then know what love was; I had not felt its cruel power."

Her cold hands clutched his own.

"You evade me. Speak, speak, Basil, before I am past listening. Let me know the choice you have made."

The truth must be confessed. He could not lie to a dying woman.

"Her name was Vera Hawtree," he began. "She was an orphan, with—with—obscure antecedents. I first saw her at Muswell Hill, in the environs of London. It was a gala night. Crowds of people filled the circus there. A favorite *equestrienne* came riding into the ring. She was a mere child in years, and beautiful as an angel. I married her one week from that night and carried her away to the Continent."

Mrs. Hawkstone uttered a sharp cry.

"A circus-rider, Basil!"

"Yes; but do not condemn her unjustly. She had been bred to the profession by her father, and she was scarcely sixteen at the date of our marriage."

By a superhuman effort Mrs. Hawkstone raised herself on her pillow.

"That was two years ago, you say? Has your wife made you happy, Basil?—oh, my grand, proud darling—last, but one, of the Hawkstones—have you yet regretted your choice?"

For his life he could not speak. She gave a despairing groan.

"You need not answer. I see it all in your face. A circus-rider! And this is the princess to whom you stooped—the woman who is to succeed me here on Tempest Island! God help you, Basil! The curse of the race has fallen on you early! You have wrecked your own life, and you have broken my heart, in my dying hour."

She fell suddenly back on the bed. He bent over her, tried to raise her.

"Speak to me again!" he cried, in bitter remorse; "even if it be to curse me!"

But there was no answer. In the arms of that idolized

stepson who had dealt to her proud, patient heart the last blow that it was ever to know, the lady of Tempest Island lay stark and dead.

CHAPTER VII.

THE INLET HOUSE.

BASIL HAWKSTONE laid the dead woman back on the pillow, and, like a man in a dream, crossed to the cabinet in the corner, and unlocked the topmost drawer. It was full of papers, carefully arranged and labeled. He lifted one and read: "To be opened only by my son, Basil Hawkstone."

This held the secret of which she had spoken—some family secret, he felt, with instinctive dread. His hand shook visibly as he broke the seal. Standing by that bed of death, with the waning light falling mockingly on the paper, Basil Hawkstone read the story which his father's widow had concealed so long from the world, and which seemed, alas! to foreshadow future woe to himself.

Not a sound broke the silence. Like a statue he stood and read on and on to the last word—to the signature which she had made with trembling hand.

"My God!" burst from his pale lips.

He staggered back to the drawer, threw in the dreadful paper and turned the key upon it. Then he rang the bell furiously, and before the attendants had fairly reached the chamber he was darting down the oaken stair, and out of the house into the gathering night.

The deep stone porch, the great seaward slope of garden, lay dim and quiet. He opened a side gate, and turned into the road which traversed the island from end to end. As he did so the solemn stroke of a bell rang through the twilight. It came from the island church, and after the fashion of an earlier day—old customs lingered long on the Tempest—it told the islanders that their sovereign lady had gone.

"Through the steep and dreadful pass of death."

Slowly that bell kept knelling the years of the life just done. Hawkstone stopped at the gate and listened. Presently Joe Derby, the sexton, came forth, with a lantern in his hand.

"Lord love us!" he cried, at sight of Hawkstone. "Is it you, sir, grown brown and tall, but the same Mister Basil that used to help me break wild colts, and shoot partridges in the woods, and fish for cunners off the rocks! 'Twas I that tolled for your father the night he was killed, sir, and now I'm tolling for the poor lady. Well, well, we all go the same road at last. The island folks need you now, sir—I hope you've come to stay."

"Yes, Derby; I have come to stay."

Derby advanced nearer, and put his weather-beaten face close up to his young master's.

"I knew the poor lady's end was near, sir, for last night I saw a female figger, all in white, at the door of the family tomb yonder. Fact, sir! My knees bumped together, and I wilted down like a rag—I was that scart! It stood there, as white as foam, sir, and more than me has seen it, of late—some in one place, and some in another. I showed a light pair of heels down the road—that's what I did, sir!" with pride in his own prudence.

"Nonsense, Derby!" said Hawkstone. "You have too much sense to believe in ghosts."

Derby shook his head.

"Seeing is believing. There is a ghost rummaging round this island, sir—more'n one, for all I know—look out you don't come upon it yourself."

Hawkstone turned from the church-door and started for the beach. The tide was rolling in. A silver-gray fog had fallen like a veil on shore and sea; through it the rising moon made a faint luminous opening. Sheep-bells tinkled on invisible slopes. The beating of an unseen sail sounded from seaward. Leaving the landing-place behind him, Basil Hawkstone came to a bare, desolate beach, where a natural breastwork of sand-dunes, covered with long salt grass, protected the land from the ravages of the sea. Shut in a small, silent world of mist, he stumbled along the indistinct path, with a gray rim of water washing up on one side, and the long grass of the dunes rattling like spears on the other. Some low, red-brown cliffs loomed up before the island lord. He had to make his way cautiously around their base. It was a wild, lonely spot. The sound of surf on an outer ledge boomed through the fog. At last our pedestrian reached a columnar red rock, which bore grotesque resemblance to a female figure, and was called by the islanders the "Old Woman." This marked the union of forest and shore, for here a small bay or inlet went creeping up into a dense growth of cedar, hemlock and twisted pepperidge-trees. A sedge path led along the border of the inlet, and following it into the wood, Hawkstone espied before him a light.

Something dashed across his way. It was a wild deer, with soft, shining eyes. Owls hooted in the tree-tops. Hawkstone stumbled on over gnarled roots and through salt pools, and at the head of the inlet came to a square brown house, with dormer windows, like bulging eyes, in the roof, standing solitary in an opening of the wood.

The salt water, washing through the sedge, reached almost to the door-stone. A boat was moored on the bank. Mist and silence hung over everything. Hawkstone went up to the low door and rapped.

There was no answer. Again and again he repeated the summons. The silence of death reigned.

"Peg Patton! Are you there?" he shouted. "Open!"

"Who calls?" answered a gruff voice from within.

"Basil Hawkstone!"

A chain dropped on the inside, a bolt was drawn back. In the low door stood Peg Patton, with a lamp in her hand.

The handsome girl had now become a middle-aged woman, with a powerful frame and a heavy, sullen face, framed in iron-gray hair. She wore a red cotton gown, with a red handkerchief pinned about her muscular neck. Her sleeves, rolled up to the elbow, revealed arms capable of felling an ox. She held a cob pipe in her mouth, but drew it out to say, dryly:

"Come in, young master. So you've got back to the island at last? Lord knows you didn't hurry yourself! She that's just gone has been a-pining for you these months and years past."

"Then you know that she is dead?" said Hawkstone, in an unsteady voice.

"I heard the bell toll, sir," answered Peg Patton, briefly.

She motioned him into a little living-room, clean and bright, and with a driftwood fire burning cheerfully on the hearth. He looked splashed and haggard with his long tramp. This curled darling of fortune, this pleasure-loving, self-indulgent Prince Lucifer, had entered upon a new and unpleasant experience of life. Peg Patton advanced close up to him, still holding the lamp in her brawny hand.

"I know the errand that brought you here," she said, dryly. "She has told you everything."

"Yes," he acknowledged.

"And didn't you ever suspect the truth before, sir?"

"Great Heaven, no! How should I?"

Her swarthy face put on a sad, wistful look.

"Mister Basil, I loved your father once, and for a little while he pretended to love me. The lady that's gone loved him, too. Women do many strange things for love. You are like Philip, but handsomer, and with a lordlier air. Pray God you'll never work the woe he did, with his good looks and his flattering tongue! It's many a lonesome year I've passed in this Inlet house; it's many a lonesome year Jetta Hawkstone lived in her fine hall, and whether we two did right or wrong—whether the work which we accomplished together was good or evil, God must judge! Now follow me."

She stepped out into a long, dark passage, which seemed to end in the solid wall. Peg put out her hand, however, and an aperture suddenly opened, so small that Hawkstone was forced to bow his tall head to pass through. Evidently this hidden door had been constructed for some peculiar purpose. Hawkstone now found himself in another room, far more pretentious than the first. It was luxuriously furnished in oak, with dark, rich carpet and hangings. A lamp, suspended from the ceiling, burned softly under a rose-colored shade. Below, on the floor, sat a female figure, playing with a pile of sea-shells. At sight of her, Basil Hawkstone paused, holding his breath.

Was it a woman or a spirit? From head to foot she was white and luminous, like Winter moonlight. She wore a long white cashmere gown, gathered about her waist with a white girdle. Her hair, blanched to the same hue as her dress, and braided in a loose plait, swept the floor as she sat. Her face, her hands, were like something cut from alabaster—perfect in symmetry, startling in color. With a slow, graceful motion she arose as Peg Patton and Hawkstone appeared.

"Here's a gentleman come to see you, madam," began Peg, her gruff voice growing soft and kind. The white lady looked at Hawkstone with large, gentle eyes, but did not speak. "Are the shells talking to-night, madam?" went on Peg, in the indulgent tone that one would use to a little child. "Do they tell you any stories?"

A far-away smile flitted over her frost-white face. She put a great shell, pink-fluted within, ribbed without in dusky brown, to her ear and listened.

"Yes," she answered, in a voice as gentle as her eyes, "they say strange things—things that quite frighten me, Peggy."

"Let us hear them, madam," coaxed Peg.

"They tell me that a stranger is coming to Tempest Island to-night," said the white lady; "ah, these island folks do not like strangers!—a girl, with yellow hair, and she carries a firebrand in her little hand that will consume the whole place, and the glory of the Hawkstones with it! I hear one word over and over again: 'Woe!—woe!' The Hawkstone doom is coming upon us once more."

"God forbid!" cried Hawkstone, involuntarily.

Peg Patton went a little nearer the moon-white figure, and said:

"Madam, do the shells tell you anything about your son—do they bring him to your remembrance? You once had a son, you know—try now to recollect."

"Oh, yes, I once had a son, Peggy—do you think I could forget my baby?" shaking her head sadly.

Peg grasped the white cashmere robe in strong appeal, as though she would in this way hold the wearer's darkened understanding.



"FAME."—FROM THE CARRARA MARBLE STATUE BY RICHARD BELLVER.

"Madam, look at this gentleman—it is your little son Basil, grown to manhood—the child that was taken from you long ago—he has come here to see you for the first time. Not till to-night did he know that you still lived. He had quite ceased to think of the one that bore him."

There was a reproach in the words that Hawkstone did not fail to notice. The spirit-like woman surveyed him sadly, attentively, for a moment, then turned away with a disappointed air.

"No, no," she said; "it is *not* my baby, good Peggy—you are very good to me, very kind—I scarcely know how I should get on without you—we have lived a long time together; but you make mistakes sometimes, you know, and this is one."

Peg made a gesture to Hawkstone.

"Cannot you speak a word to her, sir? Maybe she would believe you."

In the presence of this strange mother—the cast-off, repudiated wife of Philip Hawkstone, whose name, till to-night, he could not remember to have ever heard, Basil stood aghast—overpowered. There she was—the tragic ghost of a day long dead—with the face of a ghost, too—with eyes out of which some dreadful shock had for ever frightened the soul, a pale, unreal shadow of a woman—Jetta Hawkstone's predecessor. Her story, revealed to him now for the first time, burned his heart like fire. Involuntarily he bent the knee before her.

"My mother!" he groaned.

It was the name by which he had always called Jetta Hawkstone, but the utterance of it to this creature shook him to the core of his being. She came nearer, and peered into his face with a wan smile.

"Why do you call me that?" she sighed. "I have not heard the name for years and years—no, not since my baby boy Basil lisped it at my knee. I have searched a long time for Basil, but I have not found him yet—I shall never, never find him, I fear."

"I am he!" groaned Hawkstone.

Perplexed and distressed, she held out a hand to Peg Patton.

"He frightens me, good Peggy!" she cried. "I wish you would send him away—I would sooner listen to my shells. I know their voice, but his is strange to me. Hark! Hear a prophecy from the sea!" And she suddenly pressed the pink-fluted shell to Hawkstone's ear. "Does it not say clearly: 'The yellow-haired girl is coming to the Tempest to-night. She carries a lighted torch. When she enters here, woe to the island, and to all that bear the name of Hawkstone?'"

Peg Patton saw her young master grow ashy pale.

"Great Heaven! how strange!" he muttered.

"She often has these moods, sir," explained Peg; "they come and go—one can't tell how. She hears queer stories in the shells, and she listens to 'em by the hour together. You mustn't mind her."

He reeled to his feet.

"There is something uncanny in it all," he muttered, "for a girl with yellow hair is actually coming to the Island to-night, and she is *my wife*!"

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS WIFE.

AS JETTA RAVENEL crept down the stair from Mrs. Hawkstone's death-chamber and opened the door of the drawing-room, a drawling male voice saluted her in this wise:

"Enter, Miss Hornet—I am quite alone. Of course, nobody remembers *me* at a time like this. So Prince

Lucifer has arrived, eh? No use for me to go up—they wouldn't let me inside the door. I shall never be of any importance here till Prince Lucifer breaks his neck riding over the downs, or gets drowned off the cliffs. Don't cry any more—the Hawkstones must die, like meaner mortals, and it spoils your eyes—you have a pair, Miss Hornet, that ought to make your fortune."

The speaker, Vincent Hawkstone, was dawdling about the old room with his hands in his pockets, and a look of sulky discontent in his bold, knowing eyes.

"Who is Prince Lucifer?" demanded the Creole girl.

"Why, my honorable cousin Basil, the Lord of Tempest Island, to be sure!" sneered Vincent; "forgive my lack of reverence. Younger sons are always ne'er-do-wells in the Hawkstone family. My father before me was one. He squandered all he could get, and having been discarded by his brother Philip—*en passant*, Philip discarded several things in his short day—a wife, among the rest!—he died young in a foreign land. Prince Lucifer considers me a respectable sort of pauper!"—with an unpleasant laugh.

The Creole girl surveyed him with eyes full of dark disdain.

"I think you are a very envious and ill-natured person, Vincent," she said.

"Thank you, Miss Hornet—the time has come to talk plainly. I'll wager my aunt has left everything to Prince Lucifer—the rest of us must be his dependents. She would not deprive him of the pleasure of giving or withholding at his royal will. Of course, you have heard of the beastly entail on the Hawkstone possessions, put on two centuries ago, in genuine English fashion, and religiously adhered to by later generations—think of such a state of things, on an island only a few miles removed from the New England coast! I hold that the younger branch of the family has for years been robbed to enrich the elder; till, now, you find Prince Lucifer ridiculously rich, and I, his cousin, poor as a church mouse. Never mind!"—grinding his teeth—"I shall yet be lord of Tempest Island!"

She drew up her long white neck.

"Impossible! It belongs to your cousin and his male heirs."

"At present I am his male heir. He may never marry—he may never have a son—daughters, of course, don't signify—in either case I am *sure* to be master here some day."

"You are no friend to your cousin, or you would not talk like this."

"I never pretended to be," he answered, airily. "It seems, miss, that you think yourself called to defend him, because my aunt has chosen you to be his future wife."

She was a child, as yet, with the heart of a child. She stared with large, astonished eyes.

"How insolent you are?"

He laughed again.

"What! has she never told you?"

"Certainly not!"

"Very odd! Everybody at Tempest Island knows that you have been selected for Prince Lucifer. Yes, 'pon my soul you must make up your mind to fall in love with him straightway." He glanced at her, smiling, and through half closed eyelids. "I wish from my heart that you had been destined for *me* instead; but there's no such luck for a younger son."

"Vincent Hawkstone, do you think this a seasonable time for jesting? Don't talk to me any more—I am sick of you!" making a queenly little gesture.

He drew out his watch with great *sang froid*.

"Very well, Miss Hornet. Twenty minutes past the hour, and no dinner yet! Nothing puts me out so much as to wait for dinner. Hark! what's that?"

A sudden rush of feet through the hall.

"Oh," gasped Jetta, "Mrs. Hawkstone is dead," and she rushed from the room, leaving Vincent alone by the fire.

Presently the church-bell began to toll.

"Let them mourn who will profit by her death," muttered the young barbarian. "I am not of that number. Beastly confusion. There isn't a chance of a decent meal to-night." He rang the bell. A frightened maid servant answered it. "Bring me something hot," grumbled Vincent, "and a bottle of wine. The cook has evidently forgotten the hour."

"Oh, sir, Mrs. Hawkstone——"

"Deuce take you! Yes, I know—all the same, produce the provender!"

Vincent was no favorite at Tempest Hall; indeed, all the island people feared and disliked him. The maid fled, and returned directly with a bowl of *bouillon*, half a roasted fowl and the wine. The young fellow had just settled himself to a comfortable repast when the brass knocker clanged loudly.

"Ten thousand fiends! who is coming to interrupt me now?" he muttered.

The drawing-room door flew open, and a smart French maid entered, bearing a child in her arms. Close on her heels followed a lady in traveling garb, *petite*, blonde, beautiful. A grizzled boatman brought up the rear, his arms overflowing with bags and wraps and parcels manifold.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" the *petite* lady was piping, in a shrill treble, as she came flashing across the threshold after the maid. "Is *this* the place? Dismal as the grave! The desert island of Robinson Crusoe! Are you sure, boatman, that you have all the bags? Let some of the servants here help you up with the trunks. Very sorry that we brought so many, for it is quite evident that we shall not remain long in this howling wilderness."

The boatman beat a retreat, and Vincent arose to meet these invaders, in wonder and disgust.

"Who are *you*?" demanded the little blonde lady.

"My name is Vincent Hawkstone," he answered, secretly wishing her in the Red Sea.

She gave him a quick, penetrating glance. She was a fairy-like creature, delicate as a flower, and, as it seemed to Vincent, not more than sixteen.

"Indeed!" she answered. "I have heard Basil speak of you. You are the scapegrace of the family, are you not? Oh, this is so *outré*, so horrid! Where is my husband? Why is he not here to meet me?"

Vincent gave an unpleasant start.

"Your husband, madam? Who is he?"

She surveyed him with two large, surprised eyes, like fringed gentians.

"Don't you know? I am Basil Hawkstone's wife, and this is his daughter," with a nod to the child, who was kicking and screaming in the French maid's arms. "How blank you look! Can't you understand? Basil and I made a secret marriage in London—at least, *he* has kept it secret, I hear—a genuine love match, sentimental people would call it. Oh, I am quite wearied to death!" tossing off her hat and wraps impatiently. "Where is Basil? He was in such haste to reach his mother that he started in advance, you see, and left me to follow with all these incumbrances."

It was a staggering blow. Basil married, and a daughter! But daughters, after all, did not count. He was still his cousin's male heir.

"I always said Basil was a sly dog," he managed to stammer. "As for his taste, it is excellent. But let me tell you, Mrs. Hawkstone, you've upset all the family plans by this *coup de maître*. My aunt had a wife selected here for Basil. It's certain there would have been no end of a row if you had appeared earlier at the island. Luckily for you, she is now dead, and Basil—don't know, I'm sure, where *he* can be. He ought to introduce you to the household, of course. I'll ring."

He rang accordingly, and the servant who answered the bell said that Mr. Hawkstone was not in the house. He had gone out a full half-hour before, whither nobody knew.

"I'll find him!" volunteered Vincent; and he rushed from the room and began to search everywhere for his cousin. All that he discovered was Jetta Ravenel, lying in a heap on the floor of the stone porch. He snatched her up, heedless of her tear-stained face, and drew her into the hall.

"You've lost your future husband!" he cried, exultantly. "Heaven be praised! the match is off! Now, perhaps, you'll take up with me, eh? Come in and make the acquaintance of Basil's wife and daughter. She's pretty as a pink, by Jove! but a rank plebeian, I suspect—picked out of the gutter for her beauty. It's well for her that my aunt is dead. Pray come in!" and he drew the dumfounded girl straight into the drawing-room, and with malicious triumph presented her to Basil Hawkstone's wife.

The latter, divested of her wraps, and with all her exceeding blonde beauty fully revealed, had seated herself to the soup and chicken left by Vincent, and was attacking both with great relish. She stopped long enough to stare at Jetta and nod coldly.

"Basil has disappeared," announced Vincent; "he can't be found."

"How strange and how provoking!" she frowned. "Well, ring for more chicken, Cousin Vincent, and some palatable kind of sweets. I adore sweets of the French sort. We have just come from Paris, you know. And order the servants to prepare our rooms, and take away these traps, and make us comfortable generally. Is this girl one of the household?" with a hostile glance at Jetta.

"Yes," replied Vincent, airily, "she's the young person that you have superseded here, whose matrimonial prospects you have annihilated, you know!" He rang the bell, and gave her orders with wicked glee. "Shall I pour you a glass of wine, madam? You may as well make yourself at home before Basil puts in an appearance. You are now the lady of the island, and a rare one you promise to be. Quite a contrast to the haughty dames who have ruled before you. Permit me to say that your arrival interrupted my dinner, so I suppose I may join you now—ha! ha! I little thought of such a turn to my informal meal."

"Join me? Of course," responded Mrs. Hawkstone, gayly. "I perceive that it is deadly dull here—I shall be glad of agreeable company. Only a drop of the wine—Basil never allows me to taste it—he is a perfect despot, you know."

"Certainly I know, but fortunately Basil is not present, so let us be merry," chuckled Vincent.

The presence of death in the house did not affect this boy and girl—for they were only that. The amazed and scandalized servants brought in more eatables, and the

two fell upon them with the appetite peculiar to youth and a good digestion. They laughed, they jested. The French maid had carried away the child, and they paid no heed to Jetta—at least, the blonde did not; but Vincent, turning suddenly, found himself transfixed by the Creole girl's wonderful eyes.

"Well, my little patrician," he sneered, "what do you think of all this?"

She *was* patrician to her finger-tips, and her arching neck and the curl of her red lip answered him in advance of her tongue.

"I think it an outrage on good taste and good feeling alike," she said, coldly. "I cannot imagine how any well-bred person can be guilty of such behavior."

The blood flew into Vera Hawkstone's snowdrop face.

"You should not question my good-breeding," she answered, with a mocking little laugh, "since I owe what I possess entirely to Basil—he has trained me in the customs of good society. Why, I even dropped my *h's* before he took me in hand, and disdained the alphabet altogether."

"You are jesting," said Vincent, gallantly. "I am sure he must have married you out of some noble family. You look as if the blood of all the Howards—the genuine blue fluid, you know—was in your veins."

She laughed again till the old room rang.

"You are very sharp for a hobbledehoy!" And her violet eyes danced under their long black fringes. "Now I dare say you have heard of me—yes, I am sure my name *must* have traveled to this stupid side of the Atlantic." She leaned forward and laid one wee white hand impressively on Vincent's arm. "Think a moment. Did you never read in those dear delightful newspapers about the Matchless Star of the Ring, the Child Queen of the Arena, the Wonderful Mademoiselle Zephyr, greatest of all living female riders?"

"Never!" answered Vincent, opening his eyes wide. "By Jove! You don't mean to say——"

"Oh, yes, I do," she answered, gayly shaking her curly yellow head. "The first time I ever saw Basil, he was in the front row of the circus at Muswell Hill, with a lot of other swells, you know—how they did applaud me that night, and Basil in particular!—oh, I can see it all now—the ring, the crowded seats, the musicians, the lights and Ali, my white Arabian, and Cuddy, the clown, who was wildly in love with me—absurd creature!—and Hatton, of the 'Royal,' who used to scold me so, and pet me, too, for I always drew a crowd. Yes, it comes back—that dear, delightful time!" with a pensive, wistful smile: "and a week after our first meeting, Basil married me in London, and I never rode again."

"Heaven above!" cried Vincent, starting up in his chair; "Prince Lucifer married to a circus rider—beg pardon! a professional *equestrienne*—a—a—oh, this is too much! Jetta, do you hear? You look as though you were petrified—Jetta——"

His remarks ended there, for the door was opened abruptly, and on its threshold stood Basil Hawkstone, looking in on the hilarious little feast, with his brown brows knitted ominously over his iron-gray eyes.

"Vera!" he cried out, in a shocked, astonished voice.

She arose in visible alarm.

"Where in the world have you been, Basil?" she stammered. "It was horrid of you to make me come here alone. Such a dreadful place, too! I am dying of homesickness already."

"I should never have dreamed it," he answered, dryly. "You seem to be enjoying yourself hugely. How are you, Vincent?" He shook hands, rather coldly, with his

cousin. "Do either of you know that my stepmother is lying dead above-stairs?"

Both Mrs. Hawkstone and Vincent looked abashed; then the latter shrugged his shoulders.

"In my interest for the living, I quite forgot the dead. I have been cultivating the acquaintance of your distinguished wife, Mademoiselle Zephyr. By my soul, Prince Lucifer, who would have dreamed that you, of all men, would have made such a marriage?"

"Oh, rank is good, and gold is good,
And high and low mate ill;
But Love hath never known a law
Beyond his own sweet will."

The taunting tone brought the blood into Hawkstone's haughty face, but he did not answer—he had espied Jetta Ravenel making for a door at the other end of the room. He put himself before her, and, with one annihilating glance at Vincent, took her hand kindly and led her to his wife.

"Vera," he said, "my mother owed to this young girl an enormous debt, which we must now pay. She is left to our charge—we must be very, very kind to her."

In her dazzling pink-and-white beauty, with her yellow hair in a curly fluff about her brows, the new lady of Tempest Hall stood and stared hard at Jetta Ravenel. It was a cold, cruel look, full of instinctive aversion.

"I know nothing about your mother's debts," she sneered; "I care less! This is the girl she wanted you to marry, Basil—your cousin has been telling me about it—the girl who has all the breeding and the blue blood that I lack. You expect me to be friends with her? I fear I shall have to disappoint you, for,"—leaning toward him, with red lip curled, and dropping her voice a trifle—"I hate her already with my whole heart!"

CHAPTER IX.

TROUBLE BREWING.

THREE days later, Philip Hawkstone's widow was laid by the side of her husband in the family tomb of the Hawkstones.

Prince Lucifer and his fair girl wife led the funeral procession, as it wound through the gate of Tempest Hall, and along the road to the island churchyard.

Unspeakably fair and childish Vera looked in her sombre mourning. Every eye was turned curiously on the new island lady—the dazzling, yellow-haired English girl that Hawkstone had brought from over the sea.

"She's a blazing beauty—that she is!" was the unanimous whispered comment of the islanders.

After the wedded pair followed Jetta Ravenel and Vincent Hawkstone, both in decorous black. All the island people brought up the rear. Conspicuous among these was Peg Patton, with her muscular figure and sombre face.

She spoke to no one, and looked only at Basil Hawkstone and his English wife. Vincent, pressing close to Jetta Ravenel, whispered behind the hat which he, like all the other males in the *cortège*, carried in his hand:

"Believe me, we shall see lively times at Tempest Hall now. Prince Lucifer has made a shocking match—yes, by Jove! it's a wonder my aunt doesn't turn in her casket. After all, there *must* be something in this talk about the Hawkstone doom, you know. We *do* seem to be a deuced unlucky lot in our matrimonial ventures."

Jetta flashed him a mute, indignant glance.

"My high and mighty Southern princess," he muttered, mockingly, "I fancy you will find little pleasure



ST. JOHN'S DAY.—FROM A PAINTING BY SEIFERT.

in the new régime. That girl, in spite of her kittenish ways, has sharp claws, and she will not scruple to use them."

She deigned not a syllable in answer. On went the procession down to the chilly gloom of the family tomb, which stood open to admit the newcomer.

"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!"

The casket was deposited on the floor in the centre of the vault. The island people crowded around it for a last look at the dead. Jetta, separated now from Vincent Hawkstone, found herself effaced, overlooked—pushed up against the moldy wall. In the days since Mrs. Hawkstone's death she had been intensely miserable. She did not like Basil Hawkstone, or that bold, quick-tongued Vincent; and Vera, the dazzling little blonde who had stepped into her dead friend's place, she instinctively distrusted—yea, detested. In Basil Hawkstone's wife she felt that she had found a cruel enemy. The warm, high heart of the Southern girl was aching now as it had never ached before. She saw Prince Lucifer bend down and kiss his mother's cold face, and then pass hurriedly out of the vault. Vera, with a relieved look, followed. Vincent came next, then the servants of the house and the island people. Jetta herself was the last one left by the dead.

With a passionate burst of grief she flung herself across the coffin, and laid her cheek to that other cheek on the satin pillow. It was the voice of Joe Derby, the sexton, that aroused her at last.

"The others have all gone, miss," he said. "Better hurry after 'em. It's getting late, and the chill of this place strikes to one's marrow."

Jetta staggered back a step, and fell senseless to the floor of the vault.

Joe Derby's back was toward her. He was screwing down the coffin-lid, and he neither saw nor heard the fall. Already it was growing dark in the tomb. Joe had no liking for the society of dead folks. With all possible speed he stumbled out of the place, locked the iron door, and went off along the island road as fast as his legs could carry him.

Meanwhile, in the drawing-room at Tempest Hall the family had gathered to listen to the reading of the will. The bequests were few. To Jetta Ravenel were given the testatrix's jewels and wardrobe, and the document directed Basil Hawkstone to educate said Jetta in the most liberal manner, and provide for her future from the dead woman's fortune. Peg Patton received a legacy of five thousand dollars for her devotion to the Hawkstones, and smaller sums were given to the household servants and to some of the old island people. The remainder of the testatrix's possessions passed entire to her stepson, Basil Hawkstone, and to his heirs for ever.

"To him that hath shall be given," muttered Vincent Hawkstone, as he listened sulkily to the document which ignored his own existence.

The servants went out first, Mrs. Hawkstone's attorney followed. Then Vincent stepped forward to make his *adieu* with his cousin.

"I may as well go over to the mainland in the same boat with the lawyer," he muttered. "Of course I return to college to-morrow."

Prince Lucifer held out his hand in a lordly, condescending way.

"Be a good boy, Vincent. My mother, in her last letters, hinted that you were growing wild. See that you don't disgrace the name of Hawkstone."

Vincent shot a half-veiled look of hate at his cousin.

"Your mother was no friend of mine, Prince Lucifer,

as you can see by her will. I shall have my fling, as you, doubtless, have had yours," staring pointedly at Mrs. Vera, "and I promise you I'll not disgrace the name—any more than you have done, my dear Mentor! I find it deuced unpleasant, sometimes, squeezing along on a mere pittance, and associating, at the same time, with rich men's sons—fellows with full purses, you know. By good rights, Prince Lucifer, you ought to increase my allowance."

"You have debts?" said Hawkstone.

"Yes," acknowledged Vincent, "in a temporary embarrassment the other fellows never refuse aid to a Hawkstone. Our family name—luckily for a poor devil like me—is a power in some quarters."

Prince Lucifer's superb eyes wore an indulgent rather than censorious expression.

"Your allowance shall be increased, and your obligations canceled; and henceforth, when you fall into temporary embarrassment, you must apply to me for help, not to your college friends."

"Trust me, I will!" cried Vincent, with alacrity. "I wanted to say good-by to Jetta Ravenel, but she is not here, so I must leave my farewells with you. Now that I think of it, I have not seen her ladyship since we came back from the tomb."

"Do you know where Miss Ravenel is hiding, Vera?" said Basil Hawkstone to his wife.

She was reclining in an easy-chair before the wood fire, fingering, with a critical air, the plaits of her mourning gown. Her yellow head leaned upon a crimson cushion, her snowdrop face looked more dazzling than ever against this dark background.

"I do not know, Basil," she answered, indifferently, "and, really, I do not care. I am not the girl's keeper."

The attorney's snuff-colored coat was vanishing along the old sea-wall at the foot of the garden. With a careless good-by Vincent followed it.

There was silence for a moment in the drawing-room. Mrs. Vera looked up at her magnificent young husband with two violet eyes of softest fire.

"I am quite hideous in this mourning stuff, am I not, Basil?" she said.

"Good Heaven! the insatiable vanity of women!" he answered, impatiently. "You well know the color was never invented that could make you hideous, Vera!"

"Thanks, my lord! How stern and sour you are to-day! Now, when are we to leave this dreadful island? Of course there can be no reason why we should remain here longer. I really feel thankful that a kind fate spared me an encounter with your mother, Basil! She was too grand a dame," with a little derisive laugh, "to receive kindly a daughter-in-law from the circus-ring. How you wince, dear, when I allude to that! Besides, I spoiled her plan to marry you to that girl Jetta. No, she never would have liked me, nor the poor dear baby either! I told Celende not to unpack the trunks, as I knew we should not stay here many hours, so I am quite ready for an early start."

The firelight flashed up in his handsome young face, and plainly revealed its weary, annoyed expression.

"You had better countermand that order at once," he answered, dryly, "for we shall not leave Tempest Island for months—perhaps years—to come. I am needed here."

She stared in blank horror.

"Basil Hawkstone! You never mean to keep me permanently on this island?"

A shadow crossed his face.

"Be reasonable, Vera—we must live here. I cannot

explain—and it is best that I should not, for you are scarcely the person to be intrusted with family secrets; but my presence is required here, both by my island folks and—others. And after all”—trying to speak cheerfully—“this old sea-nest of the race is not such a bad place! We are sovereigns here, you and I; our word is law, our subjects, though few, are exceedingly loyal.”

Her violet eyes grew black with wrath.

“What do I care for such petty sovereignty as this?” she sneered; “I who have ruled thousands, as you well know! What do I care for your island people, or your family secrets? I want to go back to London—to Paris—to our old life there—you almost make me add—to the gay, dizzy, beautiful *ring*!”

She had leaped to her feet, palpitating, burning with sudden passion; lightnings filled her eyes; she had a dangerous look.

“The ring!” echoed Hawkstone, stirred to the depths of his heart. “Great Heaven! how dare you mention such a thing, Vera?—you, the wife, the mother, of a Hawkstone? Is it not enough—” She caught the sentence from his lips with a mocking, mirthless laugh.

“That you took me out of the place of clowns and sawdust, and did me the honor to marry me? No, it is *not* enough, sir. I was not born to drag out existence in a prison, or to be the slave of any man’s whims. I want life—real life—happiness, excitement—praise, worship—I will not be controlled or fettered—I *will* have my day!”

His face was like a thunder-cloud.

“You are a foolish, unreasonable child, Vera—spoiled by too much flattery—too much of what you call real life, though Heaven knows that it is not the name which I should apply to it! We have had a surfeit of Paris and London gayety already—”

A rap on the door interrupted him.

“Oh, sir,” called a voice outside, “we cannot find Jetta Ravenel anywhere—she has not been seen since the burial. What is to be done, sir?”

He flung back the door, and saw Mrs. Otway, the housekeeper, standing at the threshold, pale and frightened.

“Great Heaven! I had forgotten the girl!” he muttered. “I will go myself to look for her.”

“She may have jumped into the sea to escape life on this wretched island,” sneered Vera.

Hawkstone snatched up his hat, secretly glad that the quarrel with his wife had been interrupted. The next moment he was out under the chestnut-trees of the garden—under the stars of twilight. Where was that tiresome Creole girl? He had last seen her at the tomb. He dashed out of the gate, and down the road till he came to the cottage occupied by Joe Derby. A loud rap brought the old sexton to the door.

“Give me the key of the vault and a lantern!” cried Hawkstone, and snatching these articles from his servant, he started for the churchyard.

If the girl had indeed been locked into the family tomb, she was probably dead with fright by this time. Dismayed, conscience-smitten, he tore across the green mounds and approached the vault. As he did so he saw a woman standing before its grim door in an attitude of patient waiting. It was the white lady of Peg Patton’s Inlet house.

There, at that hour and alone! A long cloak of spotless wool hung from her shoulders, and a hood of the same was drawn over her hair. More like a disembodied spirit than a creature of flesh and blood, she advanced to meet Hawkstone.

“Sir,” she said, in an anxious voice, “I heard that the person known as Philip Hawkstone’s widow was to be buried here to-day.”

“The burial is over,” he answered, in a shaken voice. Her large, gentle eyes grew troubled.

“Oh, it is sad that I am so late!” she sighed. “I ought to have been in time, I ought to have seen her face once more. Perhaps you do not know what that face did for me in life? No? How could you? Oh, sir! tell me where they have buried her; is it here?” putting one of her marble hands on the iron door of the tomb. “You are going in?” as he thrust the key into the lock. “Pray, pray,” her voice like a pleading child’s, “take me with you!”

He nodded, but could not speak.

The two stepped down into the vault. What strange sound leaped to meet Basil Hawkstone from the awful gloom of the place? A girl’s voice, strong, sweet and without a quaver, singing among the dead and buried Hawkstones, these lines of *Toplady’s* hymn:

“When I draw this fleeting breath
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!”

Jetta Ravenel was sitting on the floor by Mrs. Hawkstone’s coffin. He could see her young face shining in the darkness.

“Oh, it is you!” she said, rising quietly, as her deliverer appeared. “I was quite sure that *somebody* would come for me.”

She was not dead with fright, nor did she show any particular agitation: but she looked with wonder at Hawkstone’s companion, who was pressing close to him with a dazed, lost air.

“Sir,” implored the white lady, “take me to that woman—put my hand on her coffin-lid.”

He made a reassuring gesture to Jetta, and led the spirit-like creature to Mrs. Hawkstone’s casket. Standing beside it, Jetta Ravenel heard her utter these words in a sad, gentle voice:

“You that was called Philip Hawkstone’s wife, I cursed you living, and now I curse you dead!”

“Stop!” entreated Hawkstone. “Think again: you do not, you cannot mean that!”

She meditated for a moment. Then a wan smile, like moonlight, dawned on her lips. For the second time she laid her ivory fingers impressively on the lid of the casket.

“Jetta Hawkstone, I cursed you living, but I bless you dead!”

The next moment she turned and glided out of the tomb. Hawkstone and the Creole girl followed, but before they could reach the outer air the white figure had been joined at the churchyard-gate by Peg Patton, and the two were moving off together into the falling night.

“You have witnessed a strange scene, Miss Ravenel,” said Hawkstone, in a husky voice. “You must never, never breathe a word of this to anybody living.”

“I never will!” she answered, simply.

“And now, how did you happen to be locked in that vault?”

“I fainted and fell,” she answered. “I had eaten nothing since—since Mrs. Hawkstone’s death. Derby could not have seen me. When I awoke I found myself alone with those dead people.”

“And you were wild with fright, poor child!”

"Oh, no," she corrected, gravely; "I did not *dare* to be afraid. I tried to sing, and forget where I was."

"You brave girl!" he cried, involuntarily; "few men or women would have stood the ordeal better!"

They went back to Tempest Hall. Mrs. Vera, still lazily reclining before the fire, heard Jetta's story with a derisive little laugh.

"*Dame!* as the French say; what a troublesome creature you are!" she cried. "Did you want to get up a little resurrection of your own? You have set everybody in the house by the ears. If I am to remain at Tempest Hall—which the gods forbid—it will not be under the same roof with *you*. I must be allowed to choose my own companions, and no blue-blooded pauper, with a grand air and a long pedigree, will be of the number."

Jetta Ravenel started for the door, looking like an outraged princess.

"Sampson has an errand to the mainland to-night," she said, with quiet dignity; "I shall go with him. Farewell, Mr. Hawkstone."

He put himself before her.

"You cannot leave Tempest Hall to-night, Miss Ravenel. My mother's will makes you my ward. To-morrow I shall place you at school for a term of years. I am now your guardian, and you must obey me."

Her Southern blood was up—she stared at him with splendid, scornful eyes.

"Obey you?—Never! I decline your charity. I deny your authority. I have no guardian but my half-brother Gabriel, and he is far away. Your mother was my good friend, Mr. Hawkstone, but she is now dead, and I mean to return at once to the South. I should richly deserve your wife's insults if I could stoop to accept further benefits from any one bearing your name."

He smiled grimly.

"You are not lacking in spirit, it seems. I do not ask you to accept benefits, but only to allow me to discharge the debt which I owe to Gabriel Ravenel's daughter. Surely my mother must have told you that such a debt existed, and that she was likely to leave it, as a bitter legacy, to me?"

Jetta inclined her shining dark head. The dead Mrs. Hawkstone had often talked to her of this very matter.

"Then," continued Hawkstone, coldly, "you see that in attempting to carry out my mother's wishes concerning you, I seek to be just, not generous."

He turned to his wife with something in his gray eyes that made her quail.

"Vera," he said, "I beg you will make a proper apology to Miss Ravenel. You can scarcely understand her position in this house, but be assured it is not that of a dependent!"

"You talk in riddles, Basil," pouted the little blonde. "I am glad that I do *not* comprehend your family affairs."

But she made a sulky apology, and Jetta received it with a cold bow, and went quickly out. Then uprose Vera and stamped her tiny foot.

"You have humiliated me before that girl, Basil, and I detest her more than ever for it!"

He looked fatigued and exasperated.

"Do I not tell you, Vera, that I owe unutterable things to the family of Ravenel? I command you to treat the girl with civility during the little time that she remains at Tempest Hall. After to-morrow you will probably never see her again."

"I hope not—I trust not. Basil, look me in the face—do you think I am a person that can safely be *commanded*?"

He turned slowly, and looked down on the witchery of blue eyes and yellow locks and pearly color—the beauty which had entrapped him, and made him throw prudence and pride to the winds.

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns,"

he muttered. "Vera, Vera, what a life you have led me in the last two years, to be sure!"

She tossed her yellow head. At best, they were but a pair of foolish young creatures.

"I see! You are growing tired of me already, Basil!"

"Not tired of *you*," the young husband answered; "but tired of your moods, your follies, Vera."

She laughed.

"It is a little rift within the lute,
That by-and-by will make the music mute,
And, ever widening, slowly silence all."

You see, I can quote poetry, too," she answered, saucily. "You tried to cultivate me after I left the ring, you know. Well, to tell the truth, I am tired of you, too, Basil—tired of *your* moods, your tyranny. Our marriage began with an unlimited amount of passion of the Marc Antony kind. Don't you remember that you used to say to me in the first days of our honeymoon, 'All for love, and the world well lost'? Yes, it began that way, but how will it end?"

And Hawkstone, gazing gloomily down into the fire, answered, under his breath:

"God only knows!"

CHAPTER X.

ON THE SHORE.

The next day Jetta Ravenel went away to school, and the island knew her no more for years.

Luncheon was over at Tempest Hall, and Basil Hawkstone stood at a window, looking out on the windy downs and the wide blue sea.

"I wish, Vera," he said, "that I could interest you a little in my island people."

She was playing with her child, a pale, puny year-old, dressed in a fleece of finest embroidery. In truth, she looked like a child herself, with her curly gold tresses and dimpled, dazzling fairness. As her husband spoke she tossed the little island heiress irritably into the arms of her nurse.

"You cannot, Basil," she answered, frowning. "Emphatically you cannot! I want to go to some of your American watering-places—Newport or Saratoga. This island will do very well for Bee and her nurse, perhaps, but not for *me*; and as for the people here, what are they to me, pray, and why should I interest myself in them?"

His love for her was still strong. With a mischievous light in his gray eyes, he said:

"Come to the window, Vera, and see a product of this despised island waiting here for your acceptance."

She went curiously. In the gravel driveway by the stone porch stood a man servant holding two horses, one, saddled for a lady's use, was a snow-white beauty,

"iron-sinewed and satin-skinned,
Ribbed like a drum, and limbed like a deer."

His arching neck and eye of liquid fire made Vera Hawkstone clap her hands rapturously.

"Oh, Basil, do you mean that beautiful darling for *me*?—do you?"

"Yes, he is yours, Vera," Hawkstone answered, lightly.

"Fine horses have long been a special product of the



ALMILLAH.

island. Harris, the overseer, sends a large number yearly to the mainland markets. Come, make ready, and we will take a gallop across my little kingdom, and you shall see something more of it than can be discerned from these windows."

She flew off like a bird. In an incredibly short time she was back again, dressed in a close habit of dark-blue cloth, with a cream-colored plume in her round hat, and cream-colored gauntlets on her little white hands. Her blue eyes danced with delight. Without any assistance from her husband or the waiting groom, she sprang into the saddle and began to caress the silvery neck and abundant mane of the animal with more fondness than she ever bestowed on little Bee, for Vera Hawkstone was not an affectionate mother.

"Oh, what a darling!" she cried. "In the whole world there is nothing I love like a good horse. Don't frown, Prince Lucifer—it is a passion born with me. That which is bred in the bone must come out in the flesh, you know."

They cantered out through the gate into the island road, and away over the undulating commons, swept now by a salt wind from the sea. She rode marvelously well, sitting as square as a die on her saddle and swaying lightly, easily, to every movement of the animal—a thorough horsewoman, well trained in her art. Hawkstone had his match to keep pace with her. She looked back at him gayly, her yellow hair blown in clusters over her pale, star-like face, the fever of old desires waking in her eyes.

"I shall call this beast Ali," she cried; "after the Arabian that I used to ride in Hatton's Royal Circus—don't you remember? How I have mourned for poor Ali, though he was a vicious brute, and came within an ace of killing me in the ring, one night, in Liverpool. Now your face grows thunderous, Prince Lucifer—by-the-way, Vincent's nickname suits you admirably. You do not like to hear me talk of my past life."

"Very true," he answered, dryly.

"But I must, sometimes. It comes before me with such force that I should die if I could not speak of it. My father taught me to ride when I wasn't much more than a baby. He was a groom—but you wince, so let that pass. At least, he knew what good riding was, and he used to say, even then, that I was born for the saddle and nothing else. Poor papa! when I was twelve years old he went to ride in Hatton's Royal Circus and took me with him; and a year after he was killed one night, doing a double *pirouette* on horseback—he had been drinking, or something. I was heartbroken for a while, but everybody in the 'Royal,' from Hatton himself to the boys about the vans, petted me continually, and just then I made a great hit riding Ali, and so I was consoled. Don't you remember the night I first saw you, Basil—how the people were applauding me?"

"I remember everything, Vera," he answered, with a mortified look. "Heaven knows your early education was sadly neglected. I have tried—have I not?—to teach you something in the two years that you have been my wife?"

She tossed her yellow curls.

"Pooh! dry, bookish stuff! I was not born to be a scholar. I care only for a horse like Ali, and a suitable place in which to try his mettle."

He frowned.

"My stables are full of horses, all as good as Ali, and you have the whole island for your riding-ground."

She gave a short laugh.

"Here—this Robinson Crusoe desert? Basil, I want an

audience, lights, music, and plenty of applause. To be admired, worshiped, is life itself to some women."

His handsome brows contracted ominously.

"Vera, what folly are you talking? Let us not jest on such a subject. You are now my wife, and you are to live for me, and me only. If you gave up some things for my sake, there are others, remember, that I also relinquished for yours."

"Yes," she answered, mockingly, "that black-browed Creole girl who left the island this morning!"

"Nonsense!" he cried, sharply. "You know what I mean—the approval of friends, and, in a measure, my own social position. But we will not talk further of this matter—it is not to my taste."

"Very well," she answered, indifferently, and urged Ali forward over the gray slopes, her yellow hair streaming like a torrent of raveled silk in the salt sea-wind. The beast was all force and fire, his rider all ease and plastic beauty. In an immense grain-field, some of the island workmen looked up from their labors to stare at the new island lady flashing by on that silver-white horse—the new island lady, about whom they already began to talk in whispers—so soon do the secrets of the drawing-room become the gossip of the kitchen and stable-yard. Not a man or woman of the hundred dependents of the island but what knew already that Basil Hawkstone had married a "regular she-cat"—a foreign circus-rider who hated the island and all upon it.

Presently the wedded pair passed through a barred gate, and emerged on a great pasture, where a thousand sheep were cropping the short, sweet grass. The whole flock made a rush for the two riders, bleating a joyful welcome, and crowding close to the horses in eager expectancy.

"I surmise," said Hawkstone, "that they are looking for the salt which the herdsmen bring them. As the horse is the only animal that interests you, Vera, let us go on."

Again they dashed off across scarred hillsides and bleak moorland, their beasts leaping watercourses and tussocks, and plunging through patches of dense forest, with the skill of the island-born horse. It was a wild place—this kingdom of the Hawkstones. The Atlantic thundered roughly on its shores. Along the lonely beaches the fish-hawks screamed noisily from their big, ugly nests. Some crows that had come down from the wood for shore-refuge, circled, ill-omened, over the heads of the two riders. The sun had disappeared, and over a western headland ranks of purple clouds were gathering rapidly for a storm.

"I cannot imagine," chafed Vera, "how a person of your wealth and importance can live at Tempest Island, even for a day, Basil! What solitude! what desolation! Oh, here comes the rain! Whither shall we go? I do not see a house in any direction, and we shall be drenched."

They had reached the low cliffs at the entrance to Peg's Inlet. She checked Ali in the very shadow of that red columnar rock called the "Old Woman." Crack! went a peal of thunder overhead. A blue blaze of lightning filled their faces. Vera screamed, and both horses began to prance. In a moment the tempest was upon them.

"You must come with me, Vera; there's no help for it," muttered Hawkstone. "It is too late to reach the Hall. This way." And he turned Ali's head, and the two flew into the forest path leading up to Peg Patton's lonely house.

Down came the rain in blinding sheets. Hawkstone

snatched his wife from the saddle and dashed into a little living-room, where sat Peg Patton, with needle and mesh-block, mending nets.

"Pardon our unceremonious entrance, Peggy," said Hawkstone. "In this tempest we had no choice but to thrust ourselves upon you without asking."

She rose up, swarthy and grim, and flung her work into a corner. Her brown feet were bare, and her big arms also. Her scanty skirts revealed her thick ankles. She looked like a female Samson.

"What a dreadful creature!" thought Vera Hawkstone.

Peg thrust forward some splint-bottomed chairs for her guests.

"You are welcome, master," she said, simply, "and your wife also," fixing a sharp eye on Vera. "You have brought a pretty bird to your old sea-nest, sir. Will she be torn, do you think, like them that came before her?"

"Heaven forbid!" muttered Hawkstone.

Vera, with her dark-blue habit gathered about her, sat down, looking around the quaint old room like an amused child.

"Do you live all alone in this queer place?" she said to Peg.

"Not altogether," answered Peg, calmly. "The sea comes up to the door and talks to me, and the woods are full of blackbirds and thrushes, not to speak of the fish-hawks that keep me company from May to October."

Hawkstone was moving uneasily about the room, his tall head reaching almost to the low rafters, his lordly step ringing on the sanded floor. The pelting of rain and the cracking of thunder prohibited much conversation. Suddenly there was a crash that seemed to split the roof. As it died away a singular sound came creeping into the room from some quarter near at hand.

"Hark!" said Vera.

It was a singular thread of song rising abruptly and with piercing sweetness over the last rumbling of the tempest—a woman's voice singing a lullaby to the accompaniment of some stringed instrument, and with such a mother tone in it that Vera instinctively listened for the movement of a child:

"Rest, my little one, rest,
Close to my warm, white breast.
Like a silver boat on the sky afloat,
The moon sinks down the west;
Out on the sands the small waves swell,
The gray owl hoots in the ferny dell.
Rest, my baby, for all is well!"

Vera started and looked around.

"Who is that?" she cried.

Her husband's face had put on a strange pallor. Peg Patton leaned and threw a piece of driftwood on the fire. Neither answered, and immediately the mysterious voice rose again, but this time tragic and passionate, muffled somewhat by an intervening partition, yet near and distinct:

"Come from the dead, O my lover, my lover!
I call thee in vain!
Come from thy island grave—over me hover
The vultures of pain.
Visions of terror and torment affright me,
Return thou to me!
Gilead hath never a balm to delight me,
Parted from thee.
Haste! for the breath of my life is a sigh, love,
Haste from the dead!
In thy remembered death, daily I die, love——"

A string snapped—silence succeeded. Vera turned to Peg Patton.

"It seems," she said, dryly, "that you have something here besides the owls and the sea to amuse you, after all!"

Peg's dark face remained perfectly passive.

"The person you heard just now, madam, is a poor demented creature who lives with me—a very unfortunate creature. You'd be sorry for her, I'm sure, if you knew her story."

"Pray where do you keep her?" asked Vera, in a sprightly voice; "up the chimney, or under the floor?"

"In neither place, madam, but she is afraid of strangers, and I do not show her to any one—not even to the wife of my master."

Hawkstone interposed quickly:

"My wife has no desire to intrude on your private affairs, Peggy. The storm is now passing—we need not trouble you longer. Accept this trifle for your hospitality," and he flung a handful of money upon the table.

Vera arose, with a wicked little smile.

"I shall not soon forget this visit, my good woman," she said, "and I will surely come again. There is nothing I love so much as a mystery, and it is plain that you harbor one in your Inlet house."

The next moment they were in the saddle, dashing down the forest path together.

If Vera's curiosity was unsatisfied, she asked no questions of her young husband, and he volunteered no explanations. In silence the two returned to Tempest Hall.

(To be continued.)

KINGS AND QUEENS.

It seldom happens that a king and queen are joint sovereigns. Strictly speaking, the wife of the lawful king regnant—that is, the one who has succeeded to his throne—is his subject, and the husband of a queen regnant is the subject of his wife.

Certain privileges are usually accorded to a queen, these differing in different countries. In England, the queen can make a grant to her husband and receive one from him; she can sue and be sued alone, and may purchase land without the king's concurrence. William and Mary of England were joint sovereigns, the only two that ever sat upon the English throne. In all acts of the Government the name of Mary was inserted, but according to the terms of the convention which settled the crown upon the pair, the sole administration of affairs was to rest with William. As Mary was of an easy, unambitious temper, she never interfered with her husband's desire to wield the full and undivided authority of the Crown.

Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain were joint sovereigns. Their marriage, by uniting the royal houses of Castile and Arragon, made Spain one kingdom. But Isabella retained the rule in Castile independently of her husband, and on her death, Ferdinand only succeeded to the regency of that division of the country. Spain did not become, in fact, an undivided kingdom until Ferdinand's death handed over all his own and Isabella's territory and authority to their grandson—Charles I.

SOME WITTY SAYINGS.

No *bon mot* has been in more general use than that attributed to Sir George Cornwall Lewis. "How pleasant would life be but for its amusements; and especially if there was no such thing as 'a little music' in the

world!" Now the germ of this, as Mrs. Timbs shows us, is to be found in Talleyrand's "Memoirs." "Is not Geneva dull?" asked a friend of his. "Yes," he replied, "especially when they amuse themselves."

There has been no one like Talleyrand for cynicism; for, though Jerrold has a reputation for bitter aloes, there was generally some fun about his satire, which prevented irritation on the part of its object. Imagine a lady hear-

ing that this had been said of her: "She is insupportable;" with the addition (as if the prudent statesman had gone too far, and wished to make amends), "that is her only defect." Thulières, who wrote on the Polish Revolution, once observed: "I never did but one mischievous work in my life." "And when will it be ended?" inquired Talleyrand. It was he who remarked upon the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, "that it was worse than a crime: it was a blunder." Curiously enough, Charles Buller said of this, that "such an expression could never be uttered by an Englishman, and could be heard by no Englishman without disgust;" and yet this saying has been more quoted of late—and seriously, too—than almost any other, both by statesmen and our newspaper writers. Madame de Staël drew a portrait of him, as an elderly

lady, in her novel of "Delphine," and also of herself as the heroine. "Those who have read your book tell me," said he, sarcastically, "that we are both of us in your novel in the *disguise* of women." Perhaps his very best witticism was upon an old lady of rank, who married a *valet de chambre*, and it was made at the whist-table. "Ah," said he, "it was late in the game; at nine we don't reckon honors."

ENGLISH RESERVE.

DUMAS loved to laugh at the expense of English stiffness and reserve. One of his best stories was this: "One day Victor Hugo and I were invited to dine with the Duke of Decazes. Among the guests were Lord and Lady Palmerston. Of course this happened before the February revolution. At midnight tea was handed round.

Victor Hugo and I were sitting side by side, chatting merrily. Lord and Lady Palmerston had arrived very late, and there had, consequently, been no opportunity to introduce us before dinner: after dinner, it seems, it was forgotten. English custom, consequently, did not allow us to be addressed by the illustrious couple. All at once young Decazes comes up to us and says: 'My dear Dumas, Lord Palmerston begs you will leave a chair between you and Victor Hugo.'

"I hastened to do as he wished. We moved away from each other and placed an empty chair between us. Thereupon enters Lord Palmerston holding the hand of his wife, leads her up to us and invites her to sit down on the empty chair—all without a word.

"My lady," he said to his wife, 'what time have you?'

"Thirty-five minutes past twelve."

"Well, then," said the great Minister, 'remember well that this day, at thirty-five minutes past twelve, you were sitting between Alexander Dumas and Victor Hugo, an honor which you probably never will enjoy again in your lifetime.'

"Then he offered his arm again to his wife, and took her back to her seat without saying a word to us—because we had not been presented!"



A LESSON.

Heavyside—"How do, Miss PRETTYPERT? WHY HAVE YOU TAKEN OFF YOUR HAT?"

Miss Prettypert—"I'VE BEEN BATHING, AND I WANT MY HAIR TO DRY."

H.—"AH!—NOW, IF I WERE TO TAKE MINE OFF, I SHOULD GET A FEARFUL COLD."

Miss P.—"OH, I SUPPOSE THAT'S WHY YOU HAVEN'T RAISED IT YET."



"WHAT A PICTURE SHE LOOKED, AS THE WIDE SLEEVES FELL BACK UPON HER PRETTY ARMS, IN THE EFFORT TO ARRANGE HER LOOSENED HAIR!"

NO RECOMMENDATIONS.

"As you're not coming by the P. & O., do stop and see Florence and the kids."

This last phrase in my brother Fred's letter to Paris had escaped my notice until I re-read it as I was spinning along by the express toward Dijon, on my way to join, at Malta. Of course I would stop and see Florry and her ten; and I studied my "Bradshaw" to such effect that I decided to dispatch my luggage to Naples from the frontier, leave my train at Pisa, spend four hours in *Fiorenzu la Bella*, and, dropping down by Orvieto, still catch the mail at Rome.

Fred was the eldest and I the youngest of a family of

eight, which made his marriage-day seem already to me like the other recollections of my boyhood.

His dear Florry was the best of wives and mothers, but innumerable babies had contributed nothing toward the cultivation of her natural brilliancy, while the consequent wear and tear had rather exaggerated a certain inconsequence which had been charmingly naïve in her youth and beauty, but was now dubbed by her husband's appreciative family, "Florry's fuzziness."

I breakfasted and brushed up at the Florence station, leaving my bag and wraps till I should return to get my

7:40 p.m. train for Rome.

Coming down out of blustering England in the month of March, even Paris had seemed warm and pleasant by comparison; but rattling up the Arno in the sun, the near green hillsides gleaming with anemones and daffodils, and the heat obliging me to improvise a *puggaree* out of a *foulard*, I fell anew and more than ever in love with the Val d'Arno. I pulled at the bell before climbing the high flight that led to Florry's apartments, and, per consequence, was overwhelmed with her fledgelings before I reached her hospitable arms.

A small trap in the great door had been opened while I was yet below, and thence proceeded a great whispering as I toiled upward to her high second floor.

"Tain't."

"'Tis."

"Ar'n't you a muff!"

"You're another."

And then the big door opened, and a quantity of short, twinkling legs appeared; shouts of, "Uncle Dick! Uncle Dick!" coming booming down the great stairway.

Two little girls held each other's hands fast and waddled down in the legitimate way, while a fat boy in knickerbockers came sliding down the banister, and a bigger one climbed down a marble column, and arrived astride of my shoulder.

A bigger girl still contented herself with peering through the half-opened door, and a nurse with a baby in arms and one by the hand came forward, saying:

"For shame, Master Cecil! Come back here, directly, Miss Gwen!"

But without effect, for by the time I reached the landing I was merely the pivot for a mass of moving arms and legs, and nearly strangled.

"How are all of you, boys and girls?" I gasp. "And is that English Mary still here?"

"Yes, Master Richard," answered the decent nurse-body, whom I luckily remembered. "The children's quite wild, sir, and has been without a governess till last week, sir," she added, courtesying after the ancient mode.

"And she's quite too awfully pretty, Uncle Dick," said Master Cecil, in a knowing way.

"Ar'n't ye ashamed to speak that way of a decent young lady?" says Nurse Mary, but no one listened.

"Mamma's in the morning-room," said a small one.

"And she's giving it to the new governess," added Master Lawrence, aged twelve.

"For shame, Lawry!" cried Miss Ethel, aged fourteen, coming forward to offer me a pink cheek to kiss.

Just then one of the twins burst open an adjacent door by sitting down suddenly against it, and tumbled backward into the room.

A slender figure in gray, with a pale face and troubled brown eyes, appeared, and lifting the two frightened little maidens to their pudgy feet, led them quickly away; meanwhile my dear Florry, several degrees fatter than when I last saw her, loomed upon and folded me in her capacious embrace.

"Oh, Richard, I am in such a predicament!" sighed she, wearily.

"Anything in which I can help you, Floppy, dear?"

"It's just a governess to take the place of dear old Iraquair, who broke down and had a bad fever," she answered.

"I haven't such a thing about me at present," I respond, anxiously feeling in all my pockets.

My little joke makes all the children shout, and even fat Florry smiles, and remembers that I am a guest, and that she has not seen me for a year or so.

"Forgive me, Richard! I have been so bothered by the children and the noise, and the necessity of taking in a person without satisfactory references—in Fred's absence, too."

As if Fred were at home to remain since she returned with the first pair of twins from India in the second year of their marriage!

But all dear Florry's ideas began and ended in the nursery, and this is only a specimen of the conversation during my necessarily brief visit.

When I had at last learned that all was well with her, except the governess's recommendations, I took my leave, charged with messages to Fred about the necessity of wearing his flannels at least another month; the assurance that English governesses were hard to find, and only one other, who squinted and took snuff, had been available; and that she, Florry, would see after the children's morals herself, though she could never be sure of their subjunctive moods without an Englishwoman, etc., all the way down that long staircase.

I came away with a profound pity in my soul for that unrecommended governess, even though I knew my sister-in-law to be a good and well-meaning, though fuzzy-headed, soul.

I looked at my watch after hearing Florry's last disjointed remark and receiving Master Cecy's last hug, and found that I had time for a glimpse at Florence from the *pizzale* and road over San Miniato, and so got into an open hack.

After steeping my senses in the lovely sunset scene, and rattling back into town over the Ponte Carraja, I got down to buy cigarette-paper and matches.

Coming out of the wrong door of the shop, I found myself in the dusky little Via del Moro. The street was silent and quite deserted, though the Piazzetta near by was crowded. Two men were in sight, and a young woman came out of an archway, and advanced toward my corner with something white in her hand. All at once the two men rushed at the woman, one striking the hand that held the folded paper with his stick, and the other throwing his big cloak over her head.

The three were not ten steps away from me, and yet all was done so instantaneously, that though my leap forward to the girl's assistance caused her to fall on my breast as the man snatched his cloak off her head, the two men had disappeared under the archway which led to another street before I could even call out.

"Are you hurt?" I stammer, in British-Italian.

"Only my hand—a little," was responded, in English—in the soft, low tones of refinement.

She was standing alone in an instant, and, woman-like, arranging her bonnet, when she gave a little frightened cry, and said, "Oh, my money is gone!"

"Was it in your pocket?" I ask, for want of something better to say.

"In my hand, in an envelope. Oh, I had just come from a changer's in the Tournabuoni, and was going to Miss Baker's to pay for the baby-linen."

Her voice was sweet and tremulous. I must hear it again.

"Much money?" I ask.

"A thousand francs—forty pounds."

And her voice was as doleful as if it had been a large fortune.

"My glove is torn. It was stricken out of my hand," she added.

Even in the dusk I could see that it was a very little hand, and I took it in my own big one, caressingly. Then I heard the velvet-toned bell from Giotto's Tower

ring out seven o'clock, and my *cocher* called, warningly. "I am awfully sorry, my dear young lady, but I must catch my train. Will you let me put you in a hack first?" I say, hurriedly.

A hack was called by some one in the crowd. I handed her in, and just pressed my mustached lips to the poor bruised little hand as I said "Good-by," and so off to my train.

Just time to get my bag, wraps and ticket, and to stow myself into a *coupé-lit*. I tried to keep awake and to think over the scene I had just witnessed, to dream over the tones of that sweet, low voice, but the two previous nights in the train were too much for sentiment, and I only awoke as we came in sight of Mount Soracte, with the dome of St. Peter's in the distance.

A week or so later I met Fred coming up some of the innumerable stairs of La Vallette—celebrated by Byron in his inelegant and ill-natured poem—with a cloud upon his usually serene brow.

He took off his hat and tumbled up his whitening hair as he answered, in great perplexity, my eager question, "What is it, now, old man?"

"I'm not sure," he said, scratching at his gray wig fiercely, "but I'm awfully afraid Florry is in a scrape. She seems to have got the wrong sort of a person into the house to teach the kids, and yet she isn't sure, and dare not be open about it. The worst of it is, the children like the creature, and are quite docile with her, the lads getting on most wonderfully. Florry, poor soul, can't make up her mind. One day she is as happy as a king. The paragon has held the baby while he was vaccinated, brought Cecil to his marrow-bones after an ungentlemanlike escapade, soothed Florry's headache, and painted a lovely *plaque* for old Lady Murray—Florry's particular society Joss. Then all is serene. But now Lady Murray has had a prettier *plaque* painted; the twins have told a tarra-diddle, and supported each other in it; the Countess von Fuzzybaum-Schioekenthaler has said that the governess has 'no maintien,' and then Florry remembers that there was an unaccountable disappearance of a sum of money confided to this Miss Jerningham, and she is again agonized by the fear that she has admitted a wolf into her sheepfold."

"Very shocking," I respond, abruptly. "Why not dismiss her?"

"But you see, she is such a paragon. Florry never was so comfortable with the kids before, and she, the paragon, is preparing Cecil and Lawry for school like a tutor."

"Would you kindly suggest what it is that Florry desires?" I ask, impatiently.

"I fancy if all the old tabbies would let her alone she would be quite happy."

"But if they won't?"

He scorned to answer my trifling question, and for some time I heard no more of Florry's paragon or her troubles. Thinking of Florence always brought back to my memory the lovely voice of the young woman who was robbed in the dusky Via del Moro, with her tones like those of the famous bell of Giotto's Tower.

Should I recognize the voice if I heard it again?

Malta that year was not one of the most healthy places, and we had so many men in hospital that there came to be grumbling about drill in the hot sun, and complaints that discipline ought to be less severe in such a climate. Of course it became the officers' duty to set an example, and show no fear of the sun; and I'm afraid there was much bravado about it all. In short, before the end of May the proportion of sun-stricken officers equaled the

men, and one day, after having danced all night at Government House, I came home from parade on a stretcher, and after some weeks was invalided home. I got as far as Rome on my way, and there developed a smart touch of fever, and the next thing I really was conscious of was being moaned over by my brother Fred's fat Florry.

"I assure you, Miss Jerningham," I heard her say, "he was one of the handsomest men in the service, which is saying a great deal, where all are so fine-looking."

Then something soft, cool and perfumed touched my burning forehead, and I straightway dreamed of hearing the heavenly voice of that young woman who was robbed.

I fancy I must have been a weary handful to my poor old servant, who watched me in my delirium, and have quite worn him out by my different relapses, for I missed him often from my bedside when my senses began to make periodical returns, and Florry assured me that he was ill in his turn.

"No English soul to be got to nurse you, and Dorgan chooses *this* time for giving out," moaned Florry. Then a soft step approached, and I suppose I fell again into dreams, for I distinctly heard my sweet voice of the Via del Moro urging repose upon my tired and anxious sister-in-law.

My rooms opened upon a terrace with a garden below, and finding one day that I could turn in my bed, I lay looking at the distant soft-bosomed hills and waving tree-tops until my dim senses brought me a sound of voices. Some one on the terrace, and out of sight from the bed, was reading, in a half-voice. I pulled a rug about me and tried bearing my weight upon my feet.

Rather shaky, but I got as far as an armchair, near the door, and after a little, looked out on the terrace.

Seated on a Persian rug, under an awning, was a slender-looking young woman with fair hair, and grouped around her, or leaning up on her, were the twins, and three other kids, all eagerly listening.

"This must be the paragon," I thought, and waited to see her turn and reveal spectacles and blue stockings. She took a small hand from under her chin to turn the page, and I noticed that it was fair and looked young enough, but there was an odd mark like that of an ancient bruise across the slender fingers.

How tired I felt after my effort! And the low murmured reading from that quiet group soothed my senses to repose.

A bell rang in the distance, and the little people stole softly away—probably to luncheon. Miss Jerningham's rising to her feet gave her to my half-closed eyes entire, quite young and very graceful. She leaned a moment over the parapet to look upon the street, and then I started to see her slender neck, ears and cheeks grow scarlet, as some one called to her, in a hoarse whisper, from below, in pure Tuscan:

"The Madonna bless the signorina, and St. Joseph guard her!"

"But why are you not gone? You promised me to go directly!" I heard the governess answer, hurriedly.

"The ship sails to-night, and Amina is at the station with the *bimbi*. I came to thank the blessed angel who has saved us all—to kiss her hands."

Just then Florry came stealing on tiptoe into my room, and arrived upon the terrace behind Miss Jerningham in time to hear that young lady's last anxious words to the man below—"Go! go!"

Florry wrung her hands and glanced at me, and I shut my eyes tightly, and feigned sleep successfully.

Seeing no help for it, that unwilling warrior faced the situation.

Advancing on the terrace, she was in time to see a rough-looking peasant fellow waving his hat in final adieu to the paragon, whose crimson face made denial useless, as Florry burst forth:

"Oh, Miss Jerningham, you who denied that this fellow was the one who robbed you, and then have him come to see you here, in the house with my innocent children! We shall all be murdered in our beds by the ruffians you encourage to come here, and I begin to believe what Lady Murray says—that you were not robbed at all, but are in league with banditti. Oh, why did I take a person without a recommendation? And now poor Richard is here helpless, and you are so taking, and he won't have his medicine from any one else, even when he is delirious, and he'll go and fall in love with you, and you belonging to the Carbonari, Mafia, or whatever it is, and letting robbers into the house when we are all asleep to murder my innocent babies!"

Florry had delivered all this harangue without stopping for breath, and in a gradually increasing tone of voice, until at last she burst into a positive wail and sat down on the Persian rug, demanding her husband, with tears and sobs, and refusing to be comforted.

I managed to throw over a chair, the sound of whose fall rather ended the row on the terrace, and brought me Miss Jerningham, in great confusion and fright at my having risen from my bed.

"What is all that noise about?" I ask, sleepily.

The governess's cheeks were scarlet and her great brown eyes aflame, as she brushed back her soft hair with the bruised hand and waited for Florry to explain, who did nothing but sob and mop up her tears, till her poor nose was quite red and shiny.

"The noise, Captain Trevor," said Miss Jerningham, at last and rather haughtily, "was caused by Mrs. Trevor's dissatisfaction with my services, and my consequent resignation of my position of trust and confidence in her family, of course, follows."

"And what am I to do with the children all, and the baby beginning to cut his teeth, and Cecil so unmanageable with any one else, and Lawry not through the Commentaries!" Florry murmured on, without breath or punctuation, already repenting her hasty expression of the doubts that her politeness had hitherto aided her interest to conceal.

"Let Dorgan come and help me to bed again," I interpolate.

"Oh, Richard, Dorgan was taken ill just when you got out of danger. He's in his bed and a high fever."

She spoke as if it was like Dorgan's impudence to indulge in a fever at such an inappropriate time, and my involuntary smile at her absurdity was faintly reflected on Miss Jerningham's lovely, vexed face, as she called an Italian man servant, and gave him the necessary orders, and then left the room.

Florry came in from the terrace as soon as I was

in my nest again, still sniffling. I was too weak to feel gallant.

"Now, Florry," I said, severely, "what is it you want done?"

"She says she's going, and I don't know what sort of a situation she can get in June, with every soul gone away, and I like her so much for her goodness to the children, and she's done all the work of a tutor for the boys."

"You don't want her to go, then, Florry?" I ruthlessly interrupt.

"What I should do without her, now Dorgan is ill,



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"I'm sure I don't know, and you're scarcely recovered your senses, and baby teething already."

"Then you apologize and beg her to stop," I put in, decisively.

"But she certainly has been speaking to ruffians several times, and I had no recommendations with her, you know, and she certainly refused to accuse the two men who were caught by the police to be recognized, and the money affair was, of course, never clear, and Lady Murray believes she was in league with the men who robbed her."

"What about the money, Flop?"

"Why, the forty pounds she changed at Fioravanti's to pay Miss Baker for the baby-linen, and then came home, saying that it had been stolen from her in the Via del Moro. Of course, as Lady Murray says, she could have hit her hand and bruised it as much herself."

So that was the explanation of the musical voice I had heard in my delirium, only banished from my presence since my consciousness returned! So those were the small, bruised fingers I had kissed in the dusk of the Via del Moro three months ago! Florry maundered on uninterrupted, until a sound of baby-wailing above-stairs attracted her attention.

"I must go to them," I heard her say. "Perhaps it is the twins, who have already heard that she is going. What in the world shall I do? Oh, Dick, if you could advise me!"

"Will you take my advice to the letter?" I ask.

"Oh, yes, dear Richard, in Fred's absence, of course I will, if you are sure you are no longer delirious."

"Then go straight and apologize to Miss Jerningham, and let Lady Murray and the recommendations go to Bagdad with the ruffians."

"But if—"

"Now, Florry, either you do as I say or don't come and bother me for advice, you know," I cruelly insist, and she trots off to apologize and send the governess to me, as I have begged of her.

Pretty, did I say? Why, the paragon was positively beautiful in her indignation when she sailed into my room, her big brown eyes and high color lighting her soft-tinted hair and delicate complexion into brilliancy.

"You sent for me, Captain Trevor," she said, proudly, "and as you are ill, I could not refuse to come."

"Draw the blind, please, Miss Jerningham, and would you be so good as to turn me over this obstinate pillow?" I answer.

Only an instant's hesitation, and then she did me these small services, with a gentle touch.

"Are you really stronger to-day?" she asked, noticing my exhaustion after this unwontedly stirring morning.

"Scarcely yet strong enough to think about changes."

The vexed color recedes from her soft cheeks, and her brown eyelashes droop over the sweet eyes, as she stands waiting. I reached and took her bruised hand in mine.

"May I kiss it again?" I whisper; "there was no time to ask your permission in the Via del Moro."

A wave of color passed over her face, and her startled eyes sought mine, but she did not withdraw her hand.

"I thought you did not remember me," she murmured.

"I have never forgotten the sweet sound of your voice, and I am longing to call its owner by the dearest of all titles. May I hope to do so when you have had time to reflect?"

"You, also, must have time to reflect," she said, softly, with averted head.

"But you will be patient with Florry, and will wait and help me to get well?" I urge.

"I will wait," she said, simply, and I kissed her rosy palm just once.

"Now you will sleep?" she asked, after a brief silence.

"Now I can sleep," I answer, and I did so for several hours, waking much refreshed, and with a great flash of joy, for the paragon was sitting near me in a great arm chair, telling whispered stories to keep the twigs quiet, while Jock, a six-year old rebel, kept himself quiet with the diversion of taking out her combs and letting her lovely hair fall over her shoulders.

What a picture she looked, as the wide sleeves fell back from her pretty arms in the effort to arrange her loosened hair, her soft eyes hidden by their drooped lashes, and all those rosy babies secure in her happy vicinity as they chuckled over her discomfiture!

"Dorgan had to have the man with him, and Mrs. Trevor asked me to come to you while she received some visits, but now she is come herself," explained Miss Jerningham, rising to go away.

I made a pleading gesture which called her to my side, and in answer to a whispered question, Florry, who was just entering the room, heard her say the one word, "Violet," and opened wide eyes of astonishment as the governess departed with her following of children.

"Now, Richard," began Florry, "don't tell me that she's been making love to you, or it will be the last straw."

"But I'm telling you nothing of the kind," I say somewhat irritably.

"Lady Murray has just been here, and she says there is no kind of doubt but what that woman is in league with brigands, and we shall be murdered in our beds."

"Cheerful prediction of Lady M.; but if it must be done, I should prefer it done in bed under present circumstances."

Florry consents to laugh at my teasing, but I see plainly that her confidence is shaken by my whispered question to the departing offender, and I muster all my force to begin the necessary explanations, when a great rumpus is heard on the floor above, and Florry, probably convinced that the massacre is beginning at 3 P. M. of the day, rushes off to investigate.

When the thumping and galloping of children's feet in the corridor has somewhat subsided, I distinguish above the others the deep, pleasant grumbling of my brother Fred's voice, and give a sigh of content, knowing that all care is at an end for me, falling to thinking what a pleasant name is Violet.

Before long, a great bumping of small boots descending toward my quarters announces the escort of dear old Fred, hunting me out.

When we have shaken hands warmly, and exchanged the compliments of, "What a seedy beggar you look!" and "A sunburned old bully!" and Fred has got rid of the kids by giving up to them the keys of his luggage, he asks, earnestly:

"What's all this about the governess introducing burglars? Florry telegraphed as soon as Dorgan was taken ill, and a pretty fright it has caused me."

At this moment Miss Jerningham brought me my medicine, which every one else had forgotten, and was "Quite too awfully pretty" in her embarrassment when introduced to Fred.

"But you don't mean that that is the governess?" gasped he.

"The werry h'identical burglars' accomplice," I aver.

"Then it is all a yarn of Florry's, of course," he pronounced. "Jerningham, did you say? Why, she reminds me of Jerningham of ours, who died just after the Glasgow Bank failure."

"I don't know anything of her people, but she don't look to me the thing for successful burglary," I answer.

"There was something about her losing some money, I believe?"

Just here Florry joined us, and added, "Yes, it was forty pounds, and two men were taken up for the robbery and recognized by all the bystanders, but she refused to accuse them, and Lady Murray thinks the money was shared between the three."

"Lady Murray be blessed!" I burst forth. "I should like to know how the poor girl could recognize the men when her head was completely covered by a cloak. I caught her as he pulled it off her head, and ran off through the archway."

"You?" from both my astonished auditors, and then I had to relate my involuntary assisting at the robbery.

"But I'm sure the ruffian she was talking with to-day was one of them," urged Florry, inconsequently.

"Then she is forgiving, for I heard the man bless her for helping him off to America with his family. You shall not lose your forty pounds, Florry, I promise you, if you are good to her."

"Now, Fred, just hear that! She's been making love to Richard," scolded my sister-in-law.

"Quite the contrary," I insist. "It is I who have made love to her, and if you don't help me I fear I shall be unsuccessful."

Then I coaxed Fred and Florry to side with me if I

should succeed in my suit, and got them to ask Miss Jerningham to come to me, under pretext of medicine.

"I find I cannot wait till I am well for my answer," I said to my dear love, turning a flushed and wearied face toward her. I feel as if I should never rest again unless you give me peace with your promise."

"But you know nothing of me," she urged, softly. "You know I had no recommendations, as Mrs. Trevor says, and as I was never before a governess, and left unwilling relatives to accept such a lot—when I lost father and fortune—"

I secured her small hand, and by it drew her within reach of my arm by gentle force, so that I could interrupt her explanations in my own way.

"Do you love me, my darling? That is the only thing necessary to explain between us," I whisper.

"How could I help loving you since that fearful moment, which ended by leaving me safe in your arms?" she answered.

Then Fred came and offered her his arm to the dinner-table, and Florry, when convinced that she was all that birth and breeding could make her, averred:

"Of course you have enough money for both, with Aunt Ethel's legacy, and Jock and the twins will be delighted, and I will love her dearly, Richard, if she could only finish preparing Cecil and Lawry."

So she was to be mine, though still without recommendations.

PARIS IN MINIATURE.

BY NOEL RUTHVEN.

BRUSSELS is Paris in miniature. She imitates Paris in everything. She has her Boulevards; her tiny Champs Elysées; her Palais Royal; her Acclimatization Gardens; her covered passages; her fountains—one of which Paris can never hope to imitate; her *cafés chantants* and her *chic*. One feels as if in Paris, yet lacking a something that Lutetia ever dispenses with lavish hand. What is it? Who knows? It is a something in the atmosphere. Brussels to me is ever associated with the *finesse* of a woman, and the confiding nature of a man. I was en route to Cologne, to do the Rhine. We left Brussels by the midnight train, all first-class carriages, and an extra fare for the privilege of traveling by this train. In my compartment were a young Russian, an elderly English maiden, and two young and very pretty girls whom she was transporting to the banks of the blue Moselle, for educational purposes—the finishing touches—or, as an agricultural friend of mine would put it, "top-dressing." We all commenced a gossip. The Russian spoke capital English, and, as the young girls knew full well that they would get all the sleep they required, and more, later on, they chatted away so merrily that daylight peeped in to find us still on the gossip. The "she-dragon" produced some light but dainty food, the Russian a bottle of wine, and Brussels was announced ere the crumbs had been well washed away. The elder lady and I proceeded in quest of our respective baggages, and to face the grim German Custom-house officials. I got safely through, to find the lady in a war of words, hot and strong words too, with a wooden-faced *douanier*, who remained unmoved as a cobblestone under her rain of merciless invective. She had with her a very large quantity of home-made preserves, upon which there was a heavy duty. She refused to pay, and declared her intention of leaving the jam, pots and all, for the delectation of the Custom-house officers.

The *douanier* gruffly declared that the duty should be paid in any case. A sudden thought struck the lady. Advancing to a distant corner, where the Russian was flirting with the girls, she said to him, with a smile sweeter than all the jam: "You have been kind and polite to me and my charges, monsieur, and I would like to prove my gratitude by making you a little present."

The Russian was perfectly overwhelmed.

"I have some preserves here," pointing, in an off-hand way, to the groaning crates behind the long counter, "made by these young ladies. You shall have them. Come and claim them."

He was led to the counter. He claimed the preserves. He handed the ladies into a cab, and bade them a guttural "*Au revoir*." Then he returned to the counter, face to face with his white elephant, and the traveling charges thereof; then he swore in Russian, and for this purpose the Muscovite language carries off the palm. Yea, when Brussels comes on the tapis, I bethink me of that wily spinster and her artful little ways.

Brussels is the proud capital of the proud Belgians, and boasts 200,000 inhabitants within her walls, her suburbs being good for 170,000, making 370,000 in all. The beautiful city, for it is beautiful, is divided into the upper and lower towns, the upper being the swell quarter, and, on account of its altitude, the healthier. Horse-cars are in abundance, and the restaurants, especially in the lower town, of exceptional character both for food and drink.

On the occasion of my first visit to the capital of Belgium I was accompanied by a worthy Dublin Alderman, Philip Redmond, than whom a more joyous companion or better fellow never drew breath. We put up on chance at the Hotel Saxe, in the Rue Neuve, and happened to order a particular brand of Rhine wine. Phil



THE PARK, BRUSSELS.

was so delighted with the "tap" that he lingered in the city as long as he possibly could, and wound up his visit by purchasing the remainder of the bin for his "private smoking" at his hospitable mansion in Dublin. If there are correct vintages in the bright particular star he has been called away to, may he get hold of the longest-tailed in the whole list!

The upper town contains the King's Palace, the Chambers and some palatial hotels. The Rue de la Loi is occupied by public offices. The lower town revels in picturesque buildings long, long ago the residences of the Brabant noblesse. The Market-place, with its glorious Hôtel de Ville, supported by many tall, gabled halls of venerable



PULPIT IN THE CHURCH OF ST. GUDULE, BRUSSELS.

guilds, is the great attraction of Brussels, since it is, beyond question, doubt or cavil, unrivaled as a specimen of Gothic splendor in civic edifices. The English and American quarter is the Quartier Léopold, outside the Boulevard Régent, and the Club is much frequented by landlords who have made fifty per cent. commission and by those who have made none. "It is cheap, sir, devilish cheap, and not a bit nasty," was the observation of an Hibernian whose rent-roll had dwindled from \$15,000 to \$5,000.

The Boulevards are wide and handsome, especially the Avenue and Rue du Midi, Boulevard du Hainaut and the Rue Neuve. The Boulevard Centrale, with that of the Senné, offers



PLACE ROYALE, BRUSSELS.

a direct causeway nearly two miles long from the Northern Railway Station to that of the Midi. Midway between the two stands the Bourse, a superb building, in the very heart of the city.

Everybody makes straight for the Park, in the upper town, a very shady and capitally laid out pleasance, the

gift of Maria Theresa. Within the area of the Park stood the old Chateau of the Dukes of Brabant, in the hall of which Charles V. made his memorable abdication in 1555. In this Park, Peter the Great of Russia, having offered too many libations to Bacchus, tumbled into a well, and became sobered through immersion. The



THE BRICK-QUAY AND SEAL-HOUSE, BRUSSELS.

incident was too "juicy" to be allowed to rest, so a slab on the curbstone announces to all whom it may concern or otherwise, that Peter the Great, King of Muscovia, being drunk and incapable, fell headforemost into the well in the April of 1717.

The King's Palace overlooks the Park. At Laeken, a five-franc journey from Brussels, the Belgian Court is usually to be found, and the trip repays even if one has no back-stairs work on hand. The Palace in Brussels is scarcely worthy the title. It so closely resembles the adjacent hotel that a near-sighted friend of mine, under the impression that he was returning to take his ease in his inn, entered the sacred inclosure, and passing all the sentries without being challenged, found himself in a handsome chamber, and all alone. He rang an electric bell, and to his utter astonishment a gorgeously attired court flunky replied to the summons. Half a dozen followed in quick succession, and my luckless friend was shown not only the door, but the gate.

The Palais Ducal, given by the city to the Duke of Brabant, has a history. It was erected at the cost of the City of Brussels and presented to William II, King of Holland, when Prince of Orange. When the revolution of 1830 bounced him, the palace was converted into a Museum of Modern Belgian Art, and first-class art it is. I spent two mornings in the galleries, and would gladly have repeated my visits.

We have to deal with yet another palace—the Palais de la Nation or National Palace. This edifice was erected by Maria Theresa for the meetings of the Council of Brabant. It is situated in the Rue de la Loi, or Law Street, at the end of the Park, and faces the Royal Palace. Within its walls are two representative chambers, the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, which form the Belgian Parliament. In the Senate Hall are some remarkable paintings of a purely historical character. A colossal equestrian statue of Godfrey de Bouillon stands in picturesque and battle array in the centre of the Place Royale. Every true American visits the Column of the Constitution, erected in 1859 as a memorial of the National Congress. At the four corners of the base are female figures personifying Liberty of the Press, Education, Association and Religion.

The Museum, formerly the Palace of the Spanish and Austrian Governors of the Low Countries, is more than usually interesting, since there are seven works of Rubens—all disputed, however—to be gazed upon and duly criticised. Here is a superb Vandyke, a Gerard Douw, Franz Floriss, P. Nufs and Dierick Stuerbout. Here, also, is the "Kermess" of Teniers, with portraits of the painter, his two daughters and his servants. As usual, the French have gained an unhappy notoriety here for art destruction, since, during the bombardment of Brussels, the 20th of August, 1695, by Marshal Villeroi, in addition to several thousand houses, they burned fourteen churches, every one of them rich in masterpieces by Rubens and Vandyke.

The Royal Library contains close upon a quarter of a million of printed volumes, and over 20,000 MSS., and includes the famous "Bibliothèque de Bourgogne." It was founded in the fifteenth century by Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy. Many of the volumes in the collection are enriched with miniature paintings of the highest merit. The visitors' particular attention is called to thirty-seven folio volumes containing "The Chronicle of Hainault," illustrated, *on dit*, by Hemling; "The Missal of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary"; "The Psalter of Louis of Mael," and the MS. copy of the "Cyropædia," the personal property of Charles the Bold. In

this library is a collection of 60,000 prints—old Flemish and German artists—a unique and splendid collection of niello, and a woodcut bearing the date 1418.

But it is to the Town Hall and Market-place that every visitor to Brussels makes instant pilgrimage. The Town Hall stands in the middle of the Market-place, and is by far the grandest of those municipal palaces which are found in almost every city of the Netherlands. The part southward of the tower was commenced in 1401. The charming spire of Gothic openwork is 364 feet high. The gilt-copper figure of St. Michael on the top, and which serves as a weathercock—why not St. Peter?—is 17 feet high. The good saint, like the Vicar of Bray, turns with every wind. In the Salle de Mariage are some magnificent Belgian tapestries of the fifteenth, and Gobelins of the seventeenth, centuries, their colors being still wondrously fresh and vivid. The Grande Place is certainly one of the finest squares in Europe—I have seen them all—and is surrounded by the most picturesque old houses, most of which were the halls of various corporations and guilds. From their prim-looking windows fair dames of Brabant have gazed down upon the tourney. It was in this grand old square that Counts Egmont and Horn were beheaded, in 1568. You are shown the house in which they spent their last night on earth, a semi-Gothic creation called the Broodhuis, built in 1525. Alas, who ordered the execution, gazed grimly on the work of death from the window of an opposite house. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* The spot on which the scaffold stood is now occupied by a colossal monument, in bronze, of the martyred counts, erected in 1864, and a noble work of art this monument is, and right nobly surrounded.

The Church of St. Gudule is a superb specimen of the Gothic, and is world-famous for its carved pulpit, the work of Verbruggen. It represents Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise by the angel, who appears on one side of the globe brandishing the flaming sword, while Death glides round with his dart from the opposite side. The pulpit itself is in the hollow of the globe, which is supported on the tree of knowledge, and the tree of life, teeming with fruit, and with various animals perched on their branches. Above the canopy stands the Virgin, holding the infant Saviour, whom she is assisting to thrust the extremity of the cross into the serpent's head. In 1776 Maria Theresa presented this quaint piece of wood-carving to St. Gudule's.

In the Chapel of St. Sacrament des M racles are deposited the miraculous wafers, stolen from the altar by a sacrilegious Jew, and subjected to insults by himself and his brethren assembled in their synagogue. To add additional flavor to the sacrilege, the day chosen for the outrage was Good Friday. "When the scoffers proceeded so far as to stick their knives into the wafers, jets of blood burst forth from the wounds, and the scoffers were struck senseless. The Jews were then denounced by one of the pretended spectators, who had been converted to Christianity, and were seized and put to death by the most cruel torments. This took place about the end of the fourteenth century."

I was much taken with a beautiful altar of modern date, carved in wood, the gift of a wealthy pious maiden, who spent \$5,000 in this righteous way. The Romanesque choir, ninth century, in the Church of Notre Dame de la Chapelle, contains a singular pulpit representing Elijah comforted by an angel under a canopy of palm-trees. This church also enshrines the pretentious monument of the Spinola family. With the exception of the buildings of the Departments of State at Wash-

ington, and those of the Hôtel de Ville at Paris, commend me to the Palais de Justice at Brussels, commenced in 1868, and still under the cold chisel of the stone-masons. No attempt at description could convey the singular and stately beauty of this palace, its glorious façade, and its delightful proportions.

The Prison of Petits Carmes is a very historic spot. It stands on the site of a hotel memorable as the place of meeting of the Confederates, in the reign of Philip II., who were the means of delivering the United Provinces from the yoke of Spain. On this spot, in 1566, they drew up the famous petition to the Regent Margaret of Parma, called the "Request." At the moment when it was presented one of the courtiers was overheard to whisper in the ear of Margaret, who was rather startled by the sudden entrance of the petitioners, "Not to be annoyed by such a parcel of beggars"—(*gueux*). The leaders of the Confederates, hearing of this, and feeling that an epithet bestowed upon those who came forward in defense of their country and liberties, though meant as a reproach, became by its application a title of honor, determined to adopt it at once as their *nom de guerre*. The same evening, when they met at supper, some of them appeared on the balcony of the hotel with beggars' wallets at their backs and porringers—(*jettes*)—in their hands, out of which they drank success to the *gueux*! The spark thus lighted was soon blown into a flame, and this is commonly considered one of the leading events of that revolution which, in a few years, dispossessed Spain of the dominion of the northern portions of the Low Countries. Alva wreaked his blind vengeance on the building where the meetings were held by leveling it to the ground.

The name of Alva is not loved in Belgium, and I verily believe that Mr. Vanderbilt would be hauled over the coals for having given the name to his floating palace.

There is a small but extremely choice collection of pictures at the Palais d'Arenberg. They are chiefly of Dutch and Flemish masters, Jan Steen and Ostade being well to the front. There is also a splendid Paul Potter. In numerous cabinets are Etruscan and other antiquities, and the lovers of old furniture can reap a rich harvest with quiet eye. In the library is an antique head, asserted to be that of the famous Laocöon.

An eccentric personage, an artist, who died some twenty-five years ago, bequeathed to Belgium's capital a set of pictures extraordinary, fascinating and unique. He also erected a gallery for their safe-keeping, and called it after his own name, the "Wiertz" Museum. You gaze through peepholes at some of these works of art; and as there is much that is gruesome and horrible in the subjects selected by the half-crazy artist, I should not advise ladies of delicate nerves to visit the museum, nor would I bring a child thither at any price. If *pater familias* desires to see the show, let him leave the ladies and children in the adjoining Zoological Gardens, where on Summer evenings a capital open-air concert can be enjoyed, with the occasional howl of the hyena, for one franc. The aquarium resembles that at Brighton.

The Porte de Hal is a large Gothic gatehouse, standing alone, a mediæval reproach to the modern and hideous buildings in its immediate vicinity. It was erected in 1381, and was Alva's Bastille during his bloody persecution of the Reformers. It is now used as a museum for a highly interesting and admirably arranged collection of mediæval antiquities. Among its most attractive gems are: specimens of fifteenth-century breech-loading cannon, from the Castle of Bouvigne; arms, armor, chain and scale mail suits of the twelfth century; the helmet

of Charles V., his gauntlets and dagger; suits of steel, of Philip II. of Spain; very curious and very horrible wood-carvings of the martyrdom of the saints, and, above all, the bow and mantle of red feathers of Montezuma, Emperor of Mexico, brought hither by the Emperor Charles V. It is in front of this building that criminals are guillotined.

"Have you paid your respects to the oldest inhabitant?" is the facetious question put to every stranger visiting Brussels. The greenhorn replies in the negative, and after being informed that compliance with this ceremony is indispensable, is led through a number of narrow streets in the old town, until a fountain is reached, and then—well, the fountain is called "The Manikin," and represents a small, naked boy, adding to the flowing and sparkling waters. It is the practical joke of the Belgians, and as harmless as it is quaint. The manikin used to be a personage of considerable importance, and, on certain *fête* days, was borne in procession in a costume specially designed for his little royal highness. The statue is very old, and is much respected and revered by the citizens. Woe to the wight who would injure or offer it insult.

On the top of the hill adjoining the King's Palace, and overlooking the Park, stands the Bellevue Hotel, rendered immortal from having been the building in which the Duchess of Richmond gave her celebrated ball, on the night of the 15th of June, 1815, during the height of which the Duke of Wellington received the tidings announcing that his great rival, Napoleon Bonaparte, with whom he longed to cross swords, was on the march for Brussels. The ball has been described in song and story, and Romance has enshrined it in sheen and shine all her own. Byron, whose verse, as Mr. Longfellow once said to me, "makes the heart leap," thus gloriously sings of it:

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty, and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell.
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

"Did ye not hear it?—no; 'twas but the wind
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

"Ah! then and there were hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness.
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If evermore should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

"And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war.
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star,
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering with white lips: 'The foe! they come! they come!'

In "Vanity Fair" Thackeray describes the excitement

and alarm in Belgium's capital on the night of the famous ball :

"There never was, since the days of Darius, such a brilliant train of camp-followers as hung round the train of the Duke of Wellington's army in the Low Countries in 1815, and led it dancing and feasting, as it were, up to the very brink of battle. A certain ball which a noble duchess gave at Brussels, on the 15th of June, in the above-named year, is historical. All Brussels had been in a state of excitement about it, and I have heard, from ladies who were in that town at the period, that the talk and interest of persons of their own sex regarding the ball was much greater even than in respect of the enemy in their front. The struggles, intrigues and prayers to get tickets were such as English ladies only will employ in order to gain admission to the society of the great of their own nation.

"We of peaceful London city have never beheld—and, please God, never shall witness—such a scene of hurry and alarm as that which Brussels presented. Crowds rushed to the narrow gate,

such a pitch of nervousness as gratified his friend Isidor to behold, who now counted surely upon the spoils of the owner of the laced coat."

Who has not read Charles O'Malley, and the vivid description of the immortal ball?

It was at nine of the clock upon a glorious July morning that I took my place on the box-seat of the coach that leaves Brussels for the famous field of "king-making" Waterloo. It is a drive of about ten miles, and a charming and fascinating excursion. About two miles from Brussels the road enters or skirts the Forest of Soigne, now much shorn of its fair proportions and turned into corn-fields, the blue and red poppies dappling the yellow corn after a fashion to drive an artist in water colors who sat behind me into interjectional ecstasy. This forest is nine miles long by about seven and one-half broad, and Byron, by a poetical license, has



NEW PALACE OF JUSTICE, BRUSSELS.

from which direction the noise proceeded, and many rode along the level *chaussée* to be in advance of any intelligence from the army. Each man asked his neighbor for news, and even great English lords and ladies condescended to speak to persons whom they did not know. The friends of the French went abroad, wild with excitement, and prophesying the triumph of their Emperor. The merchants closed their shops, and came out to swell the general chorus of alarm and clamor. Women rushed to the churches, and crowded the chapels, and knelt and prayed on the flags and steps. The dull sound of the cannon went on rolling, rolling. Presently carriages with travelers began to leave the town, galloping away by the Ghent barrier. The prophecies of the French partisans began to pass for facts. 'He has cut the armies in two,' it was said. 'He is marching straight on Brussels. He will overpower the English, and be here to-night.' 'He will destroy the English,' shrieked Isidor to his master, 'and will be here to-night.' The man bounded in and out from the lodgings to the street, always returning with some particulars of disaster. Joe's face grew paler and paler. Alarm began to take entire possession of the stout civilian. All the champagne he drank brought no courage to him. Before sunset he was worked up to

identified it with the ancient forest of the Ardennes. The village of Waterloo is on the outskirts of the forest, and was the headquarters of the British army in the days before and following the battle to which it has given its name. The Duke of Wellington's quarters were in a house opposite the church. Here, after sixteen hours in the saddle, he dismounted from his famous steed Copenhagen, and the spirited animal, conscious of the termination of his labors, is said to have kicked out with the abandon of a canal mule, a manœuvre that nearly proved fatal to his distinguished rider.

A swarm of guides and relic-venders descended upon us with the vigor and tenacity of New Jersey musquitoes, while yellow-haired, pink-flushed, blue-eyed children insisted in delicious *putois* upon our purchasing corn-flowers and poppies, and what not besides.

The little church and churchyard at Waterloo are crowded with memorials of English officers, and it was



NEW BOULEVARD ANSPACH AND THE BOURSE, BRUSSELS.

painful to hear a 'Arry with his 'Arriet, under the full beams of the honeymoon, reading the thirty tablets aloud, dropping every *h*, and giving it 'ot to mossoo after each perusal.

We turned into a little house, a very little house, and a stuffy little house, to behold where the "Iron Duke" spent the nights before and after the battle, and we also gazed at the table whereon the dashing Marquis of Anglesea had lain while his left leg was amputated; and we followed the leg to the grave, and then returned to pay our respects to the boot which had once contained the leg. That limb is worth several thousands of dollars a year to its possessor. It has been decorously interred under a weeping-willow, and is honored

with a monument and an epitaph. You pass the farmhouse of Mont St. Jean, which during the battle served as a sort of hospital, although within the line of fire.

Leaving the village of Mont St. Jean the road reaches an open country, almost entirely without trees. It ascends a gentle rise, and on arriving at the termination of this ascent, we found ourselves on the line of a ridge extending to the right and the left of the road, with a

gentle valley before us, and another ascent and nearly corresponding ridge beyond it. Along the ridge on which we stood the British army was posted, while the position of the French was along the opposite heights.

An enormous mound 200 feet high, surmounted by a colossal bronze lion cast in Liege is the most conspicuous



PALACE OF THE FINE ARTS, BRUSSELS.

object in the field, and from the top—it is easily ascended—a general survey of the “cockpit” can be best obtained.

The road from Brussels to Charleroi intersected the two armies, or, so to speak, separated the left wing of the British under General Picton and the right wing of the French from the main bodies of their respective armies. Hereabouts the high road is traversed at right angles by a small country cross-road. During the first part of the action Picton stood in the angle formed by the crossing of these two roads and at the right of the highway. About half-way down in the hollow which separated the two armies, and in which the most bloody combats took place, is the farm of La Haye Sainte, close to the roadside. It was occupied by the soldiers of the German Legion, and gallantly defended till their ammunition was exhausted, when they were literally cut to pieces. A terrible carnage took place in the house and garden, and the building was riddled with shot.

We now proceeded across the valley and up the opposite slope to the farm of La Belle Alliance, a solitary white house on the left of the road, now a sickly sort of saloon. It was occupied by the French, whose lines were drawn up close behind it, though toward the end of the engagement Napoleon in person marshaled his Imperial Guards in front of it for the final charge. Napoleon's place of observation during a great part of the battle was nearly on a line with La Belle Alliance, at some distance on the right of the road. The Prussians have erected a cast-iron monument at the spot where they came upon the field, in memory of their fellow-countrymen who fell there. Their loss on the 18th alone amounted to 7,000. It occurred chiefly in the vicinity of the village of Plancenois, which was stormed and retaken three times.

It has been erroneously asserted that the Duke of Wellington and Blücher met after the battle at La Belle Alliance. The fact is, that Marshal Blücher or “Vorwärts,” as his soldiers loved to call him, did not overtake the Duke till he was two miles beyond the field at the Maison Rouge, or Maison du Roi, on the road to Genappe, at 10 p. m. All Americans who have been across the pond to the Jubilee will have paused opposite Maclise's fresco in the House of Lords. Here the painter perpetuates the error. In spite of the fatigues of the day the Duke had pursued the French in person till long after dark, and when Colonel Hervey, who accompanied him, pointed out the danger he ran by being fired at by stragglers from behind the hedges, exclaimed: “Let them fire away; the victory is gained, and my life is no value now.”

The present appearance of the field differs considerably from what it was at the time of the battle, owing to the excavation made along the front of the British position, to obtain earth for the artificial mound. The ridge of Mont St. Jean has been seriously reduced in height, and the spot where the Duke of Wellington stood is quite cut away, the adjoining ground being lowered several feet by the removal of the earth.

From the top of the mound we perceived that the ground is a perfectly open and undulating plain. The British force was disposed in two lines along one of those undulations; the foremost line occupied the brow of the eminence, and was partly protected by a hedge running from Mont St. Jean to Ohain, which gave the name to the famous La Haye Sainte; the second stood a little way behind, on the reverse of the slope, so as to be partly sheltered from the enemy's fire. The British were separated by the shallow valley I have already mentioned—

varying from 500 to 800 yards in breadth—from the French, who were posted on the opposite ridge. The situation of both armies was in many parts within point-blank range of their opponents' artillery.

The Duke, writing to Lord Beresford, July 2d, 1815, says: “Napoleon did not manoeuvre at all. He just moved forward, in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about, as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well.”

It is a fact worthy of notice that, in 1705, the Duke of Marlborough was within an inch of fighting the French nearly on the same ground as Wellington. His headquarters were at Frischermont, and the French were posted across the Brussels road. He was thwarted, however, by the pig-headed obstinacy or cowardice of the Dutch Commissioners who accompanied his army.

We rode back to Brussels in the cool of the evening, 'Arry singing at the top of his London-smoke-dried lungs, “God Save the Queen.”

THE CAPTIVE BROOK.

A BROOKLET from the mountain sped
And wandered on its merry way;
It wandered where its fancy led,
The livelong night, the livelong day.
It sang of dells where bird-songs flow,
It sang of haunts where lilies grow,
It sang in tones that lovers know,
All day, all day.

The sunbeams on its ripples lay,
And laughter through its cadence broke,
And as it danced away, away,
Unnumbered harmonies awoke.
It loitered by the drooping flower,
It sang the love-dream of the bower.
The song was new from hour to hour,
All day, all day.

A miller came, one morn in May,
And bound the brooklet to his mill,
Where labor wears the hours away,
And its harsh sound is never still.
And round and round, to fill his store,
The water turns the millwheel o'er;
But ah! the brooklet sings no more,
All day, all day.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

ARCHBISHOP WHATELY, though caustic enough, could be comical, and even did not shrink from a pun. This is generally a low species of wit, but it must be remembered that perhaps the very best “good thing” that was ever uttered, Jerrold's definition of dogmatism (grown-up puppyism), included it.

Pinel was speaking to the archbishop about the (then) new and improved treatment of lunatics, and mentioned that gardening was found to be a good occupation for them.

“I should doubt that,” replied His Grace; “they might grow madder.”

He once confounded a horse-dealer who was endeavoring to sell him a very powerful animal.

“There is nothing, your Grace,” said he, “which he can't draw.”

“Can he draw an inference?” inquired Whately.

It is curious how many now popular jokes and even riddles emanated from the brain of the Archbishop of Dublin: What Joan of Arc was made of; the difference between forms and ceremonies; why a man never starves in the Great Desert, etc. The answer to the following he withheld; it has puzzled many persons who make nothing of a double acrostic, and will probably continue to do so:

"When from the Ark's capacious round
The beasts came forth in pairs,
Who was the first to hear the sound
Of boots upon the stairs?"

One of his great pleasures was to poke fun at people who will think philosophically upon questions that only require the commonest of common-sense. He propounded to a whole roomful of divines the problem: "Why do white sheep eat so very much more than black sheep?"

There were all sorts of reasons suggested. One profound person thought, since black attracted the sun, that black sheep could get on with less nutriment than the others.

Dr. Whately shook his head: "White sheep eat more because there are more of them."

The archbishop was the very personification of shrewdness, and he was not afraid to say what he thought.

LEMONS.

"WHILE you are giving people simple rules for preserving their health, why don't you tell them about the use of lemons?" an intelligent professional man asked us recently. He went on to say that he had long been plagued with an inactive liver, which gave him a world of pain and trouble, until recently he was advised by a friend to take a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon squeezed into it, but no sugar, night and morning, and see what the effect would be. He tried it, and found himself better almost immediately. His daily headaches, which medicine had failed to cure, left him; his appetite improved, and he gained several pounds in weight within a few weeks. After awhile he omitted the drink, either at night or in the morning, and now at times does without either of them. "I am satisfied from experiment," said he, "that there is no better medicine for persons who are troubled with bilious and liver complaints than the simple remedy I have given, which is far more efficacious than quinine or any other drug, while it is devoid of their injurious consequences. It excites the liver, stimulates the digestive organs, and tones up the system generally. It is not unpleasant to take, either; indeed, one soon gets to liking it."

DON'T COMPLAIN.

A COUNTRY merchant was, one day, returning from market. He was on horseback, and behind his saddle was a valise filled with money. The rain fell with violence, and the good old man was wet to the skin. At this time he was quite vexed, and murmured because God had given him such hard weather for his journey. He soon reached the border of a thick forest. What was his terror on beholding on one side of the road a robber, who, with leveled gun, was aiming at him and attempting to fire! But the powder being wet with the rain, the gun did not go off, and the merchant, giving spurs to his horse, fortunately had time to escape. As soon as he found himself safe, he said to himself, "How wrong was

I not to endure the rain patiently, as sent by Providence! If the weather had been dry and fair, I should not probably have been alive at this hour. The rain which caused me to murmur came at a fortunate moment to save my life and preserve to me my property."

HOME LIFE OF A HINDOO WOMAN.

THE Hindoo woman lives in a small room, of which the floor and walls are of clay, with no ornamentation of any sort whatever, and the least furniture possible. Every morning she has to pray—not for herself, as she is taught that she has no soul—but for her husband, for rain and general blessings. Then she spends two or three hours preparing the breakfast. She doesn't eat with her husband, but, perhaps, fans him at his request. During the daytime, she either sleeps, gossips with other women, or sometimes a reader reads to them from the lives of the gods. These stories are unfit for human ears, and vile from beginning to end. The children and women are taught them. At night the wife prepares her husband's meal, which is eaten in the same manner. They are not protected at all against weather and dampness, nor are they properly fed and clothed. The rich live the same as the poor. If sick, they are deemed cursed by the gods, and are taken to the stable and left alone. The only food they can get is left by stealth. Thousands die of neglect. The first day that a Hindoo boy abuses his mother is a festive occasion with his father, who boasts of it to his friends. To be a widow is the sum of unhappiness. She is especially cursed by the gods. As the husband dies half a dozen neighbors' wives rush upon her, and tear the jewelry from her ears and nose. Behind the funeral *cortège* she follows, surrounded by those fiends, who throw her into the water. If she drowns, they say she is a good wife after all. "She has gone to meet her husband." She is kept in a darkened room for fourteen days. At the end of this time her husband's ashes are taken to the river, and, after a peculiar ceremony of prayers, the soul is supposed to be free. It may enter an insect or an animal. The worst punishment the soul can sustain is to enter the body of a woman.

AN OCULIST'S ADVICE.

NEVER read or sew in front of the light, window or door.

Keep a shade over your lamp or gas-burner.

It is best to let the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Never sleep so that on first waking the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Never begin to read write or sew for several minutes after coming from darkness to light.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate, whether twilight, moonlight or on cloudy days.

Finally, the moment you are instinctively prompted to rub your eyes, that moment stop using them.

THE love of reading enables a man to exchange the wearisome hours of life, which come to every one, for hours of delight.

REAL difficulties are the best cure of imaginary ones; because Heaven helps us in the real ones, and so makes us ashamed of the other.



PARIS IN MINIATURE.—AN OLD STREET IN BRUSSELS—RUE TERARKEN.—SEE PAGE 727.



"THE ACCOMPANIMENT HAD DWINDLED TO A CHORD OR TWO, STRUCK ALMOST AT RANDOM BY THE WOMAN WHOSE HEART WAS BEING DRAWN OUT BY THE OLD VOICE OF HER YOUTH."

THE LITTLE TIN SOLDIER.

AMONG a hundred pretty women, Edith Raynor would have been picked out by the most captious critic as the most distinctively "pretty" of all. She was charmingly modeled as to figure, while her blooming complexion, large, bright-blue eyes, and smiling, happy mouth, were enough of themselves to turn a man's head without the flavor of brilliancy and piquant *mulinerie* of speech and gesture, which were so very un-English, so very charming and so very aggravating to other women. There was not a more popular woman in England than pretty Mrs. Raynor. She had the charm of a mature woman added to the freshness of a girl. She interfered with no one's

daughters, she flirted with no one's sons, gave good dinners in her own house, and brightened the dullness of those in other people's. She had married in her first season a wealthy country gentleman, years older than herself, and had made him a good wife until that day when he broke his neck following the hounds, and left her the richest woman in the county among commoners.

The appointments of her estate were perfect, her stables as well stocked as those of a woman with no male relatives could be, and, to all outward appearance, no woman in the world could be happier. Yet, despite her calm, smiling manner, she was thoroughly restless,

spending as little time as possible in her beautiful home.

She always went to London for the season, to Scotland or the Continent in the Autumn, and during the remaining months flitted from one country-house to another, winning hearts wherever she went, both of men and of women.

There were people who wondered if Mrs. Raynor had ever known what it was to love. She never talked sentiment, nor spoke otherwise than cynically of matters of the heart. All her outward romance was of the impersonal kind.

The day she arrived at Merton Hall, young Merton, who had driven her up from the station, and who was himself just recovering from an *amourette* which had given him more pain than such things generally did, said to his mother:

"I am sure, mamma, that there is some secret corner in Mrs. Raynor's heart that none of us have seen. If she had never loved and loved unhappily, she would not be the sweet, generous-natured woman she is."

"Perhaps so," replied his mother. "You men fancy yourselves very wise in such matters, but I know that Philip Raynor was devoted to her, and that she made him an excellent wife, although it is scarcely fair to suppose that with the difference in their ages there could have been any great amount of romance between them."

Edith Raynor dressed for dinner that day with a strange feeling in her heart, something akin to that with which we take from their hiding-places the old treasures of our youth—dried flowers, old letters tied with faded ribbons, or even some pictures, dimmed to a ghostly shadow. The things are of no value to us now. Perhaps we have even forgotten the associations that once made them precious, but, withal, there lingers about them a faint flavor of pain which lends a relish to the happiness of the present. It was in this mood that she entered the drawing-room, to be confronted with a tall, handsome man, with hair slightly touched with gray, who bent a pair of dark, penetrating eyes upon her suddenly paling face, and said, in that low, rich voice of his, which had once had the power to thrill her whole soul: "We meet again after so many years! You cannot have forgotten me!" he continued, wistfully, as she looked up at him with strained, half-frightened eyes.

"I was not aware that you had met before," said Mrs. Merton, with a quick glance at the pair, thinking in her inmost soul how admirably mated the two would be.

"I knew Colonel Desmond before my marriage," said Mrs. Raynor, with a frank smile. "He was Captain Desmond then."

The color had returned to her cheeks, the light to her eyes, the ready grace to her lips.

"Forgotten you—no! The best rider, the best waltzer, the best singer of all my girl-days. Such rides across the country we had, Mrs. Merton! Do you waltz now, Colonel Desmond? Or have you abandoned all such follies? Tell me all about yourself, and what you have been doing all these years!"

Other guests having entered the room, Mrs. Merton left them, and Mrs. Raynor led the way to a wide window niche where the deep-red curtains and laces formed a charming background for her pretty Mercuial head.

"Tell me, do you waltz now?" she repeated, in her *inconséquence* way.

It was evidently a fencing remark, as if to postpone the overflow of the passionate tide of old memories that came rushing over her heart.

"I gave up waltzing years ago," answered Colonel

Desmond, with a smile of singular sweetness on his grave mouth. "A wound I received in a skirmish up-country effectually put a stop to all such frivolities."

"But you sing still? It seems only yesterday that we used to practice duets together, and you used to chide me for want of expression. You said I had no sentiment, no depth, that I needed the experience of sorrow. In all these years I have never had it, and now I am too old to hope for any new sensations." And she laughed her fresh, bright laugh.

But there was a false note in her gayety. It was not quite true that she had not suffered.

"I have not been as fortunate as yourself, for I have suffered."

"Undoubtedly. They tell me India is a famous place for *affaires* of a tender nature. The surroundings are so romantic! Nature lends itself to the lover's musing! And, then, fancy the wild excitement of rescuing the lady of one's thoughts from tigers or cobras, or warlike natives. You must have a heart full of delicious memories, Colonel Desmond."

"I have," he replied. "I carry always—I have carried for ten years—the memory of a girl's face that looked from a window one morning as I rode away. It was the last day I was in England. The girl was to be another man's bride. I had only my epaulets and a soldier's life to offer her, and these she would not accept."

"Say, rather, could not," replied Mrs. Raynor, flushing hotly through all her fancied composure. "There were others to be thought of—their happiness, their very life and honor!"

"I made no complaint! I submitted to my fate; but I could not remain in England and know the woman I loved the wife of another man. I heard of her often out there from one and another, and in the long twilights, when I sat at the door of my bungalow among my dogs, it was her name that was ever in my heart and on my lips, and if I had fallen there in battle or fever, this memory would have been laid in my grave."

And he took from somewhere near his heart a strange little case of rough gold, set with uncut jewels in Eastern fashion; and when he opened it, Edith Raynor saw lying on the soft cushion a curl of her girlhood's brown hair and a pale-blue ribbon knot. Then the past, half forgotten, came back to her.

She saw it all now! The half-obliterated picture, the evening's parting, the stolen embrace, the tears, the lock of hair cut off with his sword, and tied with the band from her throat.

A strange tenderness had prompted her to yield these things to him! A thought that the memory of those few moments spent together might in the life before him make him kinder to some other woman for the sake of their love, denied its fulfillment.

These thoughts rushed over her as he placed the little casket in her hand. She stood long silent, fighting back the tears.

Colonel Desmond, looking down upon the drooping, heavy lids and sweeping lashes that he longed to touch with his lips as he had done in the old days, thought her fairer than ever.

Her maturity was perfect. The shy girl-grace was not lost in the woman's self-poise. She was what he had imagined her in those long Indian nights. It was her memory that had held him fast in its sweet bondage, and had kept his soul young and fresh. The women he knew had no charm for him. He bated their intrigues and coquetries. The men annoyed him with their racing-talk

and their drink. Only this pure ideal of his heart held him company through all those weary years.

A movement among the guests roused him from his reverie.

"They are going in to dinner, Mrs. Raynor. I believe I am to take you in?"

She closed the little casket and returned it to him in silence. They went out together, and for the first time Edith Raynor noticed with a pang that the man she had once loved was more than perceptibly lame.

Throughout the dinner she was gay and sparkling. She had never been more charming. Only young Merton, quietly studying her with the critical complacency of a very young man, discovered unwonted traces of emotion on her calm brow, which answered to the impassioned gaze bent upon her by poor Desmond, thought the young man.

"Lovely woman, Mrs. Raynor," remarked an old gentleman, to a friend, over his wine, after the ladies had gone up-stairs.

"Mrs. Raynor is the most effective coquette in the world," said young Merton, "because the most unconscious. She has not the remotest idea of encouraging any one, which is probably why she enchains every one. I am one of Mrs. Raynor's most devoted slaves."

He threw a glance in the direction of poor Desmond, and had the satisfaction of seeing that gentleman gaze moodily into his glass.

When Colonel Desmond joined the ladies he found Mrs. Raynor seated at the piano, looking so much as she had done in the years long gone, in her silken white draperies with the moss-buds nestling in her hair, and her youthful *chancee* figure defined against the dark panel of the wall, that he started.

She was singing "Auld Robin Gray," with the pathos that many a woman has lent to it since first the ballad was written. This chasm of years that lay between her love and herself—was it well that it had been bridged to-night, that the ghost of her young girl-life had risen up to confront her, that longing and unrest had taken the place of the quiet and comparative content of her widowhood? She was not a woman to fret greatly over a romance of girlhood. The world was too full of brightness, pleasant occupation, good cheer. Her sorrow had only now and then kept trysting with her. But to-night it rose before her like a phantom-shape, and would not be laid to rest. She sang to him one old ballad after another, things that had scarcely passed her lips since they had sung them together, but to-night they came to her with a magnetic recognition that made her shudder with strange presentiments.

Then Mrs. Merton came up and insisted that Colonel Desmond should sing.

"Pray give us that weird little thing I heard you sing the other evening at the Remingtons'. Something taken from a story of Hans Andersen, I believe. So simple, and yet so thoroughly true and sweet!"

"Your son, I believe, did me the honor to call it silly, and wondered how I could sing children's songs."

"Make allowance for his extreme youth, Colonel Desmond. When he is older he will care as much for simplicity as we do. Besides, have not Walter Crane and kindred souls made simplicity and the artistic utterance of childhood classic?"

It was a quaint little song, one of Molloy's, with all the grotesqueness, the delicate humor and the tender pathos of the great story-teller's tale, of the little tin soldier's love for the little fairy dancer who stood before her castle.

"Will Mrs. Raynor play my accompaniment?" asked the colonel, and, giving her the key, he began in his fine bass voice:

"He was a little tin soldier,
One little leg had he;
She was a little fairy dancer,
Bright as bright could be."

Edith Raynor's face was bent low over an open sheet of music.

"Once as he watched his rose-love
Winds from the north did blow,
Swept him out of the casement
Down to a stream below."

"True to his little lady,
Still he shouldered his gun,
Soon—ah, soon!—came the darkness,
Life and love undone."

The colonel's voice died away in a thrilled tension that held the listeners breathless with the restrained miniature pain of parting. The accompaniment had dwindled to a chord or two, struck almost at random by the woman whose heart was being drawn out by the old voice of her youth.

Again, soft and low, rose the quaint rhythm of the one-legged warrior's march:

"Once more he sees his rose-love,

(There was no accompaniment now. The pretty white hands lay idle on the keys)—

Still she is dancing gay;
He is worn and faded,

(With a little start, Edith Raynor looked up at her old lover's face. She had not till then marked the change time had wrought with him)—

Loyal still for aye.

"There came a hand that swept them
Into a furnace wide,
Parted in life, in dying,
They are side by side."

There was a moment's silence, and then the women began to exclaim, "How charming!" And the men, who had left their wine and their stories, applauded loudly.

Then some one else took the piano, and under cover of a brilliant mazurka, Colonel Desmond found means to possess himself of Mrs. Raynor's attention, as in silence they inspected the *bric-à-brac* of the chimney-piece.

Young Merton, watching them, declared to himself that he knew very well what would result from the singing of nursery rhymes, and cynically remarked to a neighbor that the next time he went a-courting he should coach himself in "Mother Goose" and the "Baby's Opera."

Within the month that followed Colonel Desmond had many opportunities afforded him by his considerate young host for pleading his cause with Mrs. Raynor. While she was touched by his constancy, the circumstances of his many brave actions, the wistful loneliness of his eyes, the pathos even of his lameness, it was hard to bring herself to the thought of resigning the freedom of her widowhood. Therein lay the singular contradiction of this pretty woman's character.

She had all her life had her own way, though very sweetly and gracefully. Except in the one instance of her sacrifice of her love to expediency and the interests of her family, she had never known the slightest opposition to her will. She had managed Philip Raynor with a touch of her pretty hand. He had been her slave, and died breathing her name. But she could not bend

Colonel Desmond thus, despite his strong affection and the pathos of his ten-year-long waiting, which moved her almost to tears at times.

Hercules sat at the feet of Omphale, but he was none the less her master, and there was no doubt she was in momentary dread lest he should show himself such.

own house and lands, her world of men and women, had not yet palled upon her—had not yet awakened in her a heart-craving. She was still the smiling, disdainful little dancer who stood at her castle-door, and would not look at the poor, faithful soldier. The opportunity which Colonel Desmond sought came at last.



CHARLES V. AT THE BATTLE OF MUHLBERG, IN 1545.—FROM TITIAN.—SEE PAGE 742.

As her visit at Merton Hall drew to a close, her feelings became more and more complex. She knew that he would not let her go without a final explanation, which he had hitherto apparently avoided. She decided she would not yield. She would let him go back to India, as he spoke of doing. Her dainty sovereignty over her

It was on the eve of her departure from Merton Hall. He found her in the billiard-room playing with young Merton, whom for some time past she had interposed between Colonel Desmond and herself. But young Merton, who favored the match, made some excuse for escape with the promise of an immediate return.

Pretty Mrs. Raynor was forced to listen to the words she longed to hear, and yet dreaded.

"Edith," he said, stopping before her, with pleading eyes, "you are going away to-morrow. Give me some encouragement before I go! Tell me whether I am to hope or despair! Am I to go back to India or not? Or will

the balls at random. "The world is a charming place, if only we keep our affections well in hand."

"Do not send me away with a refusal. Let the rest of my life be spent by your side. I have not led a happy life, as you know, and I long for love and the ties that other men own."



ISABELLA OF PORTUGAL, QUEEN OF CHARLES V.—SEE PAGE 742.

you go with me? Will you marry me? Edith, I have waited for you so many years! You have been the one motive of my life, and but for the thought of one day seeing you again, I should have made myself food for tigers long ago."

"That would have been very foolish," she said, biting

She took the knot of roses from her shoulder and held it out to him.

"Give me till to-morrow to think it over. I shall not leave till noon. And now good-night, for I am very tired."

As she passed him he bent forward to take her in his

arms, but she avoided him by a swift turn and looked back at him from the doorway with a smile that made his heart beat fiercely.

There was no sleep for him that night. The morrow was to decide his destiny. He sat up long over his papers, laying his plans for exchange into home service if— Hark! What noise was that? People running through the house! Cries, frightened questionings, the slamming of doors, the trampling of feet in the distance—dying away. Then hoarse shouts without. He heard the word "Fire!" caught up from one echo to another. He rushed out into the corridor and down to the ground floor, through the main building of the Hall. Meeting a frightened maid servant, he inquired where the fire was.

"Oh, the other wing, sir! It's Mrs. Raynor's rooms are on fire!"

Quick as thought he dashed out of the house to where the flames were bursting from an upper window. Horrified groups stood below. The men servants and male guests were playing the water on to the building in vain.

"Colonel Desmond," shrieked Mrs. Merton, coming

toward him, with a ghastly face, "save her! Edith Raynor is up there among the flames!"

A ladder had been placed against the burning building, and Colonel Desmond sprang up the rounds with a lightness that was miraculous, in view of his lameness. Those below saw his tall figure outlined darkly against the flames, saw it disappear in the burning room, and reappear with a white shape in its arms.

"Edith!" groaned Mrs. Merton.

Then there was a fearful burst of smoke from within, and when it cleared away the two figures were gone.

In the morning, Guy Desmond was found clasping in his arms the woman he loved. The flames had spared them. They had died of suffocation. And to-day they sleep in the same grave. Young Merton would have it so.

"Parted in life, in dying they are side by side," said good Laura Merton, months afterward, "Ah, well, perhaps they are happier than if they had lived, and married and quarreled, like other people. There are things in life harder to bear than death."

CHARLES V., EMPEROR OF GERMANY AND KING OF SPAIN.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY.

CHARLES V. was born at Ghent, in the Netherlands, on St. Matthias's Day, February 24th, 1500, and died in the Monastery of Yuste, in Spain, September 21st, 1558, lacking four months of having completed his fifty-eighth year. His father was Philip "the Handsome," Archduke of Austria, and son of Maximilian, Emperor of Germany. His mother was Juana, daughter of Ferdinand of Aragon, and of Isabella, Queen of Castile, and the patroness of Columbus.

Maximilian, when Archduke of Austria, had married Mary, the orphaned daughter of Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, a king in all but name, and quite as powerful as any king of his day. Not long before his defeat and death on the field of Nancy, he scornfully refused to give the hand of his daughter to Maximilian. "An Archduke of Austria," he said, "is no fitting mate for the daughter of the Duke of Burgundy."

After the death of Charles of Burgundy, the crafty Louis XI. of France managed to despoil Mary of Burgundy of a part of her great heritage, but when she married the Archduke Maximilian she brought with her as dowry the sovereignty of the Netherlands, comprising not only what constitutes the present Kingdoms of Belgium and Holland, but large territories now a part of France.

These Netherlands had for generations been growing in industry and wealth. Great cities had grown up in the southern provinces, each noted for some special industry. Antwerp became the great commercial mart of Europe. In population it was inferior only to Paris, which it far exceeded in wealth and splendor. To the northern provinces, wrested from the ocean, the ocean became a tributary. The herring-fishery alone was a mine of wealth, and a nursery for bold seamen, whose sails whitened all known waters.

Philip the Handsome espoused the weak-minded and half-mad Juana in 1496, and took up his residence with her in Spain. He soon grew weary of his ill-favored Spanish bride, whose doting fondness was alternated with mad freaks of jealousy, for which he gave her ample grounds. Juana had borne him two children, of whom

Charles was the second, and expected soon to become again a mother, when Philip suddenly announced that he was going to the Netherlands. Juana earnestly begged him to postpone his departure only three days, so that she might at least keep the Christmas festival in his company. He refused this little boon, and set off on December 22d, 1503.

Juana fell into a brooding melancholy, and in this state gave birth to her second son, Ferdinand; but this gave her no joy, and she was aroused from her half-mad melancholy only when, in a few months, she was allowed to go to Philip at Brussels. Two years after, Philip was seized with a fever, and died in September, 1506.

By the death of his father, Charles, now six years of age, became heir-apparent to the sovereignty of the Netherlands, and (Queen Isabella having died two years before) to the Crown of Castile. He was also heir-presumptive to the Crown of Aragon; that is, he would accede to that crown in case his grandfather, Ferdinand, now wellnigh three-score, should have no son born to him.

Ferdinand of Aragon had formed a strange aversion to his eldest grandson, whom he could never have seen except in his cradle. Queen Isabella, in her last moments, had made her husband Regent of Castile until Charles should reach his twentieth year. Ferdinand soon after married a young wife. A son was born to him, but he died young. Ferdinand caused his other grandson, Ferdinand, younger brother of Charles, to be brought to Spain, hoping that means might be found to settle the Crown upon him to the exclusion of Charles, but as he drew near his death he came to perceive that this could not be accomplished, so he changed his will, left to Charles all his dominions, and appointed Cardinal Ximenes Regent of Castile and Aragon until Charles, now sixteen years old, should come of age.

Cardinal Ximenes, Archbishop of Toledo, is one of the noblest names in Spanish history. He was noted for high capacity, great learning, and extreme purity and austerity of life, even after he had attained the highest positions in Church and State. He was now almost

fourscore, with intellect undimmed, though much bowed down in body by years and infirmities.

Meanwhile the death of his father and the insanity of his mother had left the boy Charles under the charge of his paternal grandfather, the Emperor Maximilian. During early childhood Charles was under the care of his aunt, Margaret of Austria, and of his great-grandmother, Margaret of York, sister of Edward IV. of England, and widow of Charles the Bold. In due time the charge of his education was committed to William de Croy, lord of Chièvres—Adrian of Utrecht, to become in time Pope Adrian VI., being his preceptor.

The growing lad showed little fondness for the dry scholastic lessons of the good Adrian, but was devoted to all martial exercises, in the performance of which he was encouraged by Chièvres, who also instructed him in history and in the arts of government, and found him an apt pupil. At fifteen the Government of Flanders was nominally placed in his hands. Chièvres persuaded him to read all papers relating to public affairs, to be present at all the deliberations of his councilors, and to propose to them such measures as he thought worthy of consideration. At sixteen, when Ferdinand died, Charles was a man in body and mind. He was of middle stature, of pleasant manners, well-knit and graceful form, and not uncomely in face, for the protruding underjaw, which in age came to be a marked deformity, was scarcely noticeable in youth and early manhood. Even then he was esteemed the best horseman in Europe.

Ximenes urged Charles to come at once to Spain, where matters wore a doubtful aspect. Charles had sent word that he must be at once proclaimed King of Castile. The nobles demurred to this as a violation of their ancient privileges; hinted also that Charles could not lawfully be recognized as King so long as his mad mother was alive. Ximenes cut the matter short. They were not there, he said, to deliberate, but to obey. Their sovereign wanted submission, not advice. "This day," he continued, "shall Charles be proclaimed King of Castile, in Madrid, and I doubt not that the example will be followed in the other cities."

Still Charles delayed his going to Spain, for the Flemings were averse to it. So long as the young King remained in Flanders, the revenues of the Spanish court would be spent there, to the great benefit of trade. So the departure was put off indefinitely.

Ximenes undertook to effect various important reforms. The nobles of Castile sent a delegation of grandees to demand his authority. He produced the will of Ferdinand, sanctioned by Charles, giving him full power as Regent. They questioned its validity. As the debate went on, the Regent, they following, gradually edged on toward a window which overlooked the public square, where stood a large body of troops and artillery drawn up ready for action. "Behold," said the Cardinal, raising his voice—"behold the powers which I have received from His Catholic Majesty. With these I govern Castile, and with these I will govern it until the King, your master and mine, takes possession of his kingdom."

At length the entreaties of Ximenes, to which were added the exhortations of Maximilian, prevailed, and in March, 1517, nine months after his accession to the crown, Charles set sail for Spain, accompanied by a numerous train of Flemish nobles, and landed in Asturia. Ximenes hastened toward the coast as rapidly as his infirmities would permit, but he fell ill on the way.

From his sick-bed Ximenes wrote to Charles, urging him to dismiss all strangers from his train, and begging

for a personal interview. But all his recommendations were either disregarded, or if in trivial matters they were complied with, it was in a most ungracious manner. At length he received a letter from Charles beginning with a few formal expressions of regard, and ending with bidding him to retire to his diocese, where he might end his days in quiet. A few days after this ungrateful dismissal Ximenes died, having passed by six months the age of four-score.

Charles found his position as King of Spain no easy one. The independent kingdoms which had been one by one brought together were only loosely united. Each claimed the right of being governed by its own ancient laws and usages, and, above all, each asserted its right of granting and appropriating money through its own Cortes, and in such amounts as they pleased.

Aragon was sullen and disaffected. The Cortes would not accord to Charles the title of king except it was conjoined with the name of Juana. When he asked for money they granted it in such a way that most of it went for the payment of old debts of the Crown. In Catalonia, Charles wasted more time and gained even less money than in Aragon. In spite of the remonstrances of Ximenes, Charles had brought with him to Spain a horde of Flemings whose rapacity aroused the fierce indignation of the Castilians. The burghers of the principal cities, leaving the nobles out of view, entered into a confederacy to uphold their ancient rights, as well as to gain redress for their grievances. Charles treated their remonstrances for a time with haughty contempt.

Early in 1519 tidings came from Germany that the Emperor Maximilian was dead. A new emperor was to be elected, and Charles resolved to present himself as a candidate. Hastily coming into a sort of agreement with his Spanish subjects, he appointed regents to govern the several kingdoms, and set out for the coast early in May.

At this period all the great monarchies of Europe were ruled by sovereigns of decided abilities, and in the prime of early manhood. Charles was, indeed, only nineteen; but he was a man in all but years. Francis I. of France was twenty-five; Henry VIII. of England was twenty-eight; Solyman the Magnificent, Sultan of Turkey, the ablest of the dynasty of Othman, was about thirty; Pope Leo X. was forty-four.

Francis I. and Charles (I. of Spain) had simultaneously proposed themselves as candidates. Henry VIII. of England had subsequently in mind to offer himself, but wisely reconsidered the matter. The power of the Pope, as a temporal prince, was inconsiderable; but his position as head of the Church gave him no small influence. France and Spain had long been rivals in seeking acquisitions in Italy, and their power for this purpose was so nearly balanced, that Leo could not fail to see that if Germany was added to either, this equality would be destroyed. He therefore urged the Electors to choose one of their own number as Emperor. The Electors, acting upon the advice of the Pope, offered the Imperial Crown to Frederick, styled the Wise, Elector of Saxony. That sagacious prince took a broader view, and declined the proffered crown. In times of tranquillity, he said, they wanted an Emperor who would have no power to oppress them. But these were not times of tranquillity. The Turkish armies, led by a gallant and victorious Sultan, were ready to pour themselves upon Germany. But the King of Spain, he said, was a German by extraction, on the paternal side; he was also a Prince of the Empire by hereditary right; and, moreover, his dominions lay nearest to the frontier most exposed. "Therefore," said Frederick, "the claim of the King of Spain is, in my opinion,



ARMOR WORN BY CHARLES V.

preferable to that of the King of France, who is a stranger to our language, to our blood, and to our country; and I give my vote to confer upon him the Imperial Crown."

One by one the Electors went over to the side of Charles. The last Elector who favored Francis was the Archbishop of Trier, who was finally won over; and on June 28th, 1519, five months and ten days after the death of Maximilian, Charles I., King of Spain, was, by the unanimous vote of the Electors, made Charles V., Emperor of Germany.

Charles, who had been detained at Barcelona, received tidings of his election nine days after it had taken place. He was elated at the event, which made him the foremost of European sovereigns, and he began to cherish those grand schemes of ambition, the partial success and ultimate failure of which gave him his important place in history.

The Spaniards by no means shared in the exultation of their King upon his election as Emperor. To them it involved something of degradation. He would soon take up his residence in other parts of his dominions, while they would be ruled directly by a Regent. More-

over, they apprehended that they would become involved in Italian and German politics. In a word, the proud Kingdom of Spain would sink into a mere province of the wide dominions of Charles.

Charles declared his purpose of setting out for Germany in order to receive the Imperial Crown; for, until his public coronation at Aix-la-Chapelle, he could exercise no act of jurisdiction or authority. This coronation did not take place until October 23d, 1520, Charles having gone to visit Henry VIII. of England. He foresaw that disputes must arise between himself and Francis I., and he proposed that in any such event Henry should be agreed upon as sole arbiter.

But the thing which most immediately demanded the attention of Charles, after his coronation, was the threatening outlook of religious affairs in Germany. Lutheranism had made great progress during the three years since the Augustinian had nailed his ninety-five theses on the church-door in Wittenberg. Charles hoped the religious contest might yet be peaceably settled, and he convened the Diet of Worms.

The warfare between Charles and Francis first broke out in 1521, and for the next sixteen years there was an almost continuous war, interrupted now and then by a nominal peace.

Leo X. entered into a treaty with Charles to drive the French out of Italy, which was nearly accomplished, Milan only remaining in their hands. Francis now gathered a great army to regain the Milanese territory.

Just at this time Charles gained a supporter least to have been expected. Charles de Bourbon, nearly related to Francis, had served with the highest credit in the army, and in 1515, at the age of twenty-six, had been made Constable of France, the highest military dignity in the kingdom. Shortly afterward he became obnoxious to the King. The reason assigned by historians is that he had slighted the overtures of the Queen-mother, Louise of Savoy, who had fallen in love with him. The Constable was exiled from court, and his estates were sequestered. He fled to Charles and offered his services, which were gladly accepted.

The army which Francis led into Italy was far superior in numbers to the forces of Charles; but, as it proved, the Imperialists had the ablest generals—the Constable de Bourbon, Pescara, Lannoy and Leyva. Francis, against the advice of his best generals, paused to lay siege to Pavia, into which Leyva had thrown himself with 6,000 Spanish veterans. The siege was prosecuted with vigor; but the defense was gallant, and after three months it became evident that Pavia would only yield to famine, which was imminent, while Lannoy and Pescara seemed powerless to aid.

Toward the close of June it became certain that Pavia must soon fall unless the siege were raised. At this juncture the Constable de Bourbon arrived in Italy with 12,000 fresh German troops. Francis had unwisely sent a large detachment to operate in another quarter, and the numbers on each side were about equal.

The ablest French generals urged the King to decline a battle and raise the siege. The Imperial army, they said, must soon be broken up of itself, for the soldiers had long been unpaid, and were now kept together only

by the hopes of plunder. But Francis had vowed that he would take Pavia or perish in the attempt. So he resolved to await the attack in his intrenchments.

The Imperialists moved upon the French on the morning of February 24th, 1524. Their first onset was unsuccessful, and their best battalions began to give way. But at the critical moment the Swiss mercenaries in the pay of Francis abandoned their position in a cowardly manner. Leyva sallied out from Pavia and assailed the French rear; Pescara fell upon their cavalry and put it to rout. The battle was kept up a little longer in the spot where Francis was in person. He was wounded in several places, and his horse was shot under him, but he defended himself on foot, sword in hand. Some of his bravest officers gathered around him, and were slain at his feet. He was almost alone, exposed to the attacks of the Spanish soldiery, who did not suspect who the man was who was making such an obstinate resistance. At this moment a French gentleman, who had followed Bourbon into the Imperial service, recognized the King, and placing himself by his side, kept back the Spaniards, and urged him to surrender himself to Bourbon, who was not far off. Francis refused to give up his sword to his rebellious subject, but would surrender it to Lannoy, who was soon brought to the spot. Lannoy knelt to kiss the King's hand, received the sword, and taking his own from his side, presented it to Francis, saying, "It is not fitting that so great a monarch should remain disarmed in the presence of the Emperor's subjects."

The battle of Pavia was fought on St. Matthew's Day, being the twenty-fourth anniversary of the birthday of Charles. The result was disastrous to the French. Of their best soldiers 10,000 had fallen. All who survived were made prisoners except a small body of the rear guard, which made its escape. In a few weeks not a Frenchman remained on that side of the Alps.

Lannoy treated his prisoner with all formal courtesy, but took good care that he should not escape. He sent him to a strong castle, where he was strictly guarded, and forthwith dispatched a messenger to Spain to convey the tidings to Charles. This messenger, who went overland through France, under a passport from Francis, bore also a message from the King to the Queen-mother. "Madame," he wrote, "all is lost except our honor."

Charles received the tidings without unseemly exultation. He retired at once to his private chapel, where he spent an hour in devotion, then returning to the presence-chamber, now filled with Spanish grandees and foreign ambassadors, he received their congratulations. He affected to lament the misfortune which had befallen his rival, and forbade all public rejoicings as out of place in a war between Christians. They should, he said, be reserved until he won a triumph over the infidels, and for himself, the only pleasure which he felt was that the victory of Pavia would be the means of restoring peace to Christendom.

Charles, however, sent a messenger to Francis demanding such exorbitant terms for his release that the captive monarch drew his dagger and tried to stab himself, exclaiming, "Twere better that a king should die thus!" The attempt at suicide was frustrated, but Francis still persisted that he would remain a prisoner all his life rather than make concessions so ignominious.

Francis imagined that upon a personal interview better terms would be granted. He offered to go to Charles in Spain, and as the journey could best be made by sea, he would provide the galleys himself, since Charles had none at his immediate disposal. The fleet sailed from Genoa for Barcelona.

From that city Francis was taken to Madrid and lodged under strict guard in the Alcazar, Charles evading all proposals for a personal interview till Francis



CHARLES V. AT THE BANKER FUGGER'S.

was threatened by dangerous disease. Charles at last consented to grant him an interview, and at Madrid made a thousand promises, not one of which he meant to fulfill.

At length Charles was led to grant terms somewhat less severe. The Queen-Regent of France entered into a treaty with Henry VIII. of England by which he withdrew from his alliance with the Emperor. Pope Clement VII. ranged himself secretly against the Emperor. The French King, meanwhile, announced his determination to abdicate in favor of his son, and the deed of abdication was actually drawn up in due form.

Now the entire advantage which Charles could derive from the captivity of Francis would be lost the moment that he ceased to be King of France. So on January 14th, 1626, a treaty was entered into by which Francis was to be set free, upon conditions hard enough, but not so hard as those originally demanded. It matters little to detail them, for Francis never meant to keep them, and Charles could scarcely have expected that he would do so if it could by any means be avoided.

It took more than a month before this treaty could receive the ratification of the Queen-Regent. This done, Francis set out for his own dominions, after a captivity which had lasted more than a year. Within another month he had concluded an alliance (known as "the Holy League") with the Pope, the Venetians, Henry VIII. of England, and several minor states.

Affairs in Italy were in a bad way, and Bourbon's troops, long unpaid, clamored for their arrears, and at a most inopportune moment George Fronsberg, who had recruited 14,000 men, under promise of great pay, arrived in the Milanese. These mercenaries now clamored for money. Bourbon seized the principal citizens of Milan, and by threats and torture wrung from them a large sum; he rifled the churches of their plate and ornaments, and with the proceeds succeeded for a time in quieting his soldiery.

But the Milanese was soon utterly wasted, and Bourbon became unable even to feed his troops. He saw that he must either disband the army or lead it elsewhere. Venice lay nearest at hand, but the Venetians were prepared to resist him. The choice remained between Florence and Rome.

In the depth of Winter he set out with 25,000 men, without artillery or means of transport. Still his heterogeneous army marched on, cheered with the promise of booty when they should reach Placentia or Bologna. Two months passed, when a mutiny broke out, which tasked the dexterity of Bourbon to pacify. Again the march was resumed, the soldiery being permitted to plunder every village which lay on their line of march. Bourbon kept their destination carefully concealed. He seemed to be aiming at Florence. Suddenly he changed the line of march and headed straight toward Rome, announcing to his soldiers that its plunder should be the reward of their long trials and privations.

On the evening of May 4th, 1527, they came within view of Rome. Bourbon told his soldiery of the treasures accumulated in the churches and palaces, all of which should be theirs, and exhorted them to be ready to assault the next morning.

Pope Clement had made some hasty preparations for defense; had got together his Swiss body-guards and a motley horde of disbanded soldiers, of citizens and serving-men. He excommunicated Bourbon and all his troops.

The assault began early on the morning of the 5th. It was to be made simultaneously at three points, by as many select brigades, the main army being in reserve. A

dense mist concealed the approach until they were close to the walls. The scaling-ladders were raised in a moment, and the assault began. It happened that the attack was made at the point where the walls were manned by the veteran soldiers and the faithful Swiss body-guards. The assailants were repelled, and their ladders thrown down. Bourbon sprang from his horse, snatched a scaling-ladder from a soldier, planted it against the wall, and began to mount. He was conspicuous by his complete armor, over which he wore a white vest. He had ascended but a few steps, when a musket-ball pierced his groin, inflicting a fatal wound, and he was borne off to die. The soldiery, infuriated by the loss of their general, raised the cry, "Blood and Revenge!" and renewed the assault. The veterans and Swiss were overpowered by numbers, and the raw recruits fled at the first sign of danger. The assailants rushed into the city, and the sack began.

During the more than two thousand years of its existence, Rome had been sacked by Gaul and Goth, by Hun and Vandal, but never so completely as now by Spaniards and Germans. Churches, palaces and dwellings were indiscriminately plundered. Neither sex, age nor rank was respected; and the first outburst was only the beginning. For the months that Rome remained in the hands of the Imperialists, outrages were kept up, so long as a man, be he cardinal or noble, priest or citizen, could be found from whom plunder might be seized or a ransom extorted.

During the combat Pope Clement was before the high altar of St. Peter's, offering up unavailing prayers for victory. When he learned that his men were giving way, he shut himself up in the Castle of St. Angelo, which was soon compelled by starvation to surrender.

Charles could not be unaware that the sack of Rome, and the imprisonment of the Holy Father would arouse a burst of indignation throughout Christendom. He did his best to avert it. He declared that he had not even known of Bourbon's intention. The court was put into mourning, the order for public rejoicings upon the birth of his son Philip was countermanded, and by his command prayers were offered up in all the churches of Spain for the deliverance of the Pope. But all the world must have known that a word from Charles would have set Clement at liberty.

Quite probably Charles did not know of the act of Bourbon until after it was done, but none the less was he resolved to profit by it to the utmost. There was some question as to a safe place for the confinement of Clement. Charles at length decided that it would be better to set the Pope at liberty, upon stringent conditions. These were arranged. The Pope should pay down a large sum of money, of which Charles was in great need; should take no further part against the Emperor; should make over to him a tenth of the ecclesiastical revenues in Spain; should place in the hands of Charles several important towns in Italy, and should give hostages for the fulfillment of all the obligations into which he had entered. A day was set for the liberation of the Pope; but on the evening preceding the day appointed, Clement, disguised as a merchant, made his escape, and reached Orvieto before daybreak, with only a single companion.

In 1528, Francis felt himself strong enough to demand some modifications of the Treaty of Madrid. A conference was held between Charles and the Ambassadors of Henry VIII. and Francis I. Charles refused their demands, and the ambassadors received leave of departure. Two heralds had secretly accompanied the ambassadors. Next day, clad in their official garb, which insured them

protection, the heralds claimed audience of Charles, and, in the names of Henry and Francis, declared war. Charles replied with dignity to the English herald, but to the Frenchman he responded with bitterness, and bade him tell his master that from henceforth the Emperor would consider the French King not only a base violator of public faith, but as personally destitute of the honor and integrity of a gentleman. Francis sent the herald back with a message denouncing Charles as a liar, challenging him to single combat, and requesting him to name the time, place and weapons.

Charles accepted the challenge, but after several scurrilous messages had passed between the two monarchs the matter was tacitly dropped.

For some years the interest in Spain had been largely turned toward the New World, which was looked upon as a region where gold was to be had for the picking-up, but before 1520 little of it had reached Spain. In that year a large quantity was sent over by Cortés with highly wrought stories of its abundance in Mexico, and the Spaniards came to believe that their fleets had at last reached the "Golden Indies." In 1528 Cortés was summoned home upon grave charges. He had amassed gold and silver to the amount of millions, and came back in more than regal state. He was received by Charles, to whom he displayed the curiosities which he had brought over, and, by his glowing description, won the favor of the Emperor, who bestowed high honors upon him.

In 1529, Charles went to Italy for the first time. At Bologna he met the Pope. All disputes were settled, and Pope and Emperor held long consultations as to the suppression of heresies in Germany. The issue was the convening of the Diet of Spire, whose deliberations resulted in a decree prohibiting the German States from making further innovations in religion. Five German princes, among whom were the Elector of Saxony, the Margrave of Brandenburg, and fourteen other members of the Diet, entered a solemn protest against this decree. They received the name of "Protestants," a designation which soon came to have a much wider signification.

Charles now set out for Germany, having summoned a Diet to convene at Augsburg, in June, 1530. Finding that the religious disputes could not be peaceably settled, he resolved to institute vigorous measures to repress Protestantism. The Protestant states formed the League of Smalkalde. But the troubles for the time were allayed, for Charles was busy in raising an army to oppose the advance of Solyman, and to settle affairs in Italy. In this last he was successful.

Charles, while attending the Diet, was lodged in the palace of Anton Fugger, the great Augsburg merchant and banker, to whom he was indebted to a large amount. The princely banker canceled these debts in a most effectual manner. He had a fire of cinnamon-wood lighted, and into it he threw all the bonds which were the evidences of the Emperor's indebtedness.

In 1535 Charles made a brief but successful expedition to Africa; defeated Barbarossa, the piratical Sultan of Algiers, and seated the exiled Muley-Hassan upon the throne of Tunis, upon condition that he should hold the kingdom as a fief of Spain, should abolish the enslavement of Christians, and permit the free exercise of their faith to all the subjects of the Emperor.

In 1536 fresh disputes broke out with Francis I. Charles assembled the largest army he had ever raised, and invaded Provence. Marshal Montmorency, the French commander, adopted a purely defensive course. He established himself near Avignon, in a camp impregnable fortified, from which no artifice of Charles

could draw him. After a campaign of only two months, during which almost half of his army had perished from famine and disease, Charles was forced to retreat. Warfare, alike unsuccessful, was waged elsewhere in the French territories.

War was brought to an apparent close by the negotiation of a truce for ten years. Scarcely was this done before Charles was summoned by grave matters to the Netherlands. Three years before, Mary, sister of Charles, and Queen-Dowager of Hungary, had been left as Governor of the Netherlands. She had obtained from the various states the grant of a subsidy, of which Flanders was to pay a third. The burghers of Ghent refused to pay their quota.

In 1539, the court of last resort decided against the Ghenters, who broke out into a tumultuous revolt, accompanied by some outrages. Knowing that they could not alone withstand the power of the Emperor, they proffered the sovereignty of Flanders to Francis.

But at that time Francis and Charles had apparently made up all their quarrels, and professed the most cordial mutual love. Francis betrayed to Charles the offer which had been made to him, and even proffered a free passage through his dominions to the Imperial troops from Spain. Setting his army in motion, Charles stopped at Paris, where for a week he was sumptuously entertained by Francis. Thence he proceeded toward Ghent, his birthplace. Envoys came to implore his mercy. He replied, sternly, that he would soon be in their city as their sovereign, sword in hand. He had declared that he would "crush Ghent like a glove," and he kept his word; but he allowed weeks to pass before he had fully matured his purposes, and he executed them step by step. On the 17th of March, nineteen of the principal citizens were beheaded. On the 29th of April sentence was pronounced upon the city. At one swoop all its ancient rights were swept away. The original levy was to be paid on the spot, with the addition of a heavy fine and a large perpetual tax. All the late officials, and a hundred other burghers, dressed only in their shirts, with halters around their necks, were to appear before the Emperor, confess their treason and beg for mercy. May 3d was the day for the ceremony. Charles kept a stern silence, as though he was pondering whether their prayer should be granted. After a while, as had been previously arranged, his sister, the Regent, arose, and "begged that Charles, in honor of his nativity, which had occurred in that city, would accord forgiveness for all that had passed." Charles replied that, "in consideration of his fraternal love for her, and by reason of his being a gentle and virtuous prince, who preferred mercy to the rigor of justice," and in view of the repentance of the citizens, he would accord forgiveness to them.

In 1541, Charles undertook a great expedition against Algiers. His troops, nearly 30,000 in number, effected a landing. But on the second day after, a furious tempest arose, the vessels in the harbor broke loose from their moorings, and were dashed against each other or upon the rocks. In less than one hour fifteen ships-of-war, and 140 transports, having on board fully 8,000 men, went to the bottom. The fleet being broken up, there was no means of obtaining food, and Charles had to go to the port of Metafuz, three days' distant. His troops suffered severely on the march, but the remnant embarked for Spain. A storm scattered the fleet, and each vessel had to look out for itself. That in which Charles sailed was driven into an African port, where it was detained several weeks by contrary winds before he could re-embark for Spain.

Francis I. took advantage of this great disaster, and began hostilities against the Emperor. Charles managed to detach Henry VIII. from the French alliance. The war, carried on all along the frontiers, was closed by a peace, in which neither side gained or lost much.

Charles then set to work to humble the Protestant states of Germany. They became aware of their danger, and in 1546 the League of Smalkalde mustered 70,000 infantry and 15,000 cavalry, with 120 cannon, the largest army which had for ages been brought together in Germany. Some of the Protestant states remained neutral; while the rulers of Brandenburg, Maurice of Saxony, and many others, openly joined the Emperor.

Charles had been for some time near Bohemia, then threatened by the Turks. He at once set out for Germany, although he could muster only 16,000 soldiers, chiefly Spaniards and Italians. The Elector of Saxony had weakened his forces by sending a large detachment toward Bohemia, and when he found that Charles was advancing upon him, he vacillated between one course and another, finally taking the worst of all. He crossed the broad and rapid Elbe at Muhlberg, and leaving a guard to hold the passage, encamped a few miles off.

Charles came up on the 24th of April, forced the passage of the Elbe, and marched straight upon the camp of the Saxons. The contest was brief, and soon the Saxons were in full flight. The Elector, wounded in the face, was made prisoner, and brought before Charles. "The fortune of war," he said, "has made me your prisoner, most gracious Emperor, and I hope to be treated——" "And am I then, at last, acknowledged to be Emperor?" interrupted Charles. "Charles of Ghent was the only title you lately accorded me. You shall be treated as you deserve."

The loss of the Imperialists was only 50; that of the Saxons, about 1,200 killed, mostly in the pursuit, and a

much greater number of prisoners. But so completely was the army broken up, that the largest body who remained together was only 400. The Elector was soon deposed, and Maurice was made Elector of Saxony.

Charles now felt himself able to carry matters with a high hand. He convened a Diet at Augsburg, the result of which was the framing of the decree known as the "Interim," which was to be the ecclesiastical law of Germany until a general council could be called. By it nearly every dogma peculiar to the Church of Rome was acknowledged, while those introduced by the Protestants were condemned. The exceptions were that ecclesiastics who were already married might continue the exercise of their functions without separating from their wives; and in provinces where this was the custom, the laity might still partake of the Eucharist in both kinds; but it was expressly declared that these concessions were only for the sake of present peace.

Maurice of Saxony, at the age of twenty-six, was the most powerful prince of Germany. While still apparently acting in full accord with the Emperor, he entered into an agreement with Henry II. of France, who had already begun hostilities in Italy. Still he managed to hide the knowledge of this from the Emperor, and kept his army, 25,000 strong, in readiness for action.

In 1552 he suddenly turned his forces against the Emperor, putting forth a manifesto assigning his reasons. He wished, he said, to secure the Protestant faith, now threatened with destruction; to save the Empire of Germany from the domination of an absolute monarchy, and to rescue the Landgrave of Hesse from imprisonment.

Charles was without any means of confronting Maurice. Part of his Spanish army was in Hungary, to keep the Turks in check; part in Italy, where Henry of France was making head. His German veterans had been disbanded because he had no money with which to pay



CHARLES V., AT YUSTE, RECEIVING A LETTER FROM PHILIP II.



CHARLES V.'S LAST LOOK AT HIMSELF IN A MIRROR.

them. He himself was at Innsbruck with scarcely soldiers enough to form a body-guard. Early in May, 1552, Maurice began his march toward Innsbruck, where he almost took Charles by surprise. But late in the evening Charles was informed of his peril. In the darkness of night, and under a heavy rain, Charles, with a few followers, took to flight. A severe attack of gout was upon him, and he could bear no motion but that of a litter. The roads over the Carinthian Alps were almost impassable by daylight, and the flight was by torchlight. But the little band pressed on until they reached Villach, in Carinthia, and in that obscure nook the King of Spain and the Indies, and Emperor of Germany, could not think himself safe. Maurice entered Innsbruck a few hours after the flight of the Emperor, and ordered a pursuit, but it was so languidly conducted that there is good reason for believing that Maurice did not desire the capture of Charles. He afterward said that he let him go "only because he had no cage for such a bird."

A truce was arranged with Ferdinand, the brother of Charles, but the Emperor refused to ratify it, and Maurice again took up arms. The matter was finally settled by the Treaty of Passau, August, 1552, which secured to Maurice nearly all he demanded. But Albert of Brandenburg was still in arms in the Emperor's name. Maurice moved against him. A fierce battle was fought at Sienerhausen, July, 1553. Albert was defeated, but Maurice was slain, at the age of only thirty-two.

Years before Charles had secured the election of his brother Ferdinand as "King of the Romans," a title which had come to be equivalent to a designation as the next Emperor of Germany. Charles vainly urged Ferdinand to resign in favor of his son Philip. In 1554 he brought about the marriage of Philip with Mary, Queen of England.

Charles, though only in his fifty-fifth year, was a decrepit old man. His vigorous constitution had broken down under forty years of exposure and gluttony. His great appetite was in itself a disease. This was still as voracious as ever, but his stomach refused to do its office. One by one nearly all of his teeth were lost, and his lower jaw protruded so far that what grinders were left could not be brought together. He was tormented by gout, gravel, asthma, dyspepsia and diseases of the skin; was crippled in arms, hands and knees. Almost twenty years before it had been agreed between him and the Empress that when age should come upon them they should separate, he retiring to a monastery, she to a convent. The Empress had long been dead, and Charles prepared to fulfill his long-cherished wish.

October 26th, 1555, was fixed upon as the day for the formal abdication of the Netherlands. The magistrates and nobles assembled in the great hall of the Palace in Brussels. As the clock struck three in the afternoon, Charles entered the hall, leaning upon the shoulder of a tall, dark young man, William of Orange, and followed

by Philip, Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, and a long train of princes and nobles. Philip de Bruxelles, one of the Privy Council, opened the ceremonies by a long oration.

After its close Charles arose, supported by a crutch in his crippled right hand, and from time to time resting his head upon the shoulder of William of Orange. He proceeded to address the States, aided by written notes, to which he frequently referred.

He recounted his doings since his seventeenth year; told how he had made six journeys to Spain, seven to Italy, nine to Germany, ten to the Netherlands, four to France, two to England, two to Africa, besides eleven voyages by sea. But now, he said, his strength was but vanity, life was ebbing away; and a regard for his subjects impelled him to resign the sovereignty, and to present them as sovereign, instead of a decrepit old man, a prince in the vigor of life. Then he addressed some touching words to Philip, and closed by begging the States to yield all obedience to their new sovereign; to maintain concord, and preserve inviolate the Catholic faith; to pardon all the errors which he had committed; assuring them that he would ever remember them in his prayers.

When this long address—which none who heard it thought long—was ended, Charles sank almost fainting into his chair. Philip said a few words in Spanish—for he could speak neither Flemish nor French—and his phrases were interpreted by the Bishop of Arras. Then came ceremonies, tiresome enough. Mary of Hungary, sister of Charles, tendered the resignation of her Regency in a few well-chosen words, to which Jacob Maas responded. Charles then hobbled from the great hall, still leaning upon the shoulder of William of Orange.

A few weeks later Charles, in a like formal manner, made over to Philip, the only son and child borne to him by the Queen Isabella of Portugal, the sovereignty of Spain and all its dependencies in the Old and the New Worlds. He postponed the resignation of the Imperial Crown, still hoping that Ferdinand might be induced to make way to Philip. At last, in August, 1556, Charles placed in the hands of William of Orange a formal deed of resignation, to be delivered when the Electors assembled. It was not till the Summer of 1558 that a vacant Electorship was filled; then William of Orange produced the deed, which was accepted, and the Electors unanimously chose Ferdinand as Emperor. Thus Charles actually remained Emperor of Germany until within a few months of his death.

Charles had already selected the place of his retirement. In the very heart of the Sierras of Estremadura, in Spain, was the "Vera" of Placencia, a deep valley nine leagues long, famous for its wine and oil, its magnificent forests and clear mountain streams. Near its eastern end, and upon a little plateau on its northern side, was the Monastery of Yuste, belonging to the monks of St. Jerome. Charles probably knew the Vera only by report, for as early as 1553 he conferred at Brussels with the Prior of Yuste, and soon after ordered the erection of buildings necessary for his own occupation.

On September 3d, 1556, Charles sailed from Flushing for Spain. The fleet which bore him and his 150 attendants numbered 56 sail. His sisters—Eleanor, Queen-Dowager of Portugal, two years his senior, and Mary, Queen-Dowager of Hungary, three years his junior—who had been Regent of the Netherlands, accompanied him, for they also had resolved to retire to a Spanish convent.

It was not until after eleven days that anchors were dropped in the roadstead of Laredo. Juana, the only legitimate daughter of Charles, and widow of the Prince

Royal of Portugal, had been Regent of Spain under her father, and was now Regent under her brother. She forthwith sent to Laredo the Chamberlain Luis Quijada, to take charge of the journey from Laredo to Yuste, a distance of about ninety leagues. Quijada, fifty-eight years old, but stout and active, became the chamberlain of Charles at Yuste.

On October 6th the journey to Valladolid was begun. In front marched a troop of soldiers. Charles was carried in a horse-litter, sometimes changed for a palanquin borne upon the shoulders of men, the trusty Quijada riding by his side. The rest of the retinue followed on horseback. In thirteen days they reached Valladolid. Here Charles remained until November 4th, when, having bade adieu to his sisters, he set out for Yuste.

Soon they began to climb the Sierras of Estremadura. The rough road ran through leafless forests, sometimes crossing swollen mountain torrents or winding around toppling crags, or along the brink of dizzy precipices. The summit is the Pass of Puertonnevo, cloven down from the heights of the sierra. From this pass Charles looked down into the deep valley seemingly at his feet. "Is this indeed the Vera?" he said. When they had gone through the defile he turned, waving his hand as though bidding farewell to the world. "I shall never go through another pass," he said.

Descending the steep sierra, they came, on the evening of the 12th, to the village of Xarandilla, where Charles took up his abode in a noble though chimneyless mansion belonging to the Count of Oropesa, where he remained three months. All through November the weather was cold and stormy. Rain fell in torrents almost every day. The fog was so dense that a man could not be seen at twelve paces off. But Charles, who had caused a chimney to be built for his apartment, sat by the fireside wrapped in a robe of eider-down, in better health and spirits than he had known for months. Nothing evinced that he had retired from the world. Dispatches arrived for him almost daily from Valladolid.

The chief difficulty at first was to get, in this secluded nook, the kind of food to which Charles had accustomed himself. Mutton and pork were good, bread was poor, for chestnuts here supplied its place. Game was abundant, but Charles must have highly seasoned sausages, anchovies, tunnies and other potted fish, and fat eels for Fridays. The weekly courier from Valladolid to Lisbon was ordered to turn out of his way to get the Emperor's orders. Trains loaded with foreign delicacies came almost every day from Valladolid, and Charles was able to gorge himself at Xarandilla as fully as he had been wont to do in Flanders, and the frequent surfeits had to be followed by copious purgatives.

Three weeks after his arrival at Xarandilla, Charles was carried in a litter through the rain to Yuste, to inspect the buildings, now almost ready for his occupation. He was satisfied with what he saw, and ordered beds for forty attendants to be set up at once. Not so the good Quijada, who accompanied him. To a friend he wrote, in strict confidence, that the rooms were too small, and the windows of the royal apartments too large; the apartments on the ground-floor were dark and damp; the garden was paltry, and the orange-trees few. "As for the vaunted prospect, it was nothing but a hill, and some oak-trees."

At length, on February 3d, 1557, Charles took up his abode at Yuste. The attendants who were to remain with him were selected; the others were paid off and dismissed. The household consisted of about sixty persons, the whole expenditure for the establishment being fixed at 10,000

florins, equal now to \$50,000. The salaries of the attendants, as written down by Charles himself, were meagre.

The "Palace" at Yuste, erected for Charles, was only two stories high. The upper floor, reserved for him, had four apartments, two on each side of a wide hall. On the rear it was backed by the massive wall of the Convent Church, through which a window and a door were cut, so that Charles could look into and enter the chapel. The main front faced southward, looking across the Vera. At each end was an open covered gallery, with easy steps leading down to the garden. Some of the attendants were lodged in small structures built against the walls of the cloisters; the others, in the neighboring village.

The furnishing of the four apartments occupied by Charles was comfortable. He had brought with him an abundance of the gay tapestry of Arras; but he chose that his bedchamber should be hung with plain black cloth. Each room had an ample fireplace and chimney, with easy and comfortable chairs. The service of gold, silver and silver-gilt amounted to more than 13,000 ounces, the meanest utensil in his chamber being of solid silver. He washed his hands in silver basins, with water poured from silver ewers. The walls of the rooms were adorned with a few fine paintings, several of them by Titian. The library was small, consisting of about thirty volumes, mostly religious works. Some of these were prayer-books, in different languages, so that there were really not more than twenty separate works. The stables contained only six mules—four of them pack-mules—and a one-eyed horse.

Except in the matter of gluttony, the cloister-life of Charles was simple and regular. Fray Vargas, his confessor, came to him early, to aid in his devotions. Then he was dressed, breakfasted, and heard Mass. This brought him to dinner about noon. The dinner was long, for Charles ate much, and could eat but slowly, washing down the food with huge draughts of iced beer. Then came the reading by Vargas of some pious book, usually a treatise of St. Augustine, St. Jerome, or St. Bernard. Then, after a siesta, Charles would stroll in the garden, sit on the sunny balcony, or, sometimes, under a great walnut-tree, just outside the convent-gate. At three o'clock the monks met in the chapel, Charles being present, unless prevented by illness or urgent business, for he kept him-elf well posted as to public affairs, and his advice was often sought by Juana or Philip. After vespers came supper, a hearty meal, like the dinner. The physician, and some others, were present at these chief meals, and sometimes managed to check his appetite.

Charles was most punctual in the performance of his religious duties. Feasting being his chief pleasure, he considered its opposite, fasting, the chief of duties. He received the Eucharist at stated periods; and although he had a dispensation for eating before communion, he never availed himself of it, unless he was suffering from extreme debility; and he always heard two Masses on the days when he received communion. During the two Lents he spent at Yuste, he was always on Friday in his place, taper in hand, in the choir, and at the end of the appointed prayers, he extinguished the taper and scourged himself so vigorously that the blood flowed. Several knotted disciplines, stained with his blood, were found in his bedchamber after his death. St. Matthias's Day was the great festival day at Yuste. On that day Charles was born; on that day was won the great victory at Pavia; on that day Don John of Austria was born.

Up to the Summer of 1558, the general health of Charles seemed as good as it had been, although dangerous symptoms appeared occasionally. His fingers broke

out into ulcers; during the night he was troubled with an intolerable itching in his legs; his old enemy, the gout, returned, and his appetite fell off, so that he sometimes lived for days on bread and conserves. An observant eye might have perceived that his constitution was fast breaking down. Early in August the physician became somewhat alarmed. On one of the last days of August Charles sat, for the last time, upon the balcony, looking out over the Vera, then in its full Summer glory. On September 1st he became aware that the hand of death was upon him, and he began to look over his will, made four years before, and a long codicil was added.

There were fluctuations in his condition, but the general course was downward. On September 19th extreme unction was administered. His confessor spent the whole night with him, reading at intervals from the Psalms, especially that beginning in Latin: "*Domine! refugium factum est nobis!*" In the morning he asked to receive the viaticum. His confessor deemed it unnecessary. "It may not be necessary," said Charles, "but it is good company on so long a journey." The consecrated wafer was brought from the high altar of the convent church. Charles could scarcely swallow it. Soon after he was seized with a violent vomiting, and lay all the rest of the day motionless and with closed eyes, but evidently conscious of what was going on around him.

Toward eight o'clock in the evening Charles asked if the blessed candles had been brought in. The physician felt his pulse, and whispered to the bystanders: "His Majesty has but two hours to live—but one hour—but half an hour." It was now approaching two o'clock on the morning of September 21st, St. Matthew's Day. Villava, the favorite chaplain of Charles, came to the bedside, and addressed the dying monarch. He told him how blessed a privilege he enjoyed in having been born on the feast of St. Matthias the Apostle, who had been chosen by lot to complete the number of the twelve; and in being about to die on the feast of St. Matthew the Apostle, who for Christ's sake had forsaken wealth as His Majesty had forsaken imperial power, and much more in a like strain.

At last Charles interposed, saying, "The time is come; bring me the candles and the crucifix." These were cherished relics. The taper had been brought from the shrine of Our Lady at Montserrat, the crucifix had been taken twenty years before from the dead hand of his beloved wife. Charles received them eagerly, taking one in each hand. After looking for a few moments upon the crucifix, he murmured, in a low voice, "Now, Lord, I go." His fingers relaxed their hold. The Archbishop of Toledo took the crucifix and held it before the eyes of the dying man. A few moments of death-struggle ensued, then, with his eyes still fixed upon the crucifix, he cried out, in a voice audible outside of the room, "*Ay, Jesu!*" and expired, as the clock was striking two.

The body of the dead Emperor was washed, anointed and embalmed, and inclosed in a leaden coffin, with an outer case of chestnut wood. Then it was lowered into the church through the bedroom-window, and placed before the high altar. The funeral obsequies lasted three days. Charles in his will had directed: "Let my sepulture be so ordered that the lower half of my body shall lie beneath the high altar, the upper half before it, so that the priest who says Mass may stand upon my head and my breast." But some of the clergy thought it unlawful to place a corpse under the high altar. The coffin was accordingly placed in a cavity dug in the wall behind the altar and extending slightly beneath it.

Charles had left the final disposal of his remains to

Philip, expressing a preference that they should be laid beside those of his wife and parents in the Cathedral of Granada. Philip had, however, meditated the Sepulchre-Palace of the Escorial, near Madrid, for the final resting-place of all the princes and princesses of the royal house of Spain, beginning with Charles. In 1574 he had the remains of his father and mother placed in a vault in front of the high altar.

Philip IV., great-grandson of Charles, built the magnifi-

A century and a half passed, when, by order of Charles III. of Spain, the sarcophagus of Charles V. was drawn from its niche, and opened, so that the eccentric and art-loving Englishman, Beckford of Fonthill Abbey, author of "Vathek," might ascertain whether the features of Charles corresponded with those in his portraits by Titian. He found, as he said, the same pale brow and cheek, the slightly aquiline nose, the heavy lip, and the protruding lower jaw, as depicted by the great Venetian ;



BUCKLER OF CHARLES V.—WORK OF GIULIO ROMANO.

cent Pantheon at the Escorial, and when, in 1654, after thirty-three years of work, it was completed, he caused the bodies of all the Austrian Kings of Spain and their consorts to be transferred to the Pantheon. The sarcophagus of Charles was opened that Philip might look upon the face of his great ancestor. So well had the embalmers done their work, that the body was found quite entire, and, as it is said, some sprigs of thyme, folded in the winding-sheet, retained their fragrance, although it was almost a century since they had been plucked from the garden at Yuste.

and, more marvelous still, the sprigs of thyme were yet faintly odorous after the lapse of seven generations.

In 1638, the Palace at Yuste was thoroughly restored by order of Philip IV., and was kept in good repair till 1809, when the Vera of Placencia was occupied by the French, under Soult. They broke in, plundered the convent, and set fire to it, but the church itself was saved by its massive walls and vaulted roof.

In 1837, the monasteries were suppressed in Spain, and the few aged monks of Yuste were driven out to starve. Since that time Yuste became a pile of ruins.



"SHE SWIFT DOWN THE AISLE, AND LEFT A PALSED CROWD STARING BLANKLY AFTER HER."

BITTER SWEET.

ONLY a girl, blooming with all the freshness of eighteen years, sitting, curled up in the bay window, watching for the postman; the eyes full of dreams, the mouth smiling, the whole picture suggestive of youth and happiness.

Half an hour later the picture was changed. A woman sat there, rigid, pallid, stricken with sudden age; the eyes filled with a great despair, the mouth hopeless in its painful compression. Yet Barbara Walker had not exchanged her seat with any one; the change had come to her swift, sudden, appalling.

The postman gave a letter into the outstretched hands

of a young girl in the morning of life and love. The letter, opened and read, fell from the nerveless hand of a woman matured by sudden and awful horror. Only another man faithless, another life blighted. Only the old story.

"Dear friend Barbara," the letter began. Ah, God! how like the keen cut of a sword that word *friend* goes to the heart when it takes the place of another, dearer word!

"DEAR FRIEND BARBARA: I fear you will be somewhat surprised and pained at what I feel compelled to write you. For many weeks I have been conscious of a growing change in my

sentiments toward you. What I thought was love was only fancy—the result of association. Knowing this, I could never make you happy as my wife. Therefore, I trust you will give me my freedom, as I give you yours, and always think of me as your friend,
“HOWARD SNOW.”

So the beautiful dream of a year that had filled a young life with the golden glory of a June sunrise was quenched in the blackness of a starless night.

Do you know what it is to see a great hope die? to have the happiness that makes all of life for you crushed with one blow from the hand of Fate? Do you know what it is to drop from noonday heights of joy to the depths of the darkest midnight? If you do, I need not try to tell you of the days and weeks that followed for Barbara Walker. If you do not, it would be useless for me to try; for only through experience, or close companionship with an awful sorrow, are we enabled to comprehend it.

And while she sat in the shadows, struggling with her thickened young heart, that knew not how to entertain the stranger, Pain, striving vainly to pierce the impenetrable gloom that shrouded her, two hundred miles away Howard Snow basked in the sunlight of another woman's smile.

He was not a cruel or a heartless man. But his better impulses, his sympathies, his regard for the feelings of others, were all lost in an infatuation for one of Circe's descendants.

Howard Snow was only twenty-three, and Helen Thomas as thirty: one of those women who ripen like a peach in the sun, and to whom mature years add only richer charms.

Rightly directed, her life might have been of rare usefulness and power, for she possessed that strong magnetic charm that sways the world.

But she used it only to draw men to her feet. Her love of conquest was like a drunkard's craving for drink.

Howard Snow was the only desirable young man in the little village where she chanced to be spending a few months with a relative.

“He has the face of a Greek god,” she said, “but it needs strong emotion to perfect it.”

“He is engaged to a lovely girl, a fresh wild rose of womanhood, who visited here last Summer,” said her relative.

“Ah!” responded Helen, as she dropped her lashes. But she was wondrous cordial and alluring when she next met Howard Snow.

It was an easy conquest. He was unused to women like Helen Thomas, and he did not know himself. She played upon the slumbering passions of his nature, and set his blood on fire by the soft touches of her caressing hands and the languor of her glances.

It was the old story of a young man's infatuation for a woman older than himself. It blinded his judgment and blunted his sense of right and wrong, and made him conscious of but one desire in life—to be free and under no obligations to any woman but his Circe. His bonds to Barbara Walker grew hateful, and she seemed to him a child, whose weakness would be a drag upon him always.

So he freed himself, and for a month was happy with a drunkard's happiness. Then his better nature awoke with a sudden shock. He spoke of marriage to Helen Thomas, and she laughed in his face.

“Marriage!” she said. “Why, you are only a boy! How can you think of so absurd a thing?”

And her laughter had the ring of scorn in it.

“A boy?” he answered. “Yes, I was a boy when I met you, and you were not content to let me remain so. You played upon me by every art in your power till you woke

up the man in me. Now it demands its own, and you laugh at me. I did not know before that a woman could do a thing like this and not die of shame if she knew it. You have lessened my estimate of the sex, Helen Thomas, and no woman can do a crueler or baser thing than that. The upward growth and glory of the world depend upon man's estimate of woman. And you have lowered her standard in my sight. May God forgive you!”

Then he went his way, with a face that bore the marks of the “strong emotions” which Helen Thomas thought it needed to perfect it, and a heart that was bitter and cynical.

He thought of Barbara Walker with a strange tenderness, but with no idea of insulting her with any attempt at a renewal of old ties. He felt no love for her, in truth; only he felt his own baseness and lack of stability. She was to him like a child he had cruelly hurt, and he was filled with tender pity. For Helen he grew to feel only scorn. Her hold upon him had been solely physical, and when a man grows to notice that, the woman is sure to be scorned.

He applied himself to his profession, and made a success of it. He grew rich, prosperous, popular with men, but feared by women, for his sarcasm was unsparing and his wit always two-edged. Yet marriageable women sought after him, for he had personal attractions added to his wealth and influence, and seemed a desirable husband for an ambitious woman.

But he reached the age of thirty-two and was still free. And then he met Barbara Walker again.

Through all these years he had lost trace of her, and known nothing of her.

Now they met, suddenly, and to him, at least, unexpectedly, at a formal dinner party, given by a prominent politician.

Howard Snow was presented to Miss Walker by the hostess, and requested to lead her in to dinner. It was Barbara Walker! There was no mistaking the face and form he so well remembered, and yet what a change!

The nine years had but perfected the girlish graces that were pleasing of old, and lent the charm of dignity and elegance to what was once only sweetness and simplicity. The shy, modest manner had given place to a perfect self-possession, and rare conversational powers rendered her the star of the evening.

“It is a long time since we last met, Mr. Snow,” she said, as they went to dinner. “I am pleased to know of the success and prosperity that have attended you during these years.”

How quietly she spoke of their last meeting. He wondered if she remembered the parting—a lover's parting!

“I had lost all trace of you,” he answered, “but am glad to find, as I do, that you have been well and happy. Your face denotes both. Where are your parents?”

“In heaven, I trust!” she said, softly. “They died eight years ago, and left me all alone. I had an uncle in Europe, and went to him, and have spent most of my time in travel since. A few months ago a longing seized upon me to see my own land, and my old home again, so I came.”

Howard Snow scarcely left her side all the evening. She charmed him with her descriptions of scenery and chit-chat of foreign life.

“I would be glad to call,” he said, as they parted. “Where can I find you?”

“In the house where we first met,” she said, glancing up at him, with the old, shy look. “I am visiting the same friends.”

He could not have described his sensations as he rang the bell the next day, and was ushered into the presence of that queenly woman who was once his betrothed wife. Admiration, reverence, respect, and, it seemed to him, love, stirred together in his heart.

It was only one of many calls. She was so kind, so cordial, so entertaining. Her soul was too large to treasure any resentment against him for that old wrong.

Then by-and-by he grew to realize how he was loving this woman. Not the old love awakened, but a new love created—the one grand passion of his life.

Mentally, morally and physically this woman ministered to him; her conversation charmed him, her moral atmosphere elevated him, and the touch of her hand electrified him. Surely a love like this was from heaven, and must meet with some response. Still he hesitated, not daring to speak. But so strong grew the emotion, it overpowered him at length.

"God knows I feel my unworthiness," he said, "but I love you, Barbara, and I want you for my wife. I said these same words to you ten years ago, and failed you. I was only a weak boy then, swayed about by a designing woman. Now I am a man, knowing my own heart, and with all its intense, pent-up passion it cries out for you."

For a moment Barbara's face seemed glorified with light. Her cheeks glowed, her eyes enlarged, her breast heaved. She put both hands in his.

"I have never been content without you—not for one moment," she said. "Nothing filled my life so full that I did not feel the need of you, Howard."

Their marriage was set for three months later. She lingered until the last month, seemingly unwilling to separate from him, and then went back to her old home. It was occupied by tenants, but she wanted to make her preparations there, she said, as she had dreamed of doing so long ago.

And they were to be married in the village church by the old family rector.

"Let the old dream reach perfection in every detail at last," she said.

The little church was crowded when the night came. All in a sheen of white, Barbara stood before the altar, and felt her hand taken by the man who had discarded her nine years before.

"Wilt thou, Barbara, take this man to be thy wedded husband, for better, for worse, in sickness and in health, through good report and evil report, till death do part?"

The old rector waited for the response. It came like the report of a pistol.

"Never! As he once rejected me, so now do I reject him!"

And she swept down the aisle, whiter than her robes, and left a palsied crowd of astonished people staring blankly after her.

Very calmly and very coldly Howard Snow passed down and out of the church. He went to the hotel where his baggage was left, and began to make preparations for departure on the midnight train. But his hands seemed palsied, and strange lights danced before his eyes.

Before midnight he was in a raving delirium. The next morning they found him in a high fever, calling wildly on the name of Barbara, and cursing some woman he called Helen, who seemed pursuing him.

"He cannot live," the doctor said, the next evening. "Will some one go and ask the woman who has done this cruel deed to come here for a moment? The sight of her may quiet him, perhaps."

But while he spoke she came in, her bridal white exchanged for funeral black, her long hair falling loose about her.

She glided to the bedside and put her hands on his face.

"Howard!" she called, in a trembling voice; "oh, my love, Howard, forgive me ere you die."

But he fancied she was the woman Helen, and shrieked and cursed her, and grew so violent that they sent her from the room.

There was a week of wild delirium, and then a week of stupor, and then—"He is dead!" they said, and the word was carried to her. Like a pale wraith of her former self, she came slowly in and knelt beside him.

She put her wasted cheek beside him on the pillow, and the tears that had refused to rise fell slowly down, as she said:

"Oh, I thought revenge was sweet, but it is bitter, bitter, my love."

How long she knelt there she did not know, but suddenly she was startled by a sigh—a very ghost of a sigh, it seemed to her. She put her hand over the heart she had believed still for ever. It fluttered feebly.

"Oh, thank God!" she cried, and fell unconscious.

An hour later she found herself in bed, and kindly cared for, and smiling faces all about her.

"He lives," they said. "Your touch brought him from the very shores of death."

A few weeks later a pallid bride, and a still more pallid groom, passed down the old church aisle, and out into the great world.

Somewhere they dwell to-day—happy, let us hope, since they had both so suffered in the past.

A SHELL WITH EYES.

PROFESSOR MOSELEY has announced the interesting discovery that the shells of the *Chitonidae* are endowed with eyes. No other mollusca appear to have any sense-organs in their shells. In some of the *Chitonidae* as many as 11,000 eyes have been counted. Each eye has a calcareous cornea or bicornia, a lens of soft tissue, with a retina like that of the common snail. New eyes are constantly being formed at the edge of the shell as the latter grows. Besides eyes, there are organs of touch throughout the shell, each organ being capable of protruding at the surface through pores in the shell.

AEROLITES.

AEROLITES, or meteoric stones, fire-balls, and shooting stars are now classed together as being merely varieties of the same phenomenon. Aerolites which fall during the day have been observed to be projected from a small, dark cloud, accompanied by a noise like thunder or the firing of cannon; at night they proceed from a fire-ball, which splits into fragments with a similar sound.

It is believed that the dark cloud that accompanies the fall of aerolites by day would be luminous by night; and smoking, exploding fire-balls have sometimes been seen luminous even in the brightest of tropical daylight. The connection between aerolites and fire-balls has thus been established.

Fire-balls, again, cannot be separated from shooting stars, the two phenomena being sometimes blended, and also being found to merge into one another, both with respect to the size of their disks, the emanation of sparks, and the velocities of their motion. There are

numerous records and stories, in all ages and countries, of the fall of stones from the skies: but until recent times they were treated by philosophers as instances of popular credulity and superstition.

It was not until the beginning of the nineteenth century that the fact was established beyond a doubt. According to Livy, a shower of stones fell on the Alban Mount, not far from Rome, about 654 B.C. The fall of a great stone at Ægospotami, on the Hellespont, about 467 B.C., is recorded in the Parian Chronicle, and mentioned by Plutarch and Pliny. It was still shown in the days of Pliny (d. 79 A.D.), who describes it as the size of a wagon and of a burned color.

In the year 1492 A.D., a ponderous stone, weighing 250 pounds, fell from the sky near the village of Ensisheim, in Alsace; part of it is said to be in the village church there; and one of the stones in the Smithsonian Institute at Washington is said to have fallen in Mexico in 1500 A.D. An extraordinary shower of stones fell near L'Aigle, in Normandy, April 26th, 1803.

As is quite natural, meteoric stones have always been regarded with religious veneration. At Emesa, in Syria, the sun was worshiped under the form of a black stone reported to have fallen from heaven. The Holy Kaaba of Mecca, and the great stone of the Pyramid of Cholula, in Mexico, have the same history. One constant characteristic of meteoric stones is the fused black crust, like varnish, with which the surface is coated. Their specific gravity ranges from two to seven or eight times that of water. As to their chemical composition, the predominating element is iron, in a native or metallic state, generally combined with but a small portion of nickel. The actual diameter of the largest fire-ball is estimated by Humboldt to vary from 500 to 28,000 feet; others allow a diameter of about a mile. Shooting stars are much smaller, their weight varying from thirty grains to seven pounds. In most cases of luminous meteors a train of light many miles in length is left behind. One of the most remarkable facts connected with shooting stars is that certain appearances of them are periodic. On many occasions they are sporadic—that is, they appear singly, and traverse the sky in all directions; at other times they appear in swarms of thousands, moving parallel; and these swarms are periodic, and recur on the same days of the year. Attention was first directed to this fact in North America, on the night between the 12th and 13th of November in the year 1833.

Between 1799 and 1833—when there occurred two of the most brilliant manifestations of the November stream on record—there elapsed thirty-four years, and the next brilliant appearances were in 1867 and 1868. Many theories have been advanced to account for them. They have been supposed to be the remains of some exploded world shattered into many fragments by some terrific

explosion. Again, it has been believed that they were part of the original nebula, which somehow had failed to be collected and made into a planet. Some have believed them to be comets' tails; and many other ideas have been advanced to account for their presence.

THE INVENTION OF LIGHTNING CONDUCTORS.

THE writers on the subject claim that, from a passage of Ctesias, a Greek physician and historian of the fifth century before our era, it would seem that some knowledge was possessed by the ancients of the effect of iron rods in averting lightning. It appears from the fragment which is quoted that there was in India a fountain, from the bottom of which a kind of iron was obtained, which, upon being set in the ground, averted clouds, hail and

lightning. However, it remained for Benjamin Franklin to perfect the modern idea.

In his "Poor Richard's Almanac" for 1753 he announced his invention of the lightning-rod. In this connection it may be of interest to quote from the American philosopher: "How to secure houses, etc., from lightning. It has pleased God in His goodness to mankind at length to discover to them the means of securing their habitations and other buildings from mischief by thunder and lightning. The method is this: Provide a small iron rod. It may be made of the rod-iron used by the nailers, but of such a length that one end being three or four feet in the moist ground, the other may be six or eight feet above the highest part of the building. To the upper end of the rod fasten about a foot of brass wire, the size of a common knitting-needle, sharpened to a fine point; the rod may be secured to the house by a few



"THE MOTHER OF THE GRACCHI."

staples. If the house or barn be long, there may be a rod and point at each end, and a middling wire along the ridge from one to the other. A house thus furnished will not be endangered by the lightning, it being attracted by the points, and passing through the metal into the ground without hurting anything. Vessels also, having a sharp-pointed rod fixed on the top of their masts, with a wire from the foot of the rod reaching down round one of the shrouds to the water, will not be hurt by the lightning."

The above description is as nearly complete and exact in all its essential particulars as could now be given after the experience and experiments of over a century and a quarter.

PEOPLE are apt to pay you in the self-same coin you pass on them. If you give the gold of love, you will get gold in return; and if you give the brass of impertinence, you will get it back again before long.

THE MAGIC MIRROR OF JAPAN.

BY A. TOMLINSON.

THE mirror in Japan is a most important feature everywhere. It is found in the temples and among the regalia in the Imperial Palace; at a wedding it is a portion of the bride's *trousseau*. It constitutes, in short, a part of the national religion, and the "Great Divine Palaces" at Tsé have attained much renown from being the depository of the first mirror.

A Japanese myth tells how the Sun Queen once, being very angry, shut herself up in a cave, and thus, by her withdrawal, there came darkness over the earth. The gods tried by various artifices to entice her forth, but in vain. At length the first magical mirror was made, and the Sun Queen, seeing her face reflected in it, excited by curiosity and jealousy, came forth.

At the creation of the Japanese Empire, the Sun Queen presented it (along with two other treasures—presents of the gods) to her grandson, telling him to look upon the mirror as her spirit, and to keep it in the same house, and on the same floor, as himself, and to worship it as if he were worshipping her actual presence.

Ever since, this mirror, and the two other presents before-mentioned, have been a part of the regalia of the Emperor, the mirror ranking even before the Emperor himself.

Thus mirror-worship came into practice, and soon spread among high and low in Japan. However poor and simple the furniture may be, the mirror is an indispensable portion of it—a sort of household god.

Professor Ayrton, when in Japan, tried to purchase a magic mirror; but he could not meet with one in the shops, though Europeans supposed them to be some standard Japanese trick; and he found the Japanese themselves unable to explain how they acquired their magic property, but this was readily interpreted to be by reason of the workmen keeping it a secret, as people paid ten or twenty times the price for a magic mirror.



MAGIC MIRROR OF JAPAN.

The Chinese, at a very early age, knew of magic mirrors, and Chin-Kouo, a Chinese writer of the eleventh century, speaks admiringly of them.

They were soon introduced from China and Japan into

Calcutta, and interested the inhabitants much; philosophers conjecturing how their magic property (which is only possessed by a few of those which come from the East) could arise.

From their great antiquity it has been suggested that the



MAGIC MIRROR OF JAPAN.

witches of the Middle Ages had mirrors of Eastern manufacture, with imps and secret signs on the back. Probably, also, Chinese priestcraft, Greek and Etruscan oracles, made use of them. In the Temple Kenchoji, situated in the ancient capital of the Shogun, there is a wonderful old mirror, which, if looked at a little obliquely, reveals the face of a Buddhist god. Various faces of saints have thus been depicted in mirrors, but this is done by altogether another process than that of the magic mirror at present under discussion.

The mirror is circular in form, and is generally from three to twelve inches in diameter. The metal of which it is usually made is a composition of copper and tin, something like the specula of reflecting telescopes.

Round it is a rim of about one-fourth to one-half of an inch in breadth; this rim is thicker than the inner part of the mirror which contains the figures or designs. The reflecting surface is more or less convex and polished with mercury amalgam. On the back are raised designs, birds, flowers, dragons, geometrical patterns or Japanese scenes and myths. Occasionally mottoes or Chinese characters expressive of good wishes, long life, happiness and hope are seen. The accompanying sketches give some idea of the back of a Japanese mirror.

The handle is made of the same metal as the rest of the mirror, but usually covered with bamboo. Its magic property consists in this: when the rays of the sun are reflected from its polished face, on the wall or screen, the figures and the design on the back of the mirror are distinctly seen in bright lines on a dark ground, though the back of the mirror is quite hidden from the light. Various explanations of this magic power have been given:

(1) The Chinese designated them "mirrors that let the light pass through them."

(2) Ou-tsen-ling (1260-1341) explains their magic property to arise from the employment of two kinds of

copper of unequal density, the brighter reflections being produced by the purer copper.

(3) Sir Charles Wheatstone and Sir David Brewster,

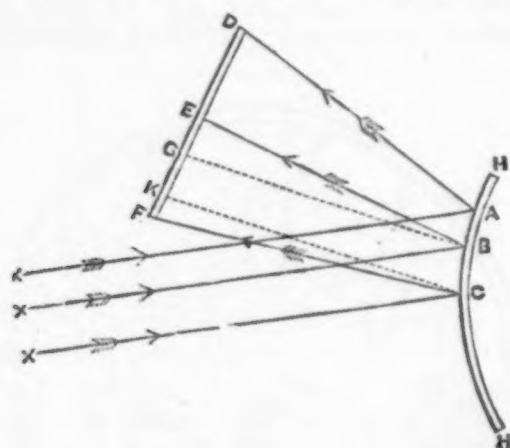


FIG. 1.—PARALLEL BEAMS OF LIGHT.

both thought that the magic power was produced by some clever trick on the part of the maker, who drew on the face exactly similar figures as those on the back, and carefully concealed them by polish, so that in an ordinary light they were not visible.

(4) Messrs. Arago and Biot accounted for it by stating that "the curvature of the surface is altered by the greater or less rigidity of the figures, and thus the foci of these parts are thrown at a greater or less distance from the mirror.

(5) Professors Ayrton and Perry also account for it as arising from inequality of curvature, and at the Royal Society and Royal Institution, gave admirable explanations of it.

Struck by the fact (discovered by Professor Atkinson) that a small scratch made by a nail on the back (of one of these mirrors) was reflected as a bright patch on the screen, Professor Ayrton examined several mirrors to ascertain, if possible, the cause. He found that all those possessing the magic property were thin, and slightly convex. He next inspected their manufacture, and found that the surface of each half of the mold in which they were cast was flat. How did they become convex? He found that this arose partly from the tool with which the makers worked, and partly from the process of polishing.

The rough mirror was first made smooth with a hand-

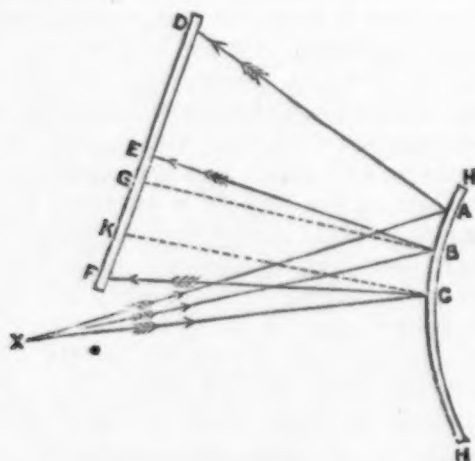


FIG. 2.—DIVERGING BEAMS OF LIGHT.

scraping tool; then the metal was worked with the megebo ("distorting-rod"), which makes the mirror really concave at the surface; but it receives a kind of

"buckle," and springs back again, the surface becoming convex on the removal of the pressure of the distorting-rod. The thinner parts under the operation have a tendency to become more convex than the thicker. Hence it occurred to Professors Ayrton and Perry that the employment of different beams of light (convergent, divergent, parallel) would give the solution to the mystery. For if the magic power was caused by the molecular differences of the surface, the varied beams of light would make no practical difference; but, if it resulted from inequality of the curvature of the surface, then a converging beam of light would invert the phenomenon. This experiment proved to be the case.

The following summary will give some notion of the methods of Professors Ayrton and Perry's reasoning:

Let HH (Fig. 1) = Japanese convex mirrors.

Let XA, XB, XC = rays of a parallel beam of light.

Let AD, AE, CF = reflected rays on the screen.

Let DF = screen.

Let AB, BC = each other, then the amount of light falling on each will be equal.

If a portion (BC) of the mirror be flatter than the remainder, then the reflected light will only illuminate a

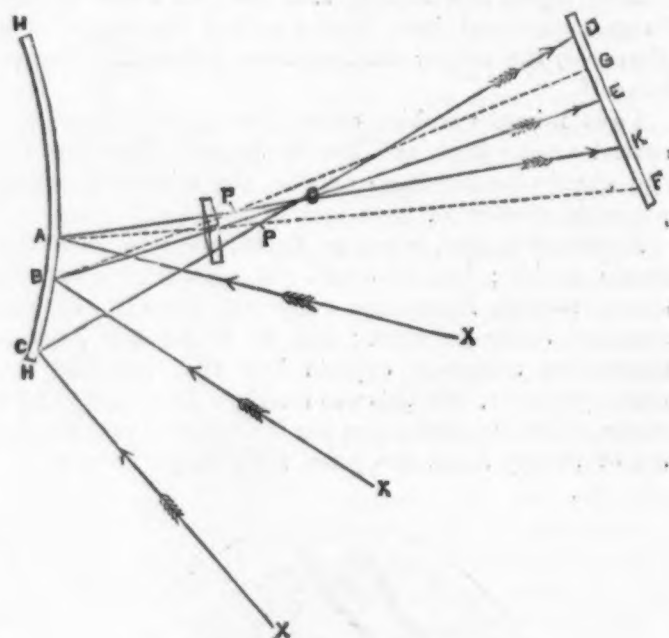


FIG. 3.—CONVERGING BEAMS OF LIGHT.

smaller area, GK; but, as this smaller area has received the same amount of light as the larger, DE, therefore it will be brighter than the larger, but the intervening spaces (GE, KF) will be relatively dark.

The same reasoning applies to Fig. 2 = diverging beam of light.

Fig. 3 shows us the result of a converging beam of light.

Let xxx = rays of a beam of light converging to a point behind the convex surface of the mirror (nearer to the surface than half the radius of the mirror); after being reflected, the light converges to a point O in front of the mirror, and its rays crossing, spread themselves out in an inverted position on the screen DF.

If AB is flatter than the rest of the surface of the mirror (say BC), it casts a paler and larger reflection of light on the screen (placed at a distance) than BC does (see Fig. 3). If the screen be moved nearer the mirror, as r (see Fig. 3), the reflection from AB is not larger, etc., than the reflection from BC.

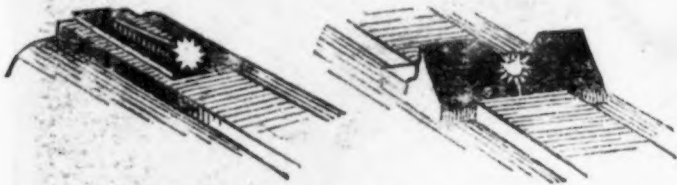
When the screen is placed very near the mirror, the reflections of the figures will be invisible, from the fact that "rays of light making very small angles with each

other do not separate perceptibly until they have gone some distance."

Professors Ayrtton and Perry tested magic mirrors by these rules, and found their phenomena in every way to agree with these laws, and by the application of lenses to intensify the results, fully established their views on the subject.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

DIAMONDS FOR SPORTSMEN.—Readers who have occasion to handle the rifle may be interested to hear of an invention intended for their convenience and safety, and which awaits the trial of their experience. It relates to the nature of the sights upon the ordinary rifle. The Express rifle, as most everybody knows, contains an expanding bullet, which has superseded the old and dangerous explosive bullet, and a proportionately enormous charge of powder. The impact of the bullet upon any hard substance, such as a bone, expands it, and its very rapid rotation causes it to inflict a tremendous wound. Incredible as it sounds, a bullet from a .500-bore Express rifle, as big as the end of one's little finger, will make in the inside of a tiger a hole big enough to put a small hat in. With so deadly a weapon, therefore, the only essential is to secure one fair hit. This is rendered difficult, supposing the sportsman to be a good shot, by defect of light preventing him from accurately seeing the sights of his rifle. The fore sight is a steel dot, and the hind sight is a steel V; but at night, or with the light coming from behind, it is almost impossible to align these two upon a dark object some distance off. Messrs. Thomas Bland & Son, the well-known gunmakers of Birmingham and the Strand, to overcome this difficulty, have invented and patented a set of diamond sights, of which our two sketches give a sufficient idea. Instead of fumbling about to



bring a black point within a black V, if there is any light whatever about, the sportsman has only to bring two brilliant points into alignment upon his game—the work of a fraction of a second; particularly, for instance, in entering a dark jungle with the light behind, should this prove of the greatest value. In a dark corner of a dark room, where it would be out of the question to take aim with the ordinary sights, the glittering diamonds can be distinctly seen. The inventors claim that the sights cannot be injured by any ordinary use, and if this be so the invention is one worth the investigation of every man who uses a rifle—especially, of course, under circumstances where his life depends upon his aim.

SOUNDING THE "SOUNDING SEA."—On some parts of the coast of Sumatra and the neighboring islands, the fishermen test the depth of the sea, and also the nature of the sea-bottom, by the noises they hear on applying the ear to one end of an oar of which the other end is plunged in the water. At a depth of twenty feet and less, the sound is a crepitation, similar to that produced when salt is thrown on burning charcoal; at fifty feet it is like the ticking of a watch, the tick-tac being more or less rapid, according to whether the bottom is entirely of coral or alternately of coral and mud, or of sand. If the bottom is entirely of sand, the sound is clear; if of mud, it resembles the humming of a swarm of bees. On dark nights the fishermen select their fishery-grounds according to these indications.

PHOTOGRAPHING WHEELS IN MOTION.—Instantaneous photography has just been employed by S. W. Gardner to demonstrate by optical proof the fact that the upper part of the wheel of a vehicle in motion travels more rapidly than the lower part. Mr. Gardner has taken an omnibus-wheel *en route* and in this photograph, while the lower ends of the spokes immediately adjacent to the ground are not perceptibly unsharpened by the motion, the tops of the upper spokes show an angular motion corresponding to about ten degrees. The photograph, also, most successfully expresses the fact that the wheel it represents is in rapid motion. Instantaneous photography, at the rate it is going on, will soon have no more worlds to conquer.

ALUMINUM.—In a general way aluminum may be said, according to Mr. Edward D. Self, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, to improve the quality of every metal to which it is added in small quantities. It increases the strength and lustre of the softer metals, and renders others much less liable to corrosion. It alloys with nearly all the useful as well as precious metals. When alloyed with iron, it cannot be entirely separated in a metallic form. Iron containing over seven or eight per cent. of aluminum becomes brittle and crystallizes in long needles.

PRESERVATION OF WOODEN POLES.—A simple method of treating wood with preservative solutions is employed in Norway for telegraph-poles. After the poles are set in place, a man goes from one to another with an auger, with which he bores a hole in each

post, beginning at a point about two feet above the ground, and boring obliquely downward, at as small an angle as possible with the axis of the post, until the point of the auger reaches the centre of the stick. The auger-hole should be an inch in diameter, and in telegraph-poles of the ordinary size will hold easily four to five ounces of sulphate of copper, which is put into it in the form of coarsely powdered crystals, and the opening then stopped with a plug, the end of which is left projecting as a handle, so that it can be pulled out and replaced. It is found that the crystals of copper sulphate disappear slowly, so that every three or four months the charge must be renewed; while the wood above and below the auger-hole, even at the very top of the pole, gradually assumes the greenish tint due to the presence of copper in the pores.

DIATOMS RAISED FROM SPORES.—Microscopists will be interested in hearing that Professor Lockwood has succeeded in raising diatoms from spores. The diatoms raised in one experiment were from spores whose vitality had lain dormant in total darkness fourteen and sixteen years respectively. He has demonstrated that diatoms have embryonic stages with silicate fronds.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.



A FAN-CY!

[According to a weekly paper Madame Patti has a fan on which are the autographs of all the Sovereigns of Europe. At great expense our Special Artist and our Special Poet have collaborated, as per sample.]

This fan fantastic doth belong
To pretty Patti, queen of song;
And on this fan, so big and bright,
Are written (so the rumor states)
The autographs of potentates—
So 'tis a "fan-tom of delight."
Let's hope these sovereigns' great urbanity
Will not fill Madame P. with fan-ity!

"Lost time," said the teacher, solemnly, "is lost for ever."
"So is anything else that you lose," said the new boy. "Oh, no,"
said the teacher; "you may lose anything else and find it again!"
"Then 'tain't lost," said the new boy; and somehow the teacher
did not know how to go on with the conversation. And yet he had
been warned against that very boy.

In a country printing-office: *Editor* (to compositor)—"How in the world should you spell pneumonia?" "Give it up," said the compositor, after several attempts. "Why don't you look in the dictionary?" "Because I am sitting on it, and don't want to disturb myself. Never mind, I'll say he died of some disease that's easier to spell."

At a "Woman's Rights" meeting one of the lady orators exclaimed, "I tell you that woman is already a silent power in the land!" At which a cynical old bachelor exclaimed, "A silent power? Good! May she for ever remain so!"

"GO TO."

"Kind sir, your daughter I would wed."
"Go to, go to!" the father said;
And 'twas no sooner said than done,
For they went two and came back one.

"What possesses you, my dear, who have such an excellent husband, to make him angry so often?" "Because he always brings me a present to make peace again."

The difference between an epicure and an anarchist is that one's a mighty diner and the other's a dynamiter.

An expert clergyman at marrying could make about four knots an hour with favorable wind.



THE BLOSSOMS OF LIFE.

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